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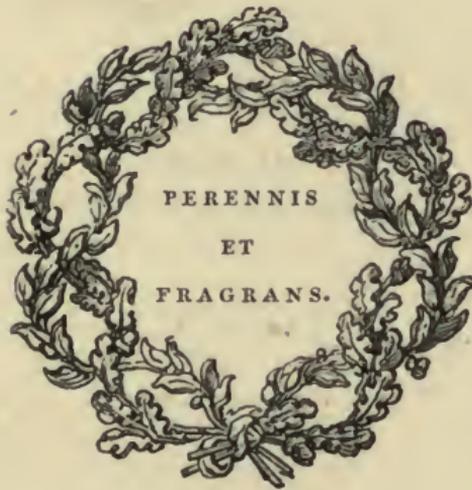


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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
EDMUND SPENSER.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LONDON:

WILLIAM PICKERING, CHANCERY LANE;  
NATTALI AND COMBE, TAVISTOCK STREET;  
TALBOYS AND WHEELER, OXFORD.

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M. DCCC. XXV.

THE  
LITTLE BOOK  
OF  
THE  
LITTLE BOOK



THE  
LITTLE BOOK  
OF  
THE  
LITTLE BOOK

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OF

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THE SECOND BOOK OF  
**THE FAERIE QUEENE**

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERAUNCE.

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CANTO VIII.

Sir Guyon, layd in swowne, is by  
Acrates sonnes despoyle ;  
Whom Arthure soone hath reskewed,  
And Paynim brethren foyle.

I.

**A**ND is there care in heaven? And is there love  
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,  
That may compassion of their evils move?  
There is:—else much more wretched were the case  
Of men then beasts: But O! th' exceeding grace  
Of Highest God that loves his creatures so,  
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,  
That blessed Angels he sends to and fro,  
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

## II.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave  
 To come to succour us that succour want!  
 How oft do they with golden pineons cleave  
 The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,  
 Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant!  
 They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,  
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant;  
 And all for love and nothing for reward:  
 O, why should Hevenly God to men have such regard!

## III.

During the while that Guyon did abide  
 In Mammons House, the Palmer, whom whyleare  
 That wanton Mayd of passage had denide,  
 By further search had passage found elsewhere;  
 And, being on his way, approached neare  
 Where Guyon lay in traunce; when suddainly  
 He heard a voyce that called lowd and cleare,  
 "Come hether, come hether, O! come hastily!"  
 That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

## IV.

The Palmer lent his eare unto the noyce,  
 To weet who called so impórtunely:  
 Againe he heard a more efforced voyce,  
 That bad him come in haste: He by and by  
 His feeble feet directed to the cry;  
 Which to that shady delve him brought at last,  
 Where Mammon earst did sunne his threasury:  
 There the good Guyon he found slumbring fast  
 In senceles dreame; which sight at first him sore aghast.

## V.

Beside his head there satt a faire young man,  
Of wondrous beauty and of freshest yeares,  
Whose tender bud to blossome new began,  
And florish faire above his equall peares :  
His snowy front, curled with golden heares,  
Like Phoebus face adornd with sunny rayes,  
Divinely shone ; and two sharpe winged sheares,  
Decked with diverse plumes, like painted jayes,  
Were fixed at his backe to cut his ayery wayes.

## VI.

Like as Cupido on Idæan hill,  
When having laid his cruell bow away  
And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill  
The world with murdrous spoiles and bloody pray,  
With his faire mother he him dights to play,  
And with his goodly sisters, Graces three ;  
The goddesse, pleased with his wanton play,  
Suffers herselfe through sleepe beguild to bee,  
The whiles the other ladies mind theyr mery glee.

## VII.

Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was  
Through fear and wonder, that he nought could say,  
Till him the Childe bespoke ; “ Long lackt, alas,  
Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay !  
Whiles deadly fitt thy Pupill doth dismay,  
Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend Sire !  
But dread of death and dolor doe away ;  
For life ere long shall to her home retire,  
And he, that breathlesse seems, shal corage bold respire.

## VIII.

“ The charge, which God doth unto me arrett,  
 Of his deare safety, I to thee commend ;  
 Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forgett  
 The care thereof myselfe unto the end,  
 But evermore him succour, and defend  
 Against his foe and mine : Watch thou, I pray ;  
 For evill is at hand him to offend.”  
 So having said, eftsoones he gan display  
 His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

## IX.

The Palmer seeing his lefte empty place,  
 And his slow eies beguiled of their sight,  
 Woxe sore affraid, and standing still a space  
 Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight :  
 At last, him turning to his charge behight,  
 With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try ;  
 Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,  
 He much reioyst, and courd it tenderly,  
 As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

## X.

At last he spide where towards him did pace  
 Two Paynim Knights al armd as bright as skie,  
 And them beside an aged Sire did trace,  
 And far before a light-foote Page did flie  
 That breathed strife and troublous enmitie.  
 Those were the two sonnes of Acrates old,  
 Who, meeting earst with Archimago slie  
 Foreby that Idle Strond, of him were told  
 That he, which earst them combatted, was Guyon bold.

## XI.

Which to avenge on him they dearly vowd,  
 Whereever that on ground they mote him find :  
 False Archimage provokt their corage prowde,  
 And stryful Atin in their stubborne mind  
 Coles of contention and whot vengeaunce tind.  
 Now bene they come whereas the Palmer sate,  
 Keeping that slombred corse to him assind :  
 Well knew they both his person, sith of late  
 With him in bloody armes they rashly did debate.

## XII.

Whom when Pyrochles saw, inflam'd with rage  
 That Sire he fowl bespake ; “ Thou dotard vile,  
 That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely age,  
 Abandon soone, I read, the caytive spoile  
 Of that same outcast carcas, that erewhile  
 Made itselke famous through false trechery,  
 And crownd his coward crest with knightly stile ;  
 Loe ! where he now inglorious doth lye,  
 To proove he lived il, that did thus fowly dye.”

## XIII.

To whom the Palmer fearelesse answered ;  
 “ Certes, Sir Knight, ye bene too much to blame,  
 Thus for to blott the honor of the dead,  
 And with fowle cowardize his carcas shame  
 Whose living handes immortalizd his name.  
 Vile is the vengeaunce on the ashes cold ;  
 And envy base to barke at sleeping fame :  
 Was never wight that treason of him told :  
 Yourselfe his prowesse prov'd, and found him fiers and  
 bold.”

## XIV.

Then sayd Cymochles ; “ Palmer, thou doest dote,  
 Ne canst of prowesse ne of knighthood deeme,  
 Save as thou seest or hearst : But well I wote,  
 That of his puissaunce tryall made extreeme :  
 Yet gold all is not that doth golden seeme ;  
 Ne al good Knights that shake well speare and shield :  
 The worth of all men by their end esteeme ;  
 And then dew praise or dew reproch them yield :  
 Bad therefore I him deeme that thus lies dead on field.”

## XV.

“ Good or bad,” gan his brother fiers reply,  
 “ What do I recke, sith that he dide entire ?  
 Or what doth his bad death now satisfy  
 The greedy hunger of revenging yre,  
 Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne desire ?  
 Yet, since no way is lefte to wreake my spight,  
 I will him reave of armes, the victors hire,  
 And of that shield, more worthy of good Knight ;  
 For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright ?”

## XVI.

“ Fayr Sir,” said then the Palmer suppliant,  
 “ For knighthoods love doe not so fowle a deed,  
 Ne blame your honor with so shamefull vaunt  
 Of vile revenge : To spoile the dead of weed  
 Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed :  
 But leave these relicks of his living might  
 To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blacke steed.”  
 “ What herce or steed,” said he, “ should he have dight,  
 But be entombd in the raven or the kight ?”

## XVII.

With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,  
 And th' other brother gan his helme unlace ;  
 Both fiercely bent to have him disaraid :  
 Till that they spyde where towards them did pace  
 And armed Knight, of bold and bounteous grace,  
 Whose Squire bore after him an heben launce  
 And coverd shield : Well kend him so far space  
 Th' Enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,  
 When under him he saw his Lybian steed to prounce ;

## XVIII.

And to those brethren sayd ; “ Rise, rise bylive,  
 And unto batteil doe yourselves addresse ;  
 For yonder comes the prowest Knight alive,  
 Prince Arthur, flowre of grace and nobillesse,  
 That hath to Paynim Knights wrought great distresse,  
 And thousand Sar'zins fowly donne to dye.”  
 That word so deepe did in their harts impresse,  
 That both eftsoones upstarted furiously,  
 And gan themselves prepare to batteill greedily.

## XIX.

But fiers Pyrochles, lacking his owne sword,  
 The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,  
 And Archimage besought, him that afford  
 Which he had brought for Braggadochio vaine.  
 “ So would I,” said th' enchaunter, “ glad and faine  
 Beteeme to you this sword, you to defend,  
 Or ought that els your honour might maintaine ;  
 But that this weapons powre I well have kend  
 To be contráry to the worke which ye intend :

## XX.

“ For that same Knights owne sworde this is, of yore  
 Which Merlin made by his almightie art  
 For that his Noursling, when he knighthood swore,  
 Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart.  
 The metall first he mixt with medæwart,  
 That no enchauntment from his dint might save ;  
 Then it in flames of Aetna wrought apart,  
 And seven times dipped in the bitter wave  
 Of hellish Styx, which hidden vertue to it gave.

## XXI.

“ The vertue is, that nether steele nor stone  
 The stroke thereof from entraunce may defend ;  
 Ne ever may be used by his fone ;  
 Ne forst his rightful owner to offend ;  
 Ne ever will it breake, ne ever bend ;  
 Wherefore *Morddure* it rightfully is hight.  
 In vaine therefore, Pyrochles, should I lend  
 The same to thee, against his Lord to fight ;  
 For sure yt would deceive thy labor and thy might.”

## • XXII.

“ Foolish old man,” said then the Pagan wroth,  
 “ That weenest words or charms may force withstood :  
 Soone shalt thou see, and then beleeve for troth,  
 That I can carve with this inchaunted brond  
 His Lords owne flesh.” Therewith out of his hond  
 That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away ;  
 And Guyons shield about his wrest he bond :  
 So ready dight, fierce battaile to assay,  
 And match his brother proud in battailous aray.

## XXIII.

By this, that straunger Knight in presence came,  
 And goodly salved them ; who nought againe  
 Him answered, as courtesie became ;  
 But with sterne lookes, and stomachous disdainē,  
 Gave signes of grudge and discontentment vaine :  
 Then, turning to the Palmer, he gan spy  
 Where at his feet, with sorrowfull demayne  
 And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,  
 In whose dead face he redd great magnanimity.

## XXIV.

Said he then to the Palmer ; “ Reverend Syre,  
 What great misfortune hath betidd this Knight ?  
 Or did his life her fatall date expyre,  
 Or did he fall by treason, or by fight ?  
 However, sure I rew his pitteous plight.”  
 “ Not one, nor other,” sayd the Palmer grave,  
 “ Hath him befalne ; but cloudes of deadly night  
 Awhile his heavy eylids cover’d have,  
 And all his sences drowned in deep sencelesse wave :

## XXV.

“ Which those his cruell foes, that stand hereby,  
 Making advantage, to revenge their spight,  
 Would him disarmē and treaten shamefully ;  
 Unworthie usage of redoubted Knight !  
 But you, faire Sir, whose honourable sight  
 Doth promise hope of helpe and timely grace,  
 Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,  
 And by your powre protect his feeble cace ?  
 First prayse of knighthood is, fowle outrage to deface.”

## XXVI.

“Palmer,” said he, “no Knight so rude, I weene,  
 As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost :  
 Ne was there ever noble corage seene,  
 That in advauntage would his puissaunce bost :  
 Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.  
 May bee, that better reason will aswage  
 The rash revengers heat. Words, well dispost,  
 Have secrete powre t’ appease inflamed rage :  
 If not, leave unto me thy Knights last patronage.”

## XXVII.

Tho, turning to those brethren, thus bespoke ;  
 “Ye warlike payre, whose valorous great might,  
 It seemes, iust wronges to vengeaunce doe provoke,  
 To wreake your wrath on this dead-seeming Knight,  
 Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,  
 And settle patience in so furious heat ?  
 Not to debate the chalenge of your right,  
 But for his carkas pardon I entreat,  
 Whom fortune hath already laid in lowest seat.”

## XXVIII.

To whom Cymochles said ; “For what art thou,  
 That mak’st thyselfe his dayes-man, to prolong  
 The vengeaunce prest ? Or who shall let me now  
 On this vile body from to wreak my wrong,  
 And make his carkas as the outcast dong ?  
 Why should not that dead carrion satisfye  
 The guilt, which, if he lived had thus long,  
 His life for dew revenge should deare abyee ?  
 The trespass still doth live, albee the person dye.”

## XXIX.

“ Indeed,” then said the Prince, “ the evill donne  
Dyes not, when breath the body first doth leave ;  
But from the grandsyre to the nephewes sonne  
And all his seede the curse doth often cleave,  
Till vengeance utterly the guilt bereave :  
So streightly God doth iudge. But gentle Knight,  
That doth against the dead his hand upreare,  
His honour staines with rancour and despight,  
And great disparagment makes to his former might.”

## XXX.

Pyrochles gan reply the second tyme,  
And to him said ; “ Now, felon, sure I read,  
How that thou art partaker of his cryme :  
Therefore by Termagaunt thou shalt be dead.”  
With that, his hand, more sad than lomp of lead,  
Uplifting high, he weened with Morddure,  
His owne good sword Morddure, to cleave his head.  
The faithfull steele such treason no’uld endure,  
But, swarving from the marke, his Lordes life did assure.

## XXXI.

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,  
That horse and man it made to reele asyde :  
Nath’lesse the Prince would not forsake his sell,  
(For well of yore he learned had to ryde,)  
But full of anger fiersly to him cryde ;  
“ False traitour, miscreaunt, thou broken hast  
The law of armes, to strike foe undefide :  
But thou thy treasons fruit I hope, shalt taste  
Right sowre, and feele the law, the which thou hast  
defast.”

## XXXII.

With that his balefull speare he fiercely bent  
 Against the Pagans brest, and therewith thought  
 His cursed life out of her lodg have rent :  
 But, ere the point arrived where it ought,  
 That seven-fold shield, which he from Guyon brought,  
 He cast between to ward the bitter stownd :  
 Through all those foldes the steelehead passage wrought,  
 And through his shoulder perst ; wherwith to ground  
 He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

## XXXIII.

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great grieve  
 And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,  
 And fowly saide ; By Mahoune, cursed thiefe,  
 That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby.”  
 Then, hurling up his harmefull blade on hy,  
 Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,  
 That from his saddle forced him to fly :  
 Els mote it needes downe to his manly brest  
 Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dispossesst.

## XXXIV.

Now was the Prince in daungerous distresse,  
 Wanting his sword when he on foot should fight :  
 His single speare could doe him small redresse  
 Against two foes of so exceeding might,  
 The least of which was match for any Knight.  
 And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,  
 Had reard himselfe againe to cruel fight  
 Three times more furious and more puissaunt,  
 Unmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

## XXXV.

So both attonce him charge on either syde  
 With hideous strokes and importable powre,  
 That forced him his ground to traverse wyde,  
 And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre :  
 For on his shield, as thicke as stormie showre,  
 Their strokes did raine ; yet did he never quaile,  
 Ne backward shrink ; but as a stedfast towre,  
 Whom foe with double battry doth assaile, [availe.  
 Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them nought

## XXXVI.

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay ;  
 Till that at last, when he advantage spyde,  
 His poynant speare he thrust with puissant sway  
 At proud Cymochles, whiles his shield was wyde,  
 That through his thigh the mortall steele did gryde :  
 He, swarving with the force, within his flesh  
 Did breake the lance, and let the head abyde :  
 Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,  
 That underneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.

## XXXVII.

Horribly then he gan to rage and rayle,  
 Cursing his gods, and himselfe damning deepe :  
 Als when his brother saw the red blood rayle  
 Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,  
 For very felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,  
 And said ; “ Caytive, curse on thy cruell hond,  
 That wise hath spedd ; yet shall it not thee keepe  
 From the third brunt of this my fatall brond :  
 Lo, where the dreadfull Death behynd thy backe doth  
 stond !”

## XXXVIII.

With that he strooke, and th' other strooke withall,  
 That nothing seemd mote beare so monstrous might :  
 The one upon his covered shield did fall,  
 And glauncing downe would not his owner byte :  
 But th' other did upon his troncheon smyte ;  
 Which hewing quite asunder, further way  
 It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,  
 The which dividing with impórtune sway,  
 It seizd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

## XXXIX.

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,  
 Red as the rose, thence gushed grievously ;  
 That when the Paynym spyde the streaming blood,  
 Gave him great hart and hope of victory.  
 On th' other side, in huge perplexity  
 The Prince now stood, having his weapon broke ;  
 Nought could he hurt, but still at warde did ly :  
 Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke  
 Cymochles twise, that twise him forst his foot revoke.

## XL.

Whom when the Palmer saw in such distresse,  
 Sir Guyons sword he lightly to him raught, [blesse,  
 And said ; “ Fayre sonne, great God thy right hand  
 To use that sword so well as he it ought !”  
 Glad was the Knight, and with fresh courage fraught,  
 When as againe he armed felt his hond :  
 Then like a lyon, which had long time saught  
 His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond  
 Emongst the shepheard swaynes, then wexeth wood and  
 yond :

## XLI.

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes  
 On either side, that neither mayle could hold,  
 Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes :  
 Now to Pyrochles many strokes he told ;  
 Eft to Cymochles twise so many fold ;  
 Then, backe againe turning his busie hond,  
 Them both attonce compeld with courage bold  
 To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond ; [stond.  
 And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not both with-

## XLII.

As salvage bull, whom two fierce mastives bayt,  
 When rancour doth with rage him once engore,  
 Forgets with wary warde them to awayt,  
 But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,  
 Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the flore,  
 Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdain,  
 That all the forest quakes to hear him rore :  
 So rag'd Prince Arthur twixt his foemen twaine,  
 That neither could his mightie puissaunce sustaine.

## XLIII.

But ever at Pyrochles when he smitt,  
 (Who Guyons shield cast ever him before,  
 Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtract was writt,)  
 His hand relented and the stroke forbore,  
 And his deare hart the picture gan adore ;  
 Which oft the Paynim sav'd from deadly stowre :  
 But him henceforth the same can save no more ;  
 For now arrived is his fatall howre,  
 That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

## XLIV.

For when Cymochles saw the fowle reproch,  
 Which them appeached; prickt with guiltie shame  
 And inward grieffe, he fiercely gan approach,  
 Resolv'd to put away that loathly blame,  
 Or dye with honour and desert of fame;  
 And on the haubergh stroke the Prince so sore,  
 That quite disparted all the linked frame,  
 And pierced to the skin, but bit no more;  
 Yet made him wise to reele, that never moov'd afore.

## XLV.

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharp regret,  
 He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,  
 That it empierst the Pagans burganet;  
 And, cleaving the hard steele, did deepe invade  
 Into his head, and cruell passage made [ground,  
 Quite through his brayne: He, tumbling downe on  
 Breath'd out his ghost, which, to th' infernall shade  
 Fast flying, there eternall torment found  
 For all the sinnes wherewith his lewd life did abound.

## XLVI.

Which when his german saw, the stony feare  
 Ran to his hart, and all his sence dismayd;  
 Ne thenceforth life ne corage did appeare:  
 But, as a man whom hellish feendes have frayd,  
 Long trembling still he stode; at last thus sayd;  
 "Traytour, what hast thou doen! How ever may  
 Thy cursed hand so cruelly have swayd  
 Against that Knight! Harrow and well away!  
 After so wicked deede why liv'st thou lenger day!"

## XLVII.

With that all desperate, as loathing light,  
 And with revenge desyring soone to dye,  
 Assembling all his force and utmost might,  
 With his owne swerd he fierce at him did flye,  
 And strooke, and foynd, and lasht outrageously,  
 Withouten reason or regard. Well knew  
 The Prince, with pacience and sufferance sly,  
 So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew:  
 Tho, when this breathlesse woxe, that batteil gan renew.

## XLVIII.

As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,  
 That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,  
 The clowdes, as thinges affrayd, before him flye;  
 But, all so soone as his outrageous powre  
 Is layd, they fiercely then begin to showre;  
 And, as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,  
 Now all attonce their malice forth do poure:  
 So did Prince Arthur beare himselfe in fight,  
 And suffred rash Pyrochles waste his ydle might.

## XLIX.

At last whenas the Sarazin perceiv'd  
 How that straunge sword refusd to serve his neede,  
 But, when he stroke most strong, the dint deceiv'd,  
 He flong it from him; and, devoyd of dreed,  
 Upon him lightly leaping without heed  
 Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,  
 Thinking to overthrowe and downe him tred:  
 But him in strength and skill the Prince surpast,  
 And through his nimble sleight did under him down cast.

## L.

Nought booted it the Paynim then to strive ;  
 For as a bittur in the eagles clawe,  
 That may not hope by flight to scape alive,  
 Still waytes for death with dread and trembling aw ;  
 So he, now subiect to the victours law,  
 Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,  
 For vile disdain and rancour, which did gnaw  
 His hart in twaine with sad meláncholy ;  
 As one that loathed life, and yet despysd to dye.

## LI.

But, full of princely bounty and great mind,  
 The Conqueror nought cared him to slay ;  
 But, casting wronges and all revenge behind,  
 More glory thought to give life then decay,  
 And sayd ; “ Paynim, this is thy dismall day ;  
 Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreaunce,  
 And my trew liegeman yield thyselfe for ay,  
 Life will I graunt thee for thy valiaunce,  
 And all thy wronges will wipe out of my sovenaunce.”

## LII.

“ Foole,” sayd the Pagan, “ I thy gift defye ;  
 But use thy fortune, as it doth befall ;  
 And say, that I not overcome doe dye,  
 But in despight of life for death doe call.”  
 Wroth was the Prince, and sory yet withall,  
 That he so wilfully refused grace ;  
 Yet, sith his fate so cruelly did fall,  
 His shining helmet he gan soone unlace,  
 And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

## LIII.

By this, Sir Guyon from his traunce awakt,  
 Life having maystered her sencelesse foe ;  
 And looking up, whenas his shield he lakt  
 And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe :  
 But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe  
 Had lost, he by him spyde, right glad he grew,  
 And saide ; “ Deare Sir, whom wandring to and fro  
 I long have lackt, I ioy thy face to vew !  
 Firme is thy faith, whom daunger never fro me drew .

## LIV.

“ But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee  
 Of my good sword and shield ?” The Palmer, glad  
 With so fresh hew uprysing him to see,  
 Him answered ; “ Fayre sonne, be no whit sad  
 For want of weapons ; they shall soone be had .”  
 So gan he to discourse the whole debate,  
 Which that straunge Knight for him sustained had,  
 And those two Sarazins confounded late,  
 Whose carcases on ground were horribly prostrate .

## LV.

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,  
 His hart with great affection was embayed,  
 And to the Prince, with bowing reverence dew,  
 As to the patrone of his life, thus sayd ;  
 “ My Lord, my Liege, by whose most gracious ayd  
 I live this day, and see my foes subdewd,  
 What may suffice to be for meede repayd  
 Of so great graces as ye have me shewd,  
 But to be ever bound”—

## LVI.

To whom the Infant thus ; “ Fayre Sir, what need  
Good turnes be counted, as a servile bond,  
To bind their doers to receive their meed ?  
Are not all Knightes by oath bound to withstond  
Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond ?  
Suffise, that I have done my dew in place.”  
So goodly purpose they together fond  
Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace ;  
The whiles false Archimage and Atin fled apace.

## CANTO IX.

The House of Temperaunce, in which  
 Doth sober Alma dwell,  
 Besiegd of many foes, whom straung-  
 er Knights to flight compell.

## I.

OF all Gods workes, which doe this worlde adorne,  
 There is no one more faire and excellent  
 Then is mans body, both for powre and forme,  
 Whiles it is kept in sober government;  
 But none then it more fowle and indecent,  
 Distempred through misrule and passions bace;  
 It grows a monster, and incontinent  
 Doth lose his dignity and native grace:  
 Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.

## II.

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,  
 The Briton Prince recov'ring his stolne sword,  
 And Guyon his lost shield, they both yfere  
 Forth passed on their way in fayre accord,  
 Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord;  
 " Sir Knight, mote I of you this court'sy read,  
 To weet why on your shield, so goodly scord,  
 Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?  
 Full lively is the semblaunt, though the substance dead."

## III.

“Fayre Sir,” sayd he, “if in that picture dead  
 Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew;  
 What mote ye weene, if the trew lively-head  
 Of that most glorious visage ye did vew!  
 But yf the beauty of her mind ye knew,  
 That is, her bounty, and imperiall powre,  
 Thousand times fairer then her mortall hew,  
 O! how great wonder would your thoughts devoure,  
 And infinite desire into your spirite poure!

## IV.

“She is the mighty Queene of Faëry,  
 Whose faire retraits I in my shield doe beare;  
 Shee is the flowre of grace and chastity,  
 Throughout the world renowned far and neare,  
 My Life, my Liege, my Soveraine, my Deare,  
 Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,  
 And with her light the earth enlumines cleare;  
 Far reach her mercies, and her praises farre,  
 As well in state of peace, as puissaunce in warrè.”

## V.

“Thrise happy man,” said then the Briton Knight,  
 “Whom gracious lott and thy great valiaunce  
 Have made thee soldier of that Princesse bright,  
 Which with her bounty and glad countenance  
 Doth blesse her servaunts, and them high advaunce!  
 How may straunge Knight hope ever to aspire,  
 By faithfull service and meete amenaunce,  
 Unto such blisse? sufficient were that hire  
 For losse of thousand lives, to die at her desire.”

## VI.

Said Guyon, " Noble Lord, what meed so great,  
Or grace of earthly Prince so souveraine,  
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat  
Ye well may hope, and easely attaine ?  
But were your will her sold to entertaine,  
And numbred be mongst Knights of Maydenhed,  
Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,  
And in her favor high bee reckoned,  
As Arthegall and Sophy now beene honored."

## VII.

" Certes," then said the Prince, " I God avow,  
That sith I armes and knighthood first did plight,  
My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,  
To serve that Queene with al my powre and might.  
Now hath the sunne with his lamp-burning light  
Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,  
Sith of that Goddesse I have sought the sight,  
Yet no where can her find : such happinesse  
Heaven doth to me envý and fortune favourlesse."

## VIII.

" Fortune, the foe of famous chevisaunce,  
Seldom," said Guyon, " yields to vertue aide,  
But in her way throwes mischief and mischaunce,  
Whereby her course is stopt and passage staid.  
But you, faire Sir, be not herewith dismaid,  
But constant keepe the way in which ye stand ;  
Which were it not that I am els delaid  
With hard adventure, which I have in hand,  
I labour would to guide you through al Fary land."

## IX.

“ Gramercy Sir,” said he ; “ but mote I weete  
 What straunge adventure doe ye now pursew ?  
 Perhaps my succour or advizement meete  
 Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew.”  
 Then gan Sir Guyon all the story shew  
 Of false Acrasia, and her wicked wiles ;  
 Which to avenge, the Palmer him forth drew  
 From Faery Court. So talked they, the whiles  
 They wasted had much way, and measurd many miles.

## X.

And now faire Phoebus gan decline in haste  
 His weary wagon to the westerne vale,  
 Whenas they spide a goodly Castle, plaste  
 Foreby a river in a pleasaunt dale ;  
 Which choosing for that evenings hospitale,  
 They thether marcht : but when they came in sight,  
 And from their sweaty coursers did avale,  
 They found the gates fast barred long ere night,  
 And every loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

## XI.

Which when they saw, they weened fowle reproch  
 Was to them doen, their entraunce to forstall ;  
 Till that the Squire gan nigher to approach,  
 And wind his horne under the Castle wall,  
 That with the noise it shooke as it would fall.  
 Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spire  
 The Watch, and lowd unto the Knights did call,  
 To weete what they so rudely did require :  
 Who gently answered, They entraunce did desire.

## XII.

“ Fly fly, good Knights,” said he, “ fly fast away,  
 If that your lives ye love, as meete ye should ;  
 Fly fast and save yourselves from neare decay ;  
 Here may ye not have entraunce, though we would :  
 We would and would againe, if that we could ;  
 But thousand enemies about us rave,  
 And with long siege us in this Castle hould :  
 Seven yeares this wize they us besieged have, [save.”  
 And many good Knights slaine that have us sought to

## XIII.

Thus as he spoke, loe ! with outrageous cry  
 A thousand Villeins rownd about them swarmd  
 Out of the rockes and caves adioyning nye ;  
 Vile caitive wretches, ragged, rude, deformd,  
 All threatning death, all in straunge manner armd ;  
 Some with unweldy clubs, some with long speares,  
 Some rusty knives, some staves in fier warmd :  
 Sterne was their looke ; like wild amazed steares,  
 Staring with hollow eies, and stiffe upstanding heares.

## XIV.

Fiersly at first those Knights they did assayle,  
 And drove them to recoile : but, when againe  
 They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to fayle,  
 Unhable their encounter to sustaine ;  
 For with such puissaunce and impetuous maine  
 Those Champions broke on them, that forst them fly,  
 Like scattered sheepe, whenas the shepherds swaine  
 A lion and a tigre doth espye  
 With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest nye.

## XV.

A while they fled, but soone retourn'd againe  
 With greater fury then before was found ;  
 And evermore their cruell Capitaine  
 Sought with his raskall routs t' enclose them rownd,  
 And overronne to tread them to the grownd :  
 But soone the Knights with their bright-burning blades  
 Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confownd,  
 Hewing and slashing at their idle shades ; [fades.  
 For though they bodies seem, yet substaunce from them

## XVI.

As when a swarme of gnats at eventide  
 Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,  
 Their murmuring small trompetts sownden wide,  
 Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,  
 That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies ;  
 Ne man nor beast may rest or take repast  
 For their sharpe wounds and noyous iniuries,  
 Till the fierce northerne wind with blustering blast  
 Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean cast.

## XVII.

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,  
 Unto the Castle gate they come againe,  
 And entraunce crav'd, which was denied erst.  
 Now when report of that their perlous paine,  
 And combrous conflict which they did sustaine,  
 Came to the Ladies eare which there did dwell,  
 Shee forth isséwed with a goodly traine  
 Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,  
 And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

## XVIII.

Alma she called was ; a Virgin bright,  
That had not yet felt Cupides wanton rage ;  
Yet was shee woo'd of many a gentle Knight,  
And many a Lord of noble parentage,  
That sought with her to lincke in marriage :  
For shee was faire, as faire mote ever bee,  
And in the flowre now of her freshest age ;  
Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,  
That even heven reioyced her sweete face to see.

## XIX.

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,  
That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught ;  
The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd,  
Braunched with gold and perle most richly wrought,  
And borne of two faire damsels which were taught  
That service well : Her yellow golden heare  
Was trimly woven and in tresses wrought,  
Ne other tire she on her head did weare,  
But crowned with a garland of sweete rosiers.

## XX.

Goodly shee entertaind those noble Knights,  
And brought them up into her Castle hall ;  
Where gentle court and gracious delight  
Shee to them made, with mildnesse virginall,  
Shewing herselfe both wise and liberall.  
There when they rested had a season dew,  
They her besought of favour speciall  
Of that faire Castle to afford them vew :  
Shee graunted ; and, them leading forth, the same did  
shew.

## XXI.

First she them led up to the Castle wall,  
 That was so high as foe might not it clime,  
 And all so faire and fensible withall ;  
 Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,  
 But of thing like to that Ægyptian slime,  
 Whereof king Nine whilome built Babell towre :  
 But O great pittie, that no lenger time  
 So goodly workmanship should not endure !  
 Soone it must turne to earth : No earthly thing is sure.

## XXII.

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare,  
 And part triangulare ; O worke divine !  
 Those two the first and last proportions are ;  
 The one imperfect, mortall, fœminine ;  
 Th' other immortall, perfect, masculine ;  
 And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,  
 Proportiond equally by seven and nine ;  
 Nine was the circle sett in heavens place :  
 All which compacted made a goodly diapase.

## XXIII.

Therein two gates were placed seemly well :  
 The one before, by which all in did pas,  
 Did th' other far in workmanship excell ;  
 For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,  
 But of more worthy substance fram'd it was :  
 Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,  
 That, when it locked, none might thorough pas,  
 And, when it opened, no man might it close ;  
 Still opened to their friendes, and closed to their foes.

## XXIV.

Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,  
 Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,  
 Then iett or marble far from Ireland brought ;  
 Over the which was cast a wandring vine,  
 Enchaced with a wanton yvie twine :  
 And over it a fayre portcullis hong,  
 Which to the gate directly did incline  
 With comely compasse and compacture strong.  
 Nether unseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

## XXV.

Within the barbican a Porter sate,  
 Day and night duely keeping watch and ward ;  
 Nor wight nor word mote passe out of the gate,  
 But in good order, and with dew regard ;  
 Utterers of secrets he from thence debarrd,  
 Bablers of folly, and blazers of cryme :  
 His larum-bell might lowd and wyde be hard  
 When cause requyrd, but never out of time ;  
 Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.

## XXVI.

And rownd about the porch on every syde  
 Twise sixteene Warders satt, all armed bright  
 In glistring steele, and strongly fortifyde :  
 Tall yeomen seemed they and of great might,  
 And were enraunged ready still for fight.  
 By them as Alma passed with her gwestes,  
 They did obeysaunce, as beseemed right,  
 And then againe retourned to their restes :  
 The Porter eke to her did lout with humble gestes.

## XXVII.

Thence she them brought into a stately hall,  
 Wherein were many tables fayre dispred,  
 And ready dight with drapets festivall,  
 Against the viaundes should be ministred.  
 At th' upper end there sate, yclad in red  
 Downe to the ground, a comely personage,  
 That in his hand a white rod menaged ;  
 He Steward was, hight Diet ; rype of age,  
 And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

## XXVIII.

And through the hall there walked to and fro  
 A iolly yeoman, Marshall of the same,  
 Whose name was Appetite ; he did bestow  
 Both guestes and meate, whenever in they came,  
 And knew them how to order without blame,  
 As him the Steward badd, They both attone  
 Did dewty to their Lady, as became ;  
 Who, passing by, forth ledd her guestes anone  
 Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for nicenesse none.

## XXIX.

It was a vault ybuilt for great dispence,  
 With many raunges reard along the wall,  
 And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence  
 The smoke forth threw : And in the midst of all  
 There placed was a caudron wide and tall  
 Upon a mightie fornace, burning whott,  
 More whott then Actn', or flaming Mongiball :  
 For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,  
 So long as any thing it in the caudron gott.

## XXX.

But to delay the heat, least by mischaunce  
 It might breake out and set the whole on fyre,  
 There added was by goodly ordinaunce  
 An huge great payre of bellowes, which did styre  
 Continually, and cooling breath inspyre.  
 About the caudron many Cookes accoyld  
 With hookes and ladles, as need did requyre ;  
 The whyles the viaundes in the vessel boyld,  
 They did about their businesse sweat, and sorely toyld.

## XXXI.

The maister Cooke was cald Concoction ;  
 A carefull man, and full of comely gyuse :  
 The kitchin Clerke, that hight Digestion,  
 Did order all th' achátes in seemely wise,  
 And set them forth, as well he could devise.  
 The rest had severall offices assynd ;  
 Some to remove the scum as it did rise ;  
 Others to beare the same away did mynd ;  
 And others it to use according to his kynd.

## XXXII.

But all the liquour, which was fowle and waste,  
 Not good nor serviceable elles for ought,  
 They in another great round vessel plaste,  
 Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought ;  
 And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,  
 By secret wayes, that none might it espy,  
 Was close convoid, and to the backgate brought,  
 That cleped was Port Esquiline, whereby  
 It was avoided quite, and throwne out privily.

## XXXIII.

Which goodly order and great workmans skill  
 Whenas those Knightes beheld, with rare delight  
 And gazing wonder they their mindes did fill ;  
 For never had they seene so straunge a sight.  
 Thence backe againe faire Alma led them right,  
 And soone into a goodly parlour brought,  
 That was with royall arras richly dight,  
 In which was nothing p<sup>o</sup>urtrahed nor wrought ;  
 Not wrought nor p<sup>o</sup>urtrahed, but easie to be thought :

## XXXIV.

And in the midst thereof upon the floure  
 A lovely bevy of faire Ladies sate,  
 Courted of many a iolly paramoure,  
 The which them did in modest wise amate,  
 And each one sought his Lady to aggrate :  
 And eke emongst them little Cupid playd  
 His wanton sportes, being retourned late  
 From his fierce warres, and having from him layd  
 His cruell bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismayd.

## XXXV.

Diverse delights they fownd themselves to please ;  
 Some song in sweet cons<sup>o</sup>rt ; some laught for ioy ;  
 Some plaid with strawes ; some ydly satt at ease ;  
 But oth<sup>er</sup> some could not abide to toy,  
 All pleasaunce was to them grieffe and annoy :  
 This fround ; that faund ; the third for shame did blush ;  
 Another seemed envious, or coy ;  
 Another in her teeth did knaw a rush :  
 But at these straungers presence every one did hush.

## XXXVI.

Soone as the gracious Alma came in place,  
 They all attonce out of their seates arose,  
 And to her homage made with humble grace :  
 Whom when the Knights beheld, they gan dispose  
 Themselves to court, and each a damzell chose :  
 The Prince by chaunce did on a Lady light,  
 That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,  
 But somewhat sad and solemne eke in sight,  
 As if some pensive thought constraind her gentlę spright.

## XXXVII.

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold  
 Was fretted all about, she was arayd ;  
 And in her hand a poplar braunch did hold ;  
 To whom the Prince in courteous maner sayd ;  
 “ Gentle Madáme, why beene ye thus dismayd,  
 And your faire beautie doe with sadnes spill ?  
 Lives any that you hath thus ill apayd ?  
 Or doen you love, or doen you lack your will ?  
 Whatever bee the cause, it sure beseemes you ill.”

## XXXVIII.

“ Fayre Sir,” said she, halfe in disdaine-ful wise,  
 “ How is it that this word in me ye blame,  
 And in yourselfe doe not the same advise ?  
 Him ill beseemes anothers fault to name,  
 That may unwares be blotted with the same :  
 Pensive I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,  
 Through great desire of glory and of fame ;  
 Ne ought I weene are ye therein behynd, [Her find.”  
 That have twelve months sought One, yet no where can

## XXXIX.

The Prince was inly moved at her speach,  
 Well weeting trew what she had rashly told ;  
 Yet with faire semblaunt sought to hyde the breach,  
 Which chaunge of colour did perforce unfold,  
 Now seeming flaming whott, now stony cold :  
 Tho, turning soft aside, he did inqyre  
 What wight she was that poplar braunch did hold :  
 It answered was, her name was Prays-desire,  
 That by well doing sought to honour to aspyre.

## XL.

The whiles the Faery Knight did entertaine  
 Another Damsell of that gentle crew,  
 That was right fayre and modest of demayne,  
 But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew :  
 Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,  
 Close rownd about her tuckt with many a plight :  
 Upon her fist the bird, which shoneth vew  
 And keepes in coverts close from living wight,  
 Did sitt, as yet ashamd how rude Pan did her dight.

## XLI.

So long as Guyon with her communed,  
 Unto the grownd she cast her modest eye,  
 And ever and anone with rosy red  
 The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did dye,  
 That her became, as polisht yvory  
 Which cunning craftesman hand hath overlayd  
 With fayre vermilion or pure lastery.  
 Great wonder had the Knight to see the Mayd  
 So straungely passioned, and to her gently said ;

## XLII.

“ Fayre Damzell, seemeth by your troubled cheare,  
 That either me too bold ye weene, this wise  
 You to molest, or other ill to feare  
 That in the secret of your hart close lyes,  
 From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, aryse :  
 If it be I, of pardon I you pray ;  
 But, if ought else that I mote not devyse,  
 I will, if please you it discure, assay  
 To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.”

## XLIII.

She answerd nought, but more abasht for shame  
 Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely face  
 The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,  
 And the strong passion mard her modest grace,  
 That Guyon mervayld at her uncouth cace ;  
 Till Alma him bespake ; “ Why wonder yee,  
 Faire Sir, at that which ye so much embrace ?  
 She is the fountaine of your modestee ;  
 You shamefast are, but Shamefastnes itselfe is shee.”

## XLIV.

Thereat the Elfe did blush in privitee,  
 And turnd his face away ; but she the same  
 Dissembled faire, and faynd to oversee.  
 Thus they awhile with court and goodly game  
 Themselves did solace each one with his Dame,  
 Till that great Lady thence away them sought  
 To vew her Castles other wondrous frame :  
 Up to a stately turret she them brought,  
 Ascending by ten steps of alablaster wrought.

## XLV.

That turrets frame most admirable was,  
 Like highest heaven compassed around,  
 And lifted high above this earthly masse,  
 Which it survewd, as hills doen lower ground :  
 But not on ground mote like to this be found ;  
 Not that, which antique Cadmus whylome built  
 In Thebes, which Alexander did confound ;  
 Nor that proud towre of Troy, though richly guilt,  
 From which young Hectors blood by cruell Greekes was  
 spilt.

## XLVI.

The rooffe hereof was arched over head,  
 And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily ;  
 Two goodly beacons, set in watches stead,  
 Therein gave light, and flamd continually :  
 For they of living fire most subtilly  
 Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,  
 Cover'd with lids deviz'd of substance sly,  
 That readily they shut and open might.  
 O, who can tell the prayses of that Makers might !

## XLVII.

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell,  
 This parts great workemanship and wondrous powre,  
 That all this other worldes worke doth excell,  
 And likest is unto that heavenly towre  
 That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.  
 Therein were divers rowmes, and divers stages ;  
 But three the chiefest and of greatest powre,  
 In which there dwelt three honorable Sages,  
 The wisest men, I weene, that lived in their ages.

## XLVIII.

Not he, whom Greece, the nourse of all good arts,  
 By Phœbus doome the wisest thought alive,  
 Might be compar'd to these by many parts :  
 Nor that sage Pylian syre, which did survive  
 Three ages, such as mortall men contrive,  
 By whose advise old Priams cittie fell,  
 With these in praise of pollicies mote strive.  
 These three in these three rowmes did sondry dwell,  
 And counselled faire Alma how to governe well.

## XLIX.

The First of them could things to come foresee ;  
 The Next could of thinges present best advise ;  
 The Third things past could keep in memoree :  
 So that no time nor reason could arize,  
 But that the same could one of these comprize.  
 Forthy the First did in the forepart sit,  
 That nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize ;  
 He had a sharpe foresight and working wit  
 That never idle was, ne once could rest a whit.

## L.

His chamber was dispaigned all within  
 With sondry colours, in the which were writ  
 Infinite shapes of thinges dispersed thin ;  
 Some such as in the world were never yit,  
 Ne can devized be of mortall wit ;  
 Some daily seene and knowen by their names,  
 Such as in idle fantasies do flit ;  
 Infernall hags, centaurs, feendes, hippodames,  
 Apes, lyons, aegles, owles, fooles, lovers, children, dames.

## LI.

And all the chamber filled was with flyes  
 Which buzzed all about, and made such sound  
 That they encombred all mens eares and eyes ;  
 Like many swarms of bees assembled round,  
 After their hives with honny do abound.  
 All those were idle Thoughtes and Fantasies,  
 Devices, Dreames, Opinions unsound,  
 Shewes, Visions, Sooth-sayes, and Prophetesies ;  
 And all that fained is, as Leasings, Tales, and Lies.

## LII.

Emongst them all sate he which wonned there,  
 That hight Phantastes by his nature trew ;  
 A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appere,  
 Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,  
 That him full of meláncholy did shew ;  
 Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes,  
 That mad or foolish seemd : one by his vew  
 Mote deeme him borne with ill-disposed skyes,  
 When oblique Saturne sate in th' house of agonyes.

## LIII.

Whom Alma having shewed to her Guests,  
 Thence brought them to the second rowme, whose wals  
 Were painted faire with memorable gestes  
 Of famous wisards ; and with picturals  
 Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,  
 Of commen wealthes, of states, of pollicy,  
 Of lawes, of iudgementes, and of décretals,  
 All artes, all science, all philosophy,  
 And all that in the world was ay thought wittily.

## LIV.

Of those that rowme was full ; and them among  
 There sate a Man of ripe and perfect age,  
 Who did them meditate all his life long,  
 That through continuall practise and uságe  
 He now was growne right wise and wondrous sage :  
 Great plesure had those straunger Knightes to see  
 His goodly reason and grave personage,  
 That his disciples both desyrd to bee : [three.  
 But Alma thence them led to th' hindmost rowme of

## LV.

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,  
 And therefore was removed far behind,  
 Yet were the wals, that did the same uphold,  
 Right firme and strong, though somewhat they declind ;  
 And therein sat an Old old Man, halfe blind,  
 And all decrepit in his feeble corse,  
 Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,  
 And recompenst him with a better scorse :  
 Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled forse.

## LVI.

This Man of infinite remembraunce was,  
 And things forgone through many ages held,  
 Which he recorded still as they did pas,  
 Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,  
 As all things els the which this world doth weld ;  
 But laid them up in his immortall scrine,  
 Where they for ever incorrupted dweld :  
 The warres he well remembred of king Nine,  
 Of old Assaracus, and Inachus divine.

## LVII.

The yeares of Nestor nothing were to his,  
 Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest l'v'd ;  
 For he remembred both their infancis :  
 Ne wonder then if that he were depriv'd  
 Of native strength now that he them surviv'd.  
 His chamber all was hangd about with rolls  
 And old recórd's from auncient times derivd,  
 Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolls,  
 That were all worm-eaten and full of canker holes.

## LVIII.

Amidst them all he in a chaire was sett,  
 Tossing and turning them withouten end ;  
 But for he was unhabile them to fett,  
 A litle Boy did on him still attend  
 To reach, whenever he for ought did send ;  
 And oft when thinges were lost, or laid amis,  
 That Boy them sought and unto him did lend :  
 Therefore he Anamnestes cleped is ;  
 And that Old Man Eumnestes, by their propertis.

## LIX.

The Knightes there entring did him reverence dew,  
 And wondred at his endlesse exercise.  
 Then as they gan his library to vew,  
 And antique registers for to avise,  
 There chaunced to the Princes hand to rize  
 An auncient booke, hight *Briton Moniments*,  
 That of this lands first conquest did devise,  
 And old division into regiments,  
 Till it reduced was to one mans governements.

## LX.

Sir Guyon chaunst eke on another booke,  
That hight *Antiquitee of Faery Lond* :  
In which whenas he greedily did looke,  
Th' ofspring of Elves and Faryes there he fond,  
As it delivered was from hond to hond :  
Whereat they, burning both with fervent fire  
Their Countreys Auncestry to understand,  
Crav'd leave of Alma and that aged Sire  
To read those bookes ; who gladly graunted their desire.

## CANTO X.

A Chronicle of Briton Kings,  
 From Brute to Uthers rayne ;  
 And Rolls of Elfin Emperours,  
 Till time of Gloriane.

## I.

WHO now shall give unto me words and sound  
 Equall unto this haughty enterprise ?  
 Or who shall lend me wings, with which from ground  
 My lowly verse may loftily arise,  
 And lift itselfe unto the highest skyes ?  
 More ample spirit than hetherto was wount  
 Here needes me, whiles the famous Auncestryes  
 Of my most dreaded Sovereigne I recount,  
 By which all earthly Princes she doth far surmount.

## II.

Ne under sunne that shines so wide and faire,  
 Whence all that lives does borrow life and light,  
 Lives ought that to her Linage may compare ;  
 Which though from earth it be derived right,  
 Yet doth itselfe stretch forth to hevens hight,  
 And all the world with wonder overspred ;  
 A labor huge, exceeding far my might !  
 How shall fraile pen, with fear disparaged,  
 Conceive such souveraine glory and great bountyhed !

## III.

Argument worthy of Mæonian quill ;  
 Or rather worthy of great Phoebus rote,  
 Whereon the ruines of great Ossa hill,  
 And triumphes of Phlegræan Iove, he wrote,  
 That all the gods admird his lofty note.  
 But, if some relish of that hevenly lay  
 His learned daughters would to me report  
 To decke my song withall, I would assay  
 Thy name, O souveraine Queene, to blazon far away.

## IV.

Thy name, O souveraine Queene, thy realme, and race,  
 From this renommed Prince derived arre,  
 Who mightily upheld that royall mace .  
 Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended farre  
 From mighty kings and conquerours in warre,  
 Thy fathers and greatgrandfathers of old,  
 Whose noble deeds above the northern starre  
 Immortall Fame for ever hath enrold ;  
 As in that Old Mans booke they were in order told.

## V.

The Land which warlike Britons now possesse,  
 And therein have their mighty empire raysd,  
 In antique times was salvage wilderness,  
 Unpeopled, unmannurd, unprov'd, unpraysd ;  
 Ne was it island then, ne was it paysd  
 Amid the ocean waves, ne was it sought  
 Of merchants farre for profits therein praysd ;  
 But was all desolate, and of some thought  
 By sea to have bene from the Celticke mayn-land brought.

## VI.

Ne did it then deserve a name to have,  
 Till that the venturous mariner that way  
 Learning his ship from those white rocks to save,  
 Which all along the southerne sea-coast lay  
 Threatning unheedy wrecke and rash decay,  
 For safëty that same his sea-marke made,  
 And nam'd it ALBION : But later day,  
 Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,  
 Gan more the same frequent, and further to invade.

## VII.

But far in land a salvage nation dwelt  
 Of hideous giaunts, and half-beastly men,  
 That never tasted grace, nor goodnes felt ;  
 But wild like beastes lurking in loathsome den,  
 And flying fast as roebucke through the fen,  
 All naked without shame or care of cold,  
 By hunting and by spoiling liveden ;  
 Of stature huge, and eke of corage bold,  
 That sonnes of men amazd their sternesse to behold.

## VIII.

But whence they sprong, or how they were begott,  
 Uneath is to assure ; uneath to wene  
 That monstrous error which doth some assott,  
 That Dioclesians fifty daughters shene  
 Into this Land by chaunce have driven bene ;  
 Where, companing with feends and filthy sprights  
 Through vaine illusion of their lust unclene,  
 They brought forth geaunts, and such dreadful wights  
 As far exceeded men in their immeasurd mights.

## IX.

They held this Land, and with their filthinesse  
Polluted this same gentle soyle long time ;  
That their owne mother loathd their beastlinesse,  
And gan abhorre her broods unkindly crime,  
All were they borne of her owne native slime :  
Until that Brutus, anciently deriv'd  
From roiall stocke of old Assaracs line,  
Driven by fatall error here arriv'd,  
And them of their unjust possession depriv'd.

## X.

But ere he had established his throne,  
And spred his empire to the utmost shore,  
He fought great batteils with his salvage fone :  
In which he them defeated evermore,  
And many giaunts left on groning flore :  
That well can witnes yet unto this day  
The westerne Hogh, besprincled with the gore  
Of mighty Goëmot, whome in stout fray  
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

## XI.

And eke that ample pitt, yet far renownd  
For the large leape which Debon did compell  
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of grownd,  
Into the which retourning backe he fell :  
But those three monstrous stones doe most excell,  
Which that huge sonne of hideous Albion,  
Whose father Hercules in Fraunce did quell,  
Great Godmer threw, in fierce contention,  
At bold Canutus ; but of him was slaine anon.

## XII.

In meed of these great conquests by them gott,  
 Corineus had that province utmost west  
 To him assigned for his worthy lott,  
 Which of his name and memorable gest  
 He called Cornwaile, yet so called best :  
 And Debons shayre was, that is Devonshyre :  
 But Canute had his portion from the rest,  
 The which he cald Canutium, for his hyre ;  
 Now Cantium, which Kent we comenly inqyre.

## XIII.

Thus Brute this Realme unto his rule subdewd,  
 And raigned long in great felicity,  
 Lov'd of his freends, and of his foes eschewd :  
 He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,  
 Borne of fayre Inogene of Italy ;  
 Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,  
 And Loctrine left chiefe lord of Britany.  
 At last ripe age bad him surrender late  
 His life, and long good fortune, unto finall fate.

## XIV.

Loctrine was left the soveraine lord of all ;  
 But Albanact had all the northerne part,  
 Which of himselfe Albania he did call ;  
 And Camber did possesse the westerne quart,  
 Which Severne now from Logris doth depart :  
 And each his portion peaceably enjoyd,  
 Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,  
 That once their quiet government annoyd ;  
 But each his paynes to others profit still employd.

## XV.

Untill a Nation straung, with visage swart  
And corage fierce that all men did affray,  
Which through the world then swarmd in every part,  
And overflowd all countries far away,  
Like Noyes great flood, with their impórtune sway,  
This Land invaded with like violence,  
And did themselves through all the north display:  
Untill that Locrine for his Realmes defence,  
Did head against them make and strong munificence.

## XVI.

He them encountred, a confused rout,  
Foreby the river that whylôme was hight  
The ancient Abus, where with courage stout  
He them defeated in victorious fight,  
And chaste so fiercely after fearefull flight,  
That forst their chiefetain, for his safeties sake,  
(Their chiefetain Humber named was aright,)  
Unto the mighty streame him to betake,  
Where he an end of batteill and of life did make.

## XVII.

The King retourned proud of victory,  
And insolent wox through unwonted ease,  
That shortly he forgot the ieopardy,  
Which in his Land he lately did appease,  
And fell to vaine voluptuous disease:  
He lov'd faire Ladie Estrild, leudly lov'd,  
Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,  
That quite his hart from Guendolene remov'd,  
From Guendolene his wife, though alwaies faithful  
prov'd.

## XVIII.

The noble daughter of Corinëus  
 Would not endure to bee so vile disdaind,  
 But, gathering force and corage valorous,  
 Encountred him in batteill well ordaind,  
 In which him vanquisht she to fly constraind :  
 But she so fast pursewd, that him she tooke  
 And threw in bands, where he till death remaind :  
 Als his faire leman flying through a brooke  
 She overhent, nought moved with her piteous looke ;

## XIX.

But both herselfe, and eke her daughter deare  
 Begotten by her kingly paramoure,  
 The faire Sabrina, almost dead with feare,  
 She there attached, far from all succouëre :  
 The one she slew upon the present floure ;  
 But the sad virgin innocent of all  
 Adowne the rolling river she did poure,  
 Which of her name now Severne men do call :  
 Such was the end that to disloyal love did fall.

## XX.

Then for her sonne, which she to Locrin bore,  
 (Madan was young, unmeet the rule to sway,)  
 In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,  
 Till ryper years he raught and stronger stay :  
 During which time her powre she did display  
 Through all this Realme, the glory of her sex,  
 And first taught men a woman to obay :  
 But, when her sonne to mans estate did wex,  
 She it surrendred, ne her selfe would lenger vex.

## XXI.

Tho Madan raignd, unworthie of his race ;  
 For with all shame that sacred throne he filld.  
 Next Memprise, as unworthy of that place,  
 In which being consorted with Manild,  
 For thirst of single kingdom him he kild.  
 But Ebranck salved both their infamies  
 With noble deedes, and warreyd on Brunchild  
 In Henault, where yet of his victories  
 Brave moniments remaine, which yet that land envies.

## XXII.

An happy man in his first dayes he was,  
 And happy father of faire progeny :  
 For all so many weekes, as the yeare has,  
 So many children he did multiply ;  
 Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply  
 Their mindes to prayse and chevalrous desyre :  
 Those germans did subdew all Germany,  
 Of whom it hight ; but in the end their syre  
 With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to retyre.

## XXIII.

Which blott his sonne succeeding in his seat,  
 The second Brute, the second both in name  
 And eke in semblaunce of his puissaunce great,  
 Right well recur'd, and did away that blame  
 With recompence of everlasting fame :  
 He with his victour sword first opened  
 The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne Dame,  
 And taught her first how to be conquered ; [sacked.  
 Since which, with sondrie spoiles she hath been ran-

## XXIV.

Let Scaldis tell, and let tell Hania,  
 And let the marsh of Esthambruges tell,  
 What colour were their waters that same day,  
 And all the moore twixt Elversham and Dell,  
 With blood of Henalois which therein fell.  
 How oft that day did sad Brunchildis see  
 The *greene shield* dyde in dolorous vermell?  
 That not *scuith guiridh* it mote seeme to bee,  
 But rather *y scuith gogh*, signe of sad crueltee.

## XXV.

His sonne king Leill, by fathers labour long,  
 Enioyd an heritage of lasting peace,  
 And built Cairleill, and built Cairleon strong.  
 Next Huddibras his realme did not encrease,  
 But taught the Land from wearie wars to cease.  
 Whose footsteps Bladud following, in artes  
 Exceld at Athens all the learned preace,  
 From whence he brought them to these salvage parts,  
 And with sweet science mollifide their stubborne harts.

## XXVI.

Ensample of his wondrous faculty,  
 Behold the boyling bathes at Cairbadon,  
 Which seeth with secret fire eternally,  
 And in their entrailles, full of quick brimstón,  
 Nourish the flames which they are warmd upon,  
 That to their people wealth they forth do well,  
 And health to every forreyne nation:  
 Yet he at last, contending to excell  
 The reach of men, through flight into fond mischief fell.

## XXVII.

Next him king Leyr in happie peace long raynd,  
 But had no issue male him to succeed,  
 But three faire daughters, which were well uptraind  
 In all that seemed fitt for kingly seed ;  
 Mongst whom his Realme he equally decreed  
 To have divided : Tho, when feeble age  
 Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,  
 He cald his daughters, and with speeches sage  
 Inquyrd, which of them most did love her parentage.

## XXVIII.

The eldest Gonorill gan to protest,  
 That she much more than her owne life him lov'd ;  
 And Regan greater love to him profest  
 Then all the world, whenever it were proof'd ;  
 But Cordeill said she lov'd him as behoov'd :  
 Whose simple answere, wanting colours fayre  
 To paint it forth, him to displeasaunce moov'd,  
 That in his crown he counted her no hayre,  
 But twixt the other twain his Kingdom whole did shayre.

## XXIX.

So wedded th' one to Maglan king of Scottes,  
 And th' other to the king of Cambria,  
 And twixt them shayrd his Realme by equall lottes ;  
 But, without dowre, the wise Cordelia  
 Was sent to Aganip of Celtica :  
 Their aged syre, thus eased of his crowne,  
 A private life ledd in Albania  
 With Gonorill, long had in great renowne, [downe.  
 That nought him griev'd to beene from rule deposd

## XXX.

But true it is that, when the oyle is spent,  
 The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away;  
 So, when he had resign'd his regiment,  
 His daughter gan despise his drouping day,  
 And wearie wax of his continuall stay:  
 Tho to his daughter Regan he repayrd,  
 Who him at first well used every way;  
 But, when of his departure she despayrd,  
 Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empayrd.

## XXXI.

The wretched man gan then avise too late,  
 That love is not where most it is profest;  
 Too truely tryde in his extremest state!  
 At last, resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,  
 He to Cordelia himselfe addrest,  
 Who with entyre affection him receav'd,  
 As for her syre and king her seemed best;  
 And after all an army strong she leav'd,  
 To war on those which him had of his Realme bereav'd.

## XXXII.

So to his crowne she him restord againe;  
 In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,  
 And after wild it should to her remaine:  
 Who peaceably the same long time did weld,  
 And all mens harts in dew obedience held;  
 Till that her sisters children, woxen strong,  
 Through proud ambition against her rebeld,  
 And overcommen kept in prison long,  
 Till weary of that wretched life herselfe she hong.

## XXXIII.

Then gan the bloody brethren both to raine :  
 But fierce Cundah gan shortly to envý  
 His brother Morgan, prickt with proud disdaine  
 To have a pere in part of soverainty ;  
 And, kindling coles of cruell enmity,  
 Raisd warre, and him in batteil overthrew :  
 Whence as he to those woody hilles did fly,  
 Which hight of him Glamorgan, there him slew :  
 Then did he raigne alone, when he none equal knew.

## XXXIV.

His sonne Rivall' his dead rowme did supply ;  
 In whose sad time blood did from heaven rayne.  
 Next great Gurgustus, then faire Cæcily,  
 In constant peace their kingdomes did contayne.  
 After whom Lago and Kinmarke did rayne,  
 And Gorbogud, till far in years he grew :  
 Then his ambitious sonnes unto them twayne  
 Arraught the rule, and from their father drew ;  
 Stout Ferrex and sterne Porrex him in prison threw.

## XXXV.

But O ! the greedy thirst of royall crowne,  
 That knowes no kinred, nor regards no right,  
 Stird Porrex up to put his brother downe ;  
 Who, unto him assembling forreigne might,  
 Made warre on him, and fell himselfe in fight :  
 Whose death t' avenge, his mother mercillesse,  
 Most mercillesse of women, Wyden hight,  
 Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,  
 And with most cruell hand him murdred pittillesse.

## XXXVI.

Here ended Brutus sacred progeny,  
 Which had seven hundred years this scepter borne  
 With high renowme and great felicity :  
 The noble braunch from th' an'tique stocke was torne  
 Through discord, and the roiall throne forlorne.  
 Thenceforth this Realme was into factions rent,  
 Whilest each of Brutus boasted to be borne,  
 That in the end was left no monument  
 Of Brutus, nor of Britons glorie auncient.

## XXXVII.

Then up arose a man of matchlesse might,  
 And wondrous wit to menage high affayres,  
 Who, stird with pittie of the stressed plight  
 Of this sad Realme, cut into sondry shayres  
 By such as claymd themselves Brutes rightfull hayres,  
 Gathered the princes of the people loose  
 To taken counsell of their common cares ;  
 Who, with his wisdom won, him streight did choose  
 Their King, and swore him féalty to win or loose.

## XXXVIII.

Then made him head against his enimies,  
 And Ymner slew of Logris miscreate ;  
 Then Ruddoc and proud Stater, both allyes,  
 This of Albány newly nominate,  
 And that of Cambry king confirmed late,  
 He overthrew through his owne valiaunce ;  
 Whose countries he redus'd to quiet state,  
 And shortly brought to civile governaunce,  
 Now one, which earst were many made through variaunce.

## XXXIX.

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say  
 Were unto him reveald in vision ;  
 By which he freed the travellers high-way,  
 The churches part, and ploughmans portion,  
 Restraining stealth and strong extortion ;  
 The gracious Numa of great Britany :  
 For, till his dayes, the chiefe dominion  
 By strength was wielded without pollicy :  
 Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dignity.

## XL.

Donwallo dyde, (for what may live for ay ?)  
 And left two sonnes, of pearelesse prowesse both,  
 That sacked Rome too dearely did assay,  
 The recompence of their periured oth ;  
 And ransackt Greece wel tryde, when they were wroth ;  
 Besides subiected France and Germany,  
 Which yet their praises speake, all be they loth,  
 And inly tremble at the memory  
 Of Brennus and Belinus, kinges of Britany.

## XLI.

Next them did Gurgunt, great Belinus sonne,  
 In rule succede, and eke in fathers praise ;  
 He Easterland subdewd, and Denmarke wonne,  
 And of them both did foy and tribute raise,  
 The which was dew in his dead fathers daies :  
 He also gave to fugitives of Spayne,  
 Whom he at sea found wandring from their waies,  
 A seate in Ireland safely to remayne,  
 Which they should hold of him as subiect to Britayne.

## XLII.

After him raigned Guitheline his hayre,  
 The iustest man and trewest in his daies,  
 Who had to wife Dame Mertia the fayre,  
 A woman worthy of immortall praise,  
 Which for this Realme found many goodly layes,  
 And wholesome statutes to her husband brought :  
 Her many deemd to have beene of the Fayes,  
 As was Aegerié that Numa tought : [thought.  
 Those yet of her be Mertian lawes both nam'd and

## XLIII.

Her sonne Sifillus after her did rayne ;  
 And then Kimarus ; and then Danius :  
 Next whom Morindus did the crowne sustayne ;  
 Who, had he not with wrath outrageous  
 And cruell rancour dim'd his valorous  
 And mightie deedes, should matched have the best :  
 As well in that same field victorious  
 Against the forreine Morands he exprest ;  
 Yet lives his memorie, though carcas sleepe in rest.

## XLIV.

Five sonnes he left begotten of one wife,  
 All which successively by turnes did rayne :  
 First Gorboman, a man of vertuous life ;  
 Next Archigald, who for his proud disdayne  
 Deposed was from pryncedome soverayne,  
 And pitteous Elidure put in his sted ;  
 Who shortly it to him restord agayne,  
 Till by his death he it recovered ;  
 But Peridure and Vigent him disthronized :

## XLV.

In wretched prison long he did remaine,  
 Till they out-raigned had their utmost date,  
 And then therein reseized was againe,  
 And ruled long with honorable state,  
 Till he surrendred realme and life to fate.  
 Then all the sonnes of these five brethren raynd  
 By dew successe, and all their nephewes late;  
 Even thrise eleven descents the crowne retaynd,  
 Till aged Hely by dew heritage it gaynd.

## XLVI.

He had two sonnes, whose eldest, called Lud,  
 Left of his life most famous memory,  
 And endlesse monuments of his great good:  
 The ruin'd wals he did reædifye  
 Of Troynovant, gainst force of enemy,  
 And built that Gate which of his name is hight,  
 By which he lyes entombed solemnly:  
 He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,  
 Androgeus and Tenantius, pictures of his might.

## XLVII.

Whilst they were young, Cassibalane their eme  
 Was by the people chosen in their sted,  
 Who on him tooke the roiall diademe,  
 And goodly well long time it governed;  
 Till the prowde Romanes him disquieted,  
 And warlike Cæsar, tempted with the name  
 Of this sweet Island never conquered,  
 And envying the Britons blazed fame,  
 (O hideous hunger of dominion!) hether came.

## XLVIII.

Yet wise they were repulsed backe againe,  
 And wise renforst backe to their ships to fly ;  
 The whiles with blood they all the shore did staine,  
 And the gray ocean into purple dy :  
 Ne had they footing found at last perdie,  
 Had not Androgeus, false to native soyle,  
 And envious of uncles soveraintie,  
 Betrayd his country unto forreine spoyle.  
 Nought els but treason from the first this land did foyle!

## XLIX.

So by him Cæsar got the victory,  
 Through great bloodshed and many a sad assay,  
 In which himselfe was charged heavily  
 Of hardy Nennius, whom he yet did slay,  
 But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.  
 Thenceforth this Land was tributarie made  
 T<sup>o</sup> ambitious Rome, and did their rule obey,  
 Till Arthur all that reckoning defrayd :  
 Yet oft the Briton Kings against them strongly swayd.

## L.

Next him Tenantius raignd ; then Kimbeline,  
 What time th' Eternall Lord in fleshly slime  
 Enwombd was, from wretched Adams line  
 To purge away the guilt of sinfull crime.  
 O ioyous memorie of happy time,  
 That heavenly grace so plenteously displayd !  
 O too high ditty for my simple rime !—  
 Soone after this the Romanes him warrayd ;  
 For that their tribute he refusd to let be payd.

## LI.

Good Claudius, that next was Emperour,  
 An army brought and with him batteile fought,  
 In which the King was by a treachetour  
 Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought :  
 Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought :  
 For Arvirage his brothers place supplyde  
 Both in his armes and crowne, and by that draught  
 Did drive the Romanes to the weaker syde,  
 That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifyde.

## LII.

Was never King more highly magnifide,  
 Nor dredd of Romanes, then was Arvirage ;  
 For which the Emperour to him allide  
 His daughter Genuiss' in marriage :  
 Yet shortly he renounst the vassallage  
 Of Rome againe, who hether hastily sent  
 Vespasian, that with great spoile and rage  
 Forwasted all, till Genuissa gent  
 Persuaded him to ceasse, and her lord to relent.

## LIII.

He dide ; and him succeeded Marius,  
 Who ioyd his dayes in great tranquillity.  
 Then Coyll ; and after him good Lucius,  
 That first received Christianity,  
 The sacred pledge of Christes Evangely.  
 Yet true it is, that long before that day  
 Hither came Ioseph of Arimáthy,  
 Who brought with him the Holy Grayle, (they say,)  
 And preacht the truth ; but since it greatly did decay.

## LIV.

This good King shortly without issew dide,  
 Whereof great trouble in the Kingdome grew,  
 That did herselfe in sondry parts divide,  
 And with her powre her owne selfe overthrew,  
 Whilest Romanes daily did the weake subdew :  
 Which seeing, stout Bunduca up arose,  
 And taking armes the Britons to her drew ;  
 With whom she marched straight against her foes,  
 And them unwares besides the Severne did enclose.

## LV.

There she with them a cruell batteill tryde,  
 Not with so good successe as shee deserv'd ;  
 By reason that the captaines on her syde,  
 Corrupted by Paulinus, from hér swerv'd :  
 Yet such, as were through former flight preserv'd,  
 Gathering againe, her host she did renew,  
 And with fresh corage on the victor servd :  
 But being all defeated, save a few,  
 Rather than fly, or be captív'd, herselfe she slew.

## LVI.

O famous monument of womens prayse !  
 Matchable either to Semiramis,  
 Whom ántique history so high doth rayse,  
 Or to Hypsiphil', or to Thomiris :  
 Her host two hundred thousand numbred is ;  
 Who, whiles good fortune favoured her might,  
 Triumphed oft against her enemis ;  
 And yet, though overcome in haplesse fight,  
 Shee triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

## LVII.

Her reliques Fulgent having gathered,  
Fought with Severus, and him overthrew ;  
Yet in the chace was slaine of them that fled ;  
So made them victors whome he did subdew.  
Then gan Carausius tirannize anew,  
And gainst the Romanes bent their proper powre ;  
But him Allectus treacherously slew,  
And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure :  
Nath'lesse the same enjoyed but short happy howre :

## LVIII.

For Asclepiodate him overcame,  
And left inglorious on the vanquisht playne,  
Without or robe or rag to hide his shame :  
Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne ;  
But shortly was by Coyll in batteill slaine :  
Who after long debate, since Lucies tyme,  
Was of the Britons first crownd Soveraine :  
Then gan this Realme renew her passed prime :  
He of his name Coylchester built of stone and lime.

## LIX.

Which when the Romanes heard, they hether sent  
Constantius, a man of mickle might,  
With whome King Coyll made an agreëment,  
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,  
Fayre Helena, the fairest living wight,  
Who in all godly thewes and goodly praise  
Did far excell, but was most famous hight  
For skil in musicke of all in her daies,  
As well in curious instruments as cunning laies :

## LX.

Of whom he did great Constantine begett,  
 Who afterward was emperour of Rome ;  
 To which whiles absent he his mind did sett,  
 Octavius here left into his roome,  
 And it usurped by unrighteous doome :  
 But he his title iustifide by might,  
 Slaying Traherne, and having overcome  
 The Romane legion in dreadfull fight :  
 So settled he his kingdome, and confirmd his right :

## LXI.

But, wanting yssew male, his daughter deare  
 He gave in wedlocke to Maximian,  
 And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,  
 Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,  
 Till murdered by the freends of Gratian.  
 Then gan the Hunnes and Picts invade this Land,  
 During the raigne of Maximinian ;  
 Who dying left none heire them to withstand ;  
 But that they overran all parts with easy hand.

## LXII.

The weary Britons, whose war-hable youth  
 Was by Maximian lately ledd away,  
 With wretched miseryes and woefull ruth  
 Were to those Pagans made an open pray,  
 And daily spectacle of sad decay : [yeares  
 Whome Romane warres, which now fowr hundred  
 And more had wasted, could no whit dismay ;  
 Til, by consent of Commons and of Peares,  
 They crownd the second Constantine with ioyous teares :

## LXIII.

Who having oft in battteill vanquished  
Those spoylefull Picts, and swarming Easterlings,  
Long time in peace his Realme established,  
Yet oft annoyd with sondry bordragings  
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein scatterlings  
With which the world did in those dayes abound :  
Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings  
From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound,  
Which from Alcluid to Panwelt did that border bownd.

## LXIV.

Three sonnes he dying left, all under age ;  
By meanes whereof their uncle Vortigere  
Usurpt the crowne during their pupillage ;  
Which th' infants tutors gathering to feare,  
Them closely into Armorick did beare :  
For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,  
He sent to Germany straunge aid to reare ;  
From whence eftsoones arrived here three hoyes  
Of Saxons, whom he for his safëty imployes.

## LXV.

Two brethren were their capitayns, which hight  
Hengist and Horsus, well approv'd in warre,  
And both of them men of renowned might ;  
Who making vantage of their civile iarre,  
And of those forreyners which came from farre,  
Grew great, and got large portions of land,  
That in the Realme ere long they stronger arre  
Then they which sought at first their helping hand,  
And Vortiger enforst the Kingdome to aband.

## LXVI.

But, by the helpe of Vortimere his sonne,  
 He is againe unto his rule restord ;  
 And Hengist, seeming sad for that was donne,  
 Received is to grace and new accord,  
 Through his faire daughters face and flattring word.  
 Soone after which, three hundred lords he slew,  
 Of British blood, all sitting at his bord ;  
 Whose dolefull moniments who list to rew,  
 Th' eternall marks of treason may at Stonheng vew.

## LXVII.

By this the sonnes of Constantine, which fled,  
 Ambrose and Uther, did ripe yeares attayne,  
 And, here arriving, strongly challenged  
 The crowne which Vortiger did long detainne ;  
 Who, flying from his guilt, by them was slayne :  
 And Hengist eke soone brought to shamefull death.  
 Thenceforth Aurelius peaceably did rayne,  
 Till that through poyson stopped was his breath ;  
 So now entombd lies at Stoneheng by the heath.

## LXVIII.

After him Uther, which Pendragon hight,  
 Succeeding—There abruptly did it end,  
 Without full point, or other cesure right ;  
 As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,  
 Or th' author selfe could not at least attend  
 To finish it : that so untimely breach  
 The Prince himselfe halfe seemed to offend ;  
 Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,  
 And wonder of antiquity long stopt his speach.

## LXIX.

At last, quite ravisht with delight to heare  
 The royall ofspring of his native land,  
 Cryde out; "Dear Countrey! O how dearely deare  
 Ought thy remembraunce and perpetuall band  
 Be to thy foster childe, that from thy hand  
 Did commun breath and nouriture receive!  
 How brutish is it not to understand  
 How much to Her we owe, that all us gave;  
 That gave unto us all whatever good we have!"

## LXX.

But Guyon all this while his booke did read,  
 Ne yet has ended: for it was a great  
 And ample volume, that doth far exceed  
 My leasure so long leaves here to repeat:  
 It told how first Prometheus did create  
 A man, of many parts from beasts deryv'd,  
 And then stole fire from heven to animate  
 His worke, for which he was by Iove depriv'd  
 Of life himselfe, and hart-strings of an aegle ryv'd.

## LXXI.

That man so made he called Elfe, to weet  
 Quick, the first author of all Elfin kynd;  
 Who, wandring through the world with wearie feet,  
 Did in the gardins of Adonis fynd  
 A goodly creature, whom he deemd in mynd  
 To be no earthly wight, but either spright,  
 Or angell, th' authour of all woman kynd;  
 Therefore a Fay he her according hight,  
 Of whom all Faryes spring, and fetch their lignage right.

## LXXII.

Of these a mighty people shortly grew,  
 And puissant kinges which all the world warrayd,  
 And to themselves all nations did subdew :  
 The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,  
 Was Elfin ; him all India obeyd,  
 And all that now America men call :  
 Next him was noble Elfinan, who laid  
 Cleopolis foundation first of all :  
 But Elfiline enclosd it with a golden wall.

## LXXIII.

His sonne was Elfinell, who overcame  
 The wicked Gobbelines in bloody field :  
 But Elfant was of most renowned fame,  
 Who all of Christall did Panthea build :  
 Then Elfar, who two brethren gyauntes kild,  
 The one of which had two heades, th' other three :  
 Then Elfinor, who was in magick skild ;  
 He built by art upon the glassy see [to be.  
 A bridge of bras, whose sound hevens thunder seem'd

## LXXIV.

He left three sonnes, the which in order raynd,  
 -And all their ofspring, in their dew descents ;  
 Even seven hundred princes, which maintaynd  
 With mightie deedes their sondry governments ;  
 That were too long their infinite contents  
 Here to record, ne much materiall :  
 Yet should they be most famous monuments,  
 And brave ensample, both of martiall  
 And civile rule, to kinges and states imperiall.

## LXXV.

After all these Elficles did rayne,  
 The wise Elficles in great maiestie,  
 Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,  
 And with rich spoyles and famous victorie  
 Did high aduance the crowne of Faëry :  
 He left two sonnes, of which faire Elferon,  
 The eldest brother, did untimely dy ;  
 Whose emptie place the mightie Oberon  
 Doubly supplide, in spousall and dominion.

## LXXVI.

Great was his power and glorie over all  
 Which, him before, that sacred seate did fill,  
 That yet remaines his wide memoriall :  
 He dying left the fairest Tanaquill,  
 Him to succede therein, by his last will :  
 Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,  
 Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill ;  
 Therefore they Glorian call that glorious flowre :  
 Long mayst thou, Glorian, live in glory and great powre !

## LXXVII.

Beguyld thus with delight of novelties,  
 And naturall desire of Countryes state,  
 So long they redd in those antiquities,  
 That how the time was fled they quite forgate ;  
 Till gentle Alma, seeing it so late,  
 Perforce their studies broke, and them besought  
 To thinke how supper did them long awaite :  
 So halfe unwilling from their bookes them brought,  
 And fayrely feasted as so noble Knightes she ought.

## CANTO XI.

The Enimies of Temperaunce  
 Besiege her dwelling place ;  
 Prince Arthure them repelles, and fowle  
 Maleger doth deface.

## I.

WHAT warre so cruel, or what siege so sore,  
 As that, which strong Affections doe apply  
 Against the forte of Reason evermore,  
 To bring the sowle into captivity !  
 Their force is fiercer through infirmity  
 Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage ;  
 And exercise most bitter tyranny  
 Upon the partes, brought into their bondáge :  
 No wretchednesse is like to sinfull vellenage.

## II.

But in a body which doth freely yeeld  
 His partes to Reasons rule obedient,  
 And letteth Her that ought the scepter weeld,  
 All happy peace and goodly government  
 Is setled there in sure establishment.  
 There Alma, like a Virgin Queene most bright,  
 Doth florish in all beautie excellent ;  
 And to her gwestes doth bounteous banquet dight,  
 Attempred goodly well for health and for delight.

## III.

Early, before the Morne with cremosin ray  
The windowes of bright heaven opened had,  
Through which into the world the dawning Day  
Might looke, that maketh every creature glad,  
Uprose Sir Guyon in bright armour clad,  
And to his purposd iourney him prepar'd :  
With him the Palmer eke in habit sad  
Himselfe addrest to that adventure hard :  
So to the rivers syde they both together far'd :

## IV.

Where them awaited ready at the ford  
The Ferriman, as Alma had behight,  
With his well-rigged bote : They goe aboard,  
And he eftsoones gan launch his bark forthright.  
Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,  
And fast the land behynd them fled away.  
But let them pas, whiles winde and wether right  
Doe serve their turnes : here I a while must stay,  
To see a cruell fight doen by the Prince this day.

## V.

For, all so soone as Guyon thence was gon  
Upon his voyage with his trustie Guyde,  
That wicked band of Villeins fresh begon  
That Castle to assaile on every side,  
And lay strong siege about it far and wyde.  
So huge and infinite their numbers were,  
That all the land they under them did hyde ;  
So fowle and ugly, that exceeding feare  
Their visages imprest, when they approached nearè.

## VI.

Them in twelve Troupes their Captein did dispart,  
 And round about in fittest steades did place,  
 Where each might best offend his proper part,  
 And his contráry obiect most deface,  
 As every one seem'd meetest in that cace.  
 Seven of the same against the Castle-Gate  
 In strong entrenchments he did closely place,  
 Which with incessaunt force and endlesse hate  
 They battred day and night, and entraunce did awate.

## VII.

The other Five five sondry wayes he sett  
 Against the five great Bulwarkes of that pyle,  
 And unto each a Bulwarke did arrett,  
 T' assayle with open force or hidden guyle,  
 In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.  
 They all that charge did fervently apply  
 With greedie malice and importune toyle,  
 And planted there their huge artillery,  
 With which they dayly made most dreadfull battery.

## VIII.

The first Troupe was a monstrous rablement  
 Of fowle misshapen wightes, of which some were  
 Headed like owles, with beckes uncomely bent ;  
 Others like dogs ; others like gryphons dreare ;  
 And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare :  
 And every one of them had lynces eyes ;  
 And every one did bow and arrowes beare :  
 All those were lawlesse Lustes, corrupt Envýes,  
 And covétous Aspécts, all cruell enimyes.

## IX.

Those same against the Bulwarke of the Sight  
 Did lay strong siege and battailous assault,  
 Ne once did yield it respitt day nor night ;  
 But soone as Titan gan his head exault,  
 And soone againe as he his light withhault,  
 Their wicked engins they against it bent ;  
 That is, each thing by which the eyes may fault :  
 But two then all more huge and violent,  
 Beautie and Money, they that Bulwarke sorely rent.

## X.

The second Bulwarke was the Hearing Sence,  
 Gainst which the second Troupe dessignment makes ;  
 Deformed creatures, in straunge difference :  
 Some having heads like harts, some like to snakes,  
 Some like wild bores late roud out of the brakes :  
 Slaunderous Reproches, and fowle Infamies,  
 Leasinges, Backbytinges, and vain-glorious Crakes,  
 Bad Counsels, Prayses, and false Flatteries :  
 All those against that Fort did bend their batteries.

## XI.

Likewise that same third Fort, that is the Smell,  
 Of that third Troupe was cruelly assayd ;  
 Whose hideous shapes were like to feendes of hell,  
 Some like to houndes, some like to apes, dismayd ;  
 Some, like to puttockes, all in plumes arayd ;  
 All shap't according their conditions :  
 For, by those ugly formes wercn pourtrayd  
 Foolish Delights, and fond Abusions,  
 Which doe that Sence besiege with light illusions.

## XII.

And that fourth Band which cruell battry bent  
 Against the fourth Bulwarke, that is the Taste,  
 Was, as the rest, a grysie rablement ;  
 Some mouth'd like greedy oystrigues ; some faste  
 Like loathly toades ; some fashioned in the waste  
 Like swine : for so deformd is Luxury,  
 Surfeat, Misdiet, and unthriftie Waste,  
 Vaine Feastes, and ydle Superfluity :  
 All those this Sences Fort assayle incessantly.

## XIII.

But the fift Troupe, most horrible of hew  
 And ferce of force, is dreadfull to report ;  
 For some like snailes, some did like spyders shew,  
 And some like ugly urchins thick and short :  
 Cruelly they assayed that fift Fort ,  
 Armed with dartes of sensuall Delight ,  
 With stinges of carnall Lust, and strong effort  
 Of feeling Pleasures, with which day and night  
 Against that same fift Bulwarke they continued fight.

## XIV.

Thus these twelve Troupes with dreadfull puissance  
 Against that Castle restlesse siege did lay,  
 And evermore their hideous ordinaunce  
 Upon the Bulwarkes cruelly did play,  
 That now it gan to threaten neare decay :  
 And evermore their wicked Capitayn  
 Provoked them the breaches to assay,  
 Sometimes with threats, sometimes with hope of gayn,  
 Which by the ransack of that Peece they should attayn.

## XV.

On th' other syde, th' asseiged Castles Ward  
Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,  
And many bold repulse and many hard  
Achievement wrought, with perill and with payne,  
That goodly Frame from ruine to sustaine :  
And those two brethren Gyauntes did defend  
The walles so stoutly with their sturdie mayne,  
That never entraunce any durst pretend,  
But they to direful death their groning ghosts did send.

## XVI.

The noble virgin, Ladie of the place,  
Was much dismayd with that dreadful sight,  
(For never was she in so evill cace,)  
Till that the Prince, seeing her wofull plight,  
Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,  
Offering his service and his dearest life  
For her defence against that Carle to fight,  
Which was their Chiefe and th' authour of that strife :  
She him remercièd as the patrone of her life.

## XVII.

Eftsoones himselfe in glitterand armes he dight,  
And his well proved weapons to him hent ;  
So taking courteous congè, he behight  
Those gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went.  
Fayre mote he thee, the prowest and most gent,  
That ever brandished bright steele on hye !  
Whom soone as that unruly rablement  
With his gay Squyre issewing did espye,  
They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling cry :

## XVIII.

And therewithall attonce at him let fly  
 Their fluttring arrowes, thicke as flakes of snow,  
 And round about him flocke impetuously,  
 Like a great water-flood, that tombling low  
 From the high mountaines, threates to overflow  
 With suddein fury all the fertile playne,  
 And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throw  
 Adowne the streame, and all his vowes make vayne ;  
 Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustayne.

## XIX.

Upon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,  
 And with his sword disperst the raskall flockes,  
 Which fled asonder, and him fell before ;  
 As withered leaves drop from their dryed stockes,  
 When the wroth western wind does reave their locks :  
 And underneath him his courageous steed,  
 The fierce Spumador, trode them downe like docks ;  
 The fierce Spumador borne of heavenly seed ;  
 Such as Laomedon of Phœbus race did breed.

## XX.

Which suddeine horroure and confused cry  
 When as their Capteine heard, in haste he yode  
 The cause to weete, and fault to remedy :  
 Upon a tygre swift and fierce he rode,  
 That as the winde ran underneath his lode,  
 Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground :  
 Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode ;  
 But of such subtile substance and unsound,  
 That like a ghost he seem'd whose grave-clothes were  
 unbound :

## XXI.

And in his hand a bended bow was seene,  
And many arrowes under his right side,  
All deadly daungerous, all cruell keene,  
Headed with flint, and fethers bloody dide ;  
Such as the Indians in their quivers hide :  
Those could he well direct and streight as line,  
And bid them strike the marke which he had eyde ;  
Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,  
That mote recure their wounds ; so inly they did tine.

## XXII.

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke ;  
His body leane and meagre as a rake ;  
And skin all withered like a dryed rooke ;  
Thereto as cold and drery as a snake ;  
That seemd to tremble evermore and quake :  
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,  
And girded with a belt of twisted brake :  
Upon his head he wore an helmet light,  
Made of a dead mans skull, that seemd a ghastly sight :

## XXIII.

Maleger was his name : And after him  
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags,  
With hoary lockes all loose and visage grim ;  
Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,  
And both as swift on foot as chased stags ;  
And yet the one her other legge had lame,  
Which with a staffe all full of litle snags  
She did support, and Impotence her name :  
But th' other was Impatience armd with raging flamc.

## XXIV.

Soone as the Carle from far the Prince espyde  
 Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,  
 His beast he felly prickt on either syde,  
 And his mischiévous bow full readie bent,  
 With which at him a cruell shaft he sent :  
 But he was warie, and it warded well  
 Upon his shield, that it no further went,  
 But to the ground the idle quarrel fell :  
 Then he another and another did expell.

## XXV.

Which to prevent, the Prince his mortall speare  
 Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,  
 To be avenged of that shot whyleare :  
 But he was not so hardy to abide  
 That bitter stownd, but, turning quicke aside  
 His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare :  
 Whom to poursue, the Infant after hide  
 So fast as his good courser could him beare ;  
 But labour lost it was to weene approach him neare.

## XXVI.

Far as the winged wind his tigre fled,  
 That vew of eye could scarce him overtake,  
 Ne scarce his feet on ground were seene to tred ;  
 Through hils and dales he speedy way did make,  
 Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,  
 And in his flight the Villeine turn'd his face  
 (As wonts the Tartar by the Caspian lake,  
 Whenas the Russian him in fight does chace,)  
 Unto his tygres taile, and shot at him apace.

## XXVII.

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,  
 Still as the greedy Knight nigh to him drew ;  
 And oftentimes he would relent his pace,  
 That him his foe more fiercely should pursue :  
 But, when his uncouth manner he did view,  
 He gan avize to follow him no more,  
 But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,  
 Untill he quite had spent his perious store,  
 And then assaile him fresh, ere he could shift for more.

## XXVIII.

But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew  
 His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,  
 And to him brought, fresh batteill to renew ;  
 Which he espying cast her to restraine  
 From yielding succour to that cursed Swaine,  
 And her attaching thought her hands to tye ;  
 But, soone as him dismounted on the plaine  
 That other Hag did far away espye  
 Binding her Sister, she to him ran hastily ;

## XXIX.

And catching hold of him, as downe he lent  
 Him backward overthrew, and downe him stayd  
 With their rude handes and griesly graplement ;  
 Till that the Villein, comming to their ayd,  
 Upon him fell, and lode upon him layd :  
 Full litle wanted, but he had him slaine,  
 And of the battell balefull end had made,  
 Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,  
 And comen to his reskew ere his bitter bane.

## XXX.

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground  
 May often need the helpe of weaker hand ;  
 So feeble is mans state, and life unsound,  
 That in assuraunce it may never stand,  
 Till it dissolved be from earthly band !  
 Prooffe be thou, Prince, the prowest man alyve,  
 And noblest borne of all in Briton land ;  
 Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearely drive, [vive.  
 That, had not Grace thee blest, thou shouldest not sur-

## XXXI.

The Squire arriving, fiercely in his armes  
 Snatcht first the one, and then the other Jade,  
 His chiefest letts and authors of his harmes,  
 And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,  
 Least that his Lord they should behinde invade ;  
 The whiles the Prince, prickt with reprochful shame,  
 As one awakte out of long slombring shade,  
 Revivyng thought of glory and of fame,  
 United all his powres to purge himselfe from blame.

## XXXII.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave  
 Hath long bene underkept and down supprest,  
 With murmurous disdayne doth inly rave,  
 And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,  
 At last breakes forth with furious unrest,  
 And strives to mount unto his native seat ;  
 All that did earst it hinder and molest,  
 Yt now devoures with flames and scorching heat,  
 And carries into smoake with rage and horror great.

## XXXIII.

So mightely the Briton Prince him rouzd  
Out of his holde, and broke his caytive bands ;  
And as a beare, whom angry cures have touzd,  
Having off-shakt them and escapt their hands,  
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands  
Treads' down and overthrowes. Now had the Carle  
Alighted from his tigre, and his hands  
Discharged of his bow and deadly quar'le,  
To seize upon his foe flatt lying on the marle.

## XXXIV.

Which now him turnd to disavantage deare ;  
For neither can he fly, nor other harme,  
But trust unto his strength and manhood meare,  
Sith now he is far from his monstrous swarme,  
And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.  
The Knight, yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,  
Fiercely advaunst his valorous right arme,  
And him so sore smott with his yron mace,  
That groveling to the ground he fell, and fild his place.

## XXXV.

Wel weened hee that field was then his owne,  
And all his labor brought to happy end ;  
When suddein up the Villeine overthrowne  
Out of his swowne arose, fresh to contend,  
And gan himselfe to second battaill bend,  
As hurt he had not beene. Thereby there lay  
An huge great stone, which stood upon one end,  
And had not bene removed many a day ;  
Some land-marke seemd to bee, or signe of sundry way :

## XXXVI.

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway  
 Threw at his foe, who was right well aware  
 To shonne the engin of his meant decay ;  
 It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,  
 But grownd he gave, and lightly lept areare ;  
 Eft fierce retourning, as a faulcon fayre,  
 That once hath failed of her souse full neare,  
 Remounts againe into the open ayre,  
 And unto better fortune doth herselfe prepayre :

## XXXVII.

So brave retourning, with his brandisht blade,  
 He to the Carle himselfe agayn addrest,  
 And strooke at him so sternely, that he made  
 An open passage through his riven brest,  
 That halfe the steele behind his backe did rest ;  
 Which drawing backe, he looked evermore  
 When the hart blood should gush out of his chest,  
 Or his dead corse should fall upon the flore ;  
 But his dead corse upon the flore fell nathëmore :

## XXXVIII.

Ne drop of blood appeared shed to bee,  
 All were the wownd so wide and wonderous  
 That through his carcas one might playnly see.  
 Halfe in amaze with horror hideous,  
 And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,  
 Again through both the sides he strooke him quight,  
 That made his spright to grone full piteous ;  
 Yet nathëmore forth fled his groning spright,  
 But freshly, as at first, prepard himselfe to fight.

## XXXIX.

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,  
And trembling terror did his hart apall ;  
Ne wist he what to thinke of that same sight,  
Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all :  
He doubted least it were some magicall  
Illusion that did beguile his sense,  
Or wandring ghost that wanted funerall,  
Or aery spirite under false pretence,  
Or hellish feend raysd up through diuvelish science.

## XL.

His wonder far exceeded reasons reach,  
That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,  
And oft of error did himselfe appeach :  
Flesh without blood, a person without spright,  
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,  
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,  
That could not die, yet seemd a mortall wight,  
That was most strong in most infirmitee ;  
Like did he never heare, like did he never see.

## XLI.

Awhile he stood in this astonishment,  
Yet would he not for all his great dismay  
Give over to effect his first intent,  
And th' utmost meanes of victory assay,  
Or th' utmost yssew of his owne decay.  
His owne good sword Mordure, that never fayld  
At need till now, he lightly threw away,  
And his bright shield that nought him now awayld ;  
And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

## XLII.

Twixt his two mighty armes him up he snatcht,  
 And crusht his carcas so against his brest,  
 That the disdainfull sowle he thence dispatcht,  
 And th' ydle breath all utterly exprest:  
 Tho, when he felt him dead, adowne he kest  
 The lumpish corse unto the sencelesse grownd;  
 Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,  
 That backe againe it did alofte rebownd,  
 And gave against his mother Earth a gronefull sownd.

## XLIII.

As when Ioves harness-bearing bird from hye  
 Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdayne,  
 The stone-dead quarrey falls so forciblye,  
 That yt rebownds against the lowly playne,  
 A second fall redoubling backe agayne.  
 Then thought the Prince all peril sure was past,  
 And that he victor onely did remayne;  
 No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast  
 Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he down was cast.

## XLIV.

Nigh his wits end then woxe th' amazed Knight,  
 And thought his labor lost, and travell vayne,  
 Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight:  
 Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty mayne,  
 That, whiles he marveild still, did still him payne;  
 Forthy he gan some other wayes advize,  
 How to take life from that dead-living swayne,  
 Whom still he marked freshly to arize [prize.  
 From th' earth, and from her womb new spirits to re-

## XLV.

He then remembred well, that had bene sayd,  
 How th' Earth his mother was, and first him bore ;  
 She eke, so often as his life decayd,  
 Did life with usury to him restore,  
 And reysd him up much stronger then before,  
 So soone as he unto hēr wombe did fall :  
 Therefore to grownd he would him cast no more,  
 Ne him committ to grave terrestriall,  
 But beare him farre from hope of succour usuall.

## XLVI.

Tho up he caught him twixt his puissant hands,  
 And having scruzd out of his carrion corse  
 The lothfull life, now loosd from sinfull bands,  
 Upon his shoulders carried him perforce  
 Above three furlongs, taking his full course,  
 Until he came unto a standing lake ;  
 Him thereinto he threw without remorse,  
 Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake : [make.  
 So end of that Carles days and his owne paynes did

## XLVII.

Which when those wicked Hags from far did spye,  
 Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands ;  
 And th' one of them with dreadfull yelling crye,  
 Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,  
 And having quencht her burning fier-brands,  
 Hedlong herselfe did cast into that lake :  
 But Impotence with her owne wilfull hands  
 One of Malegers cursed darts did take,  
 So ryv'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did make.

## XLVIII.

Thus now alone he conquerour remains :

Tho, cumming to his Squyre that kept his steed,  
 Thought to have mounted ; but his feeble vaines  
 Him faild thereto, and served not his need, [bleed,  
 Through losse of blood which from his wounds did  
 That he began to faint, and life decay :  
 But his good Squyre, him helping up with speed,  
 With stedfast hand upon his horse did stay,  
 And led him to the Castle by the beaten way.

## XLIX.

Where many Groomes and Squiers ready were  
 To take him from his steed full tenderly ;  
 And eke the fayrest Alma mett him there  
 With balme, and wine, and costly spicery,  
 To comfort him in his infirmity :  
 Eftesoones she causd him up to be convayd,  
 And of his armes despoyled easily  
 In sumptuous bed shee made him to be layd ;  
 And, al the while his wounds were dressing, by him stayd.

## CANTO XII.

Guyon, by Palmers governaunce,  
Passing through perilles great,  
Doth overthrow the Bowre of Blis,  
And Acrasy defeat.

## I.

Now ginnes that goodly frame of Temperaunce  
Fayrely to rise, and her adorned hed  
To pricke of highest prayse forth to advaunce,  
Formerly grounded and fast setteled  
On firme foundation of true bountyhed :  
And this brave Knight, that for this vertue fightes,  
Now comes to point of that same perilous sted,  
Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,  
Mongst thousand dangers and ten thousand magick  
mights.

## II.

Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,  
Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,  
Ne ought save perill, still as he did pas :  
Tho, when appeared the third Morrow bright  
Upon the waves to spred her trembling light,  
An hideous roring far away they heard,  
That all their senses filled with affright ;  
And streight they saw the raging surges reard  
Up to the skyes, that them of drowning made affeard.

## III.

Said then the Boteman, "Palmer, stere aright,  
 And keepe an even course; for yonder way  
 We needes must pas (God doe us well acquight!)  
 That is the Gulfe of Greedinesse, they say,  
 That deepe engorgeth all this worldës pray;  
 Which having swallowd up excessively,  
 He soone in vomit up againe doth lay,  
 And belcheth forth his superfluity,  
 That all the seas for feare doe seeme away to fly.

## IV.

"On th' other syde an hideous Rock is pight  
 Of mightie magnes stone, whose craggie clift  
 Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,  
 Over the waves his rugged armes doth lift,  
 And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift  
 On whoso cometh nigh; yet nigh it drawes  
 All passengers, that none from it can shift:  
 For, whiles they fly that Gulfe's devouring iawes,  
 They on the rock are rent, and sunck in helples wawes."

## V.

Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,  
 Untill they nigh unto that Gulfe arryve,  
 Where streame more violent and greedy growes:  
 Then he with all his puisaunce doth stryve  
 To strike his oares, and mightily doth dryve  
 The hollow vessell through the threatfull wave;  
 Which, gaping wide to swallow them alyve  
 In th' huge abyссе of his engulfing grave,  
 Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terroure rave.

## VI.

They, passing by, that grisely mouth did see  
Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,  
That seemd more horrible than hell to bee,  
Or that darke dreadfull hole of Tartare steepe  
Through which the damned ghosts doen often creep  
Backe to the world, bad livers to torment :  
But nought that falles into this direfull deepe,  
Ne that approacheth nigh the wyde descent,  
May backe retourne, but is condemn'd to be drent.

## VII.

On th' other side they saw that perilous Rocke,  
Threatning itselfe on them to ruinate,  
On whose sharp cliftes the ribs of vessels broke ;  
And shivered ships, which had beene wrecked late,  
Yet stuck with carcasses exanimate  
Of such, as having all their substance spent  
In wanton ioyes and lustes intemperate,  
Did afterwarde make shipwrack violent  
Both of their life and fame for ever fowly blent.

## VIII.

Forthy this hight the Rock of vile Reproch,  
A daungerous and détestable place,  
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approach,  
But yelling meawes, with seagulles hoars and bace,  
And cormoyraunts, with birds of ravenous race,  
Which still sat wayting on that wastfull clift,  
For spoile of wretches, whose unhappy cace,  
After lost credit and consumed thrift,  
At last them driven hath to this despairefull drift.

## IX.

The Palmer, seeing them in safetie past,  
 Thus saide; " Behold th' ensamples in our sightes  
 Of lustfull luxurie and thriftlesse wast!  
 What now is left of miserable wightes  
 Which spent their looser daies in leud delightes,  
 But shame and sad reproch, here to be red  
 By these rent reliques speaking their ill plights!  
 Let all that live hereby be counselled  
 To shunne Rock of Reproch, and it as death to dread!"

## X.

So forth they rowed; and that Ferryman  
 With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so strong,  
 That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,  
 And the light bubbles daunced all along,  
 Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.  
 At last far off they many Islandes spy  
 On every side floting the floodes emong:  
 Then said the Knight: " Lo! I the land descry;  
 Therefore, old Syre, thy course doe thereunto apply."

## XI.

" That may not bee," said then the Ferryman,  
 " Least wee unweeting hap to be fordonne:  
 For those same Islands, seeming now and than,  
 Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,  
 But stragling plots, which to and fro doe ronne  
 In the wide waters: therefore are they hight  
 The Wandring Islands: Therefore doe them shonne;  
 For they have ofte drawn many a wandring wight  
 Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight."

## XII.

“ Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth vew,  
 Both faire and fruitfull, and the grownd dispred  
 With grassy greene of délectable hew ;  
 And the tall trees with leaves appareled  
 Are deckt with blossoms dyde in white and red,  
 That mote the passengers thereto allure ;  
 But whosoever once hath fastened  
 His foot thereon, may never it recure,  
 But wandreth evermore uncertein and unsure.

## XIII.

“ As th’ isle of Delos whylome, men report,  
 Amid th’ Aegæan sea long time did stray,  
 Ne made for shipping any certeine port,  
 Till that Latona traueiling that way,  
 Flying from Iunoës wrath and hard assay,  
 Of her fayre twins was there delivered,  
 Which afterwards did rule the night and day  
 Thenceforth it firmly was established,  
 And for Apolloes temple highly herried.”

## XIV.

They to him hearken, as beseemeth meete ;  
 And passe on forward : so their way does ly,  
 That one of those same Islands, which doe fleet  
 In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,  
 Which seemd so sweet and pleasaunt to the eye,  
 That it would tempt a man to touchen there :.  
 Upon the banck they sitting did espy  
 A daintie Damsell dressing of her heare,  
 By whom a little skippet floting did appeare.

## XV.

She, them espying, loud to them gan call,  
 Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore,  
 For she had cause to busie them withall ;  
 And therewith lowdly laught : But nathemore  
 Would they once turne, but kept on as afore :  
 Which when she saw, she left her lockes undight,  
 And running to her boat withouten ore,  
 From the departing land it launched light,  
 And after them did drive with all her power and might.

## XVI.

Whom overtaking, she in merry sort  
 Them gan to bord, and purpose diversly ;  
 Now faining dalliaunce and wanton sport,  
 Now throwing forth lewd wordes immodestly ;  
 Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly  
 Her to rebuke for being loose and light :  
 Which not abiding, but more scornfully  
 Scoffing at him that did her iustly wite,  
 She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

## XVII.

That was the wanton Phædrìa, which late  
 Did ferry him over the Idle Lake :  
 Whom nought regarding they kept on their gate,  
 And all her vaine allurements did forsake ;  
 When them the wary Boteman thus bespake ;  
 “ Here now behoveth us well to avyse,  
 And of our safëty good heede to take ;  
 For here before a perlous passage lyes,  
 Where many Mermaids haunt making false melodies :

## XVIII.

“ But by the way there is a great Quicksand,  
 And a Whirlepoole of hidden iopardy ;  
 Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an even hand ;  
 For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly.”  
 Scarse had he saidé, when hard at hand they spy  
 That Quicksand nigh with water covered ;  
 But by the checked wave they did descry  
 It plaine, and by the sea discoloured :

It called was the Quickesand of Unthriftyhed.

## XIX.

They, passing by, a goodly ship did see  
 Laden from far with precious merchandize,  
 And bravely furnished as ship might bee ;  
 Which through great disaventure, or mesprize,  
 Herselfe had ronne into that hazardize ;  
 Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle  
 Labour'd in vaine to have recur'd their prize,  
 And the rich wares to save from pitteous spoyle ;  
 But neither toyle nor traveill might her backe recoyle.

## XX.

On th' other side they see that perilous Poole,  
 That called was the Whirlepoole of Decay ;  
 In which full many had with haplesse doole  
 Beene suncke, of whom no memorie did stay :  
 Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,  
 Like to a restlesse wheele, still ronning round,  
 Did covet, as they passed by that way,  
 To draw their bote within the utmost bound  
 Of his wide labyrinth, and then to have them dround.

## XXI.

But th' heedful Boteman strongly forth did stretch  
 His brawnie armes, and all his bodie straine,  
 That th' utmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,  
 Whiles the dredd daunger does behind remaine.  
 Suddaine they see from midst of all the maine  
 The surging waters like a mountaine rise,  
 And the great sea, puft up with proud disdain,  
 To swell above the measure of his guise,  
 As threatning to deuoure all that his powre despise.

## XXII.

The waves come rolling, and the billowes rore  
 Outragiously, as they enraged were,  
 Or wrathfull Neptune did them drive before  
 His whirling charet for exceeding feare ;  
 For not one puffe of winde there did appeare ;  
 That all the three thereat woxe much afraid,  
 Unweeting what such horroure straunge did reare.  
 Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd  
 Of huge sea-monsters, such as living sence dismayd :

## XXIII.

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspécts,  
 Such as dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,  
 Or shame, that ever should so fowle defects  
 From her most cunning hand escaped bee ;  
 All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee :  
 Spring-headed hydres ; and sea-shouldring whales  
 Great whirlpooles, which all fishes make to flee ;  
 Bright scolopendraes arm'd with silver scales ;  
 Mighty monoceros with immeasured tayles ;

## XXIV.

The dreadful fish, that hath deserv'd the name  
 Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew ;  
 The griesly wasserman, that makes his game  
 The flying ships with swiftnes to pursew ;  
 The horrible sea-satyre, that doth shew  
 His fearefull face in time of greatest storme ;  
 Huge ziffius, whom mariners eschew  
 No lesse then rockes, as travellers informe ;  
 And greedy rosmarines with visages deforme :

## XXV.

All these, and thousand thousands many more,  
 And more deformed monsters thousand fold,  
 With dreadfull noise and hollow rombling rore  
 Came rushing, in the fomy waves enrold,  
 Which seem'd to fly for feare them to behold :  
 Ne wonder, if these did the Knight appall ;  
 For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,  
 Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,  
 Compared to the creatures in the seas entráll.

## XXVI.

“ Feare nought,” then saide the Palmer well aviz'd,  
 “ For these same monsters are not these in deed,  
 But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd  
 By that same wicked Witch, to worke us dreed,  
 And draw from on this iourney to proceed.”  
 Tho, lifting up his vertuous staffe on hye,  
 He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,  
 And all that dreadfull armie fast gan flye  
 Into great Tethys bosome, where they hidden lye.

## XXVII.

Quit from that danger forth their course they kept ;  
 And as they went they heard a ruefull cry  
 Of one that wayld and pittifully wept,  
 That through the sea th' resounding plaints did fly :  
 At last they in an Island did espy  
 A seemely Maiden, sitting by the shore,  
 That with great sorrow and sad agony  
 Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,  
 And lowd to them for succour called evermore.

## XXVIII.

Which Guyon hearing, streight his Palmer bad  
 To stere the bote towards that dolefull Mayd,  
 That he might know and ease her sorrow sad :  
 Who, him avizing better, to him sayd ;  
 " Faire Sir, be not displeasd if disobayd :  
 For ill it were to hearken to her cry ;  
 For she is inly nothing ill 'apayd ;  
 But onely womanish fine forgery,  
 Your stubborne hart t' affect with fraile infirmity :

## XXIX.

" To which when she your courage hath inclind  
 Through foolish pitty, then her guilefull bayt  
 She will embosome deeper in your mind,  
 And for your ruine at the last awayt."  
 The Knight was ruled, and the Boteman strayt  
 Held on his course with stayed stedfastnesse,  
 Ne ever shroncke, ne ever sought to bayt  
 His tyred armes for toylesome wearinesse :  
 But with his oares did sweepe the watry wildernessse.

## XXX.

And now they nigh approached to the sted  
 Whereas those Mermayds dwelt: It was a still  
 And calmy bay, on th' one side sheltered  
 With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill ;  
 On th' other side an high rocke toured still,  
 That twixt them both a pleasaunt port they made,  
 And did like an halfe theatre fulfill :  
 There those five Sisters had continuall trade,  
 And usd to bath themselves in that deceitfull shade.

## XXXI.

They were faire Ladies, till they fondly striv'd  
 With th' Heliconian Maides for maystery ;  
 Of whom they over-comen were depriv'd  
 Of their proud beautie, and th' one moyity  
 Transform'd to fish for their bold surquedry ;  
 But th' upper halfe their hew retayned still,  
 And their sweet skill in wonted melody ;  
 Which ever after they abusd to ill,  
 T' allure weake traveillers, whom gotten they did kill.

## XXXII.

So now to Guyon, as he passed by,  
 Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus applyde ;  
 " O thou fayre sonne of gentle Faëry,  
 That art in mightie armes most magnifyde  
 Above all Knights that ever batteill tryde,  
 O turne thy rudder hetherward awhile :  
 Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely ryde ;  
 This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,  
 The worldes sweet In from paine and wearisome tur-  
 moyle."

## XXXIII.

With that the rolling sea, resounding soft,  
 In his big base them fitly answered ;  
 And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft  
 A solemne meane unto them measured ;  
 The whiles sweet zephyrus lowd whisteled  
 His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony ;  
 Which Guyons senses softly tickeled,  
 That he the Boteman bad row easily,  
 And let him heare some part of their rare melody.

## XXXIV.

But him the Palmer from that vanity  
 With temperate advice discourseled,  
 That they it past, and shortly gan descry  
 The land to which their course they levelled ;  
 When suddeinly a grosse fog over spred  
 With his dull vapour all that desert has,  
 And heavens chearefull face enveloped,  
 That all things one, and one as nothing was,  
 And this great universe seemd one confused mas.

## XXXV.

Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist  
 How to direct theyr way in darkenes wide,  
 But feard to wander in that wastefull mist,  
 For tomling into mischiefes unespide :  
 Worse is the daunger hidden then descride.  
 Suddeinly an innumerable flight  
 Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering cride,  
 And with their wicked wings them ofte did smight,  
 And sore annoyed, groping in that griesly night.

## XXXVI.

Even all the nation of unfortunate  
 And fatall birds about them flocked were,  
 Such as by nature men abhorre and hate ;  
 The ill-faste owle, deaths dreadfull messengere ;  
 The hoars night-raven, trump of dolefull dreere ;  
 The lether-winged batt, dayes enemy ;  
 The ruefull strich, still waiting on the bere ;  
 The whistler shrill, that whoso heares doth dy ;  
 The hellish harpyes, prophets of sad destiny :

## XXXVII.

All those, and all that els does horror breed,  
 About them flew, and fild their sayles with feare :  
 Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,  
 Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stifly steare ;  
 Till that at last the weather gan to clearé,  
 And the faire land itselfe did playnly show.  
 Said then the Palmer ; “ Lo ! where does appeare  
 The sacred soile where all our perills grow ! [throw.”  
 Therefore, Sir Knight, your ready arms about you

## XXXVIII.

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,  
 The whiles the nimble bote so well her sped,  
 That with her crooked keele the land she strooke :  
 Then forth the noble Guyon sallied,  
 And his sage Palmer that him governed ;  
 But th' other by his bote behind did stay.  
 They marched fayrly forth, of nought ydred,  
 Both firmly armd for every hard assay,  
 With constancy and care, gainst daunger and dismay.

## XXXIX.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing  
 Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,  
 As if that hungers poynt or Venus sting  
 Had them enraged with fell surquedry ;  
 Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,  
 Untill they came in vew of those wilde beasts,  
 Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,  
 And rearing fiercely their upstaring crests,  
 Ran towards to deuoure those unexpected guests.

## XL.

But, soone as they approcht with deadly threat,  
 The Palmer over them his staffe upheld,  
 His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat :  
 Eftesoones their stubborne corages were queld,  
 And high aduanced crests downe meekely feld ;  
 Instead of fraying they themselves did feare,  
 And trembled, as them passing they beheld :  
 Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,  
 All monsters to subdew to him that did it beare.

## XLI.

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,  
 Of which Caducæus whilome was made,  
 Caducæus, the rod of Mercury,  
 With which he wonts the Stygian realmes invade  
 Through ghastly horror and eternall shade ;  
 Th' infernall feends with it he can asswage,  
 And Orcus tame, whome nothing can perswade,  
 And rule the Furies when they most doe rage :  
 Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer sage.

## XLII.

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arryve  
 Whereas the Bowre of Blisse was situate ;  
 A place pickt out by choyce of best alyve,  
 That natures worke by art can imitate :  
 In which whatever in this worldly state'  
 Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,  
 Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,  
 Was poured forth with plentifull dispençe,  
 And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

## XLIII.

Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,  
 Aswell their entred gwestes to keep within,  
 As those unruly beasts to hold without ;  
 Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin ;  
 Nought feard their force that fortilage to win,  
 But Wisedomes powre, and Temperaunces might,  
 By which the mightiest things efforced bin :  
 And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,  
 Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight.

## XLIV.

Yt framed was of precious yvory,  
 That seemd a worke of admirable witt ;  
 And therein all the famous history  
 Of Iason and Medæa was ywritt ;  
 Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt ;  
 His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,  
 His falsed fayth, and love too lightly flitt ;  
 The wondred Argo, which in venturous peece  
 First through the Euxine seas bore all the flowr of  
 Greece.

## XLV.

Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry  
 Under the ship as thorough them she went,  
 That seemd the waves were into yvory,  
 Or yvory into the waves were sent ;  
 And otherwhere the snowy substaunce sprent  
 With vermell, like the boyes blood therein shed,  
 A piteous spectacle did represent ;  
 And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled  
 Yt seemd th' enchanted flame, which did Crëusa wed.

## XLVI.

All this and more might in that goodly gate  
 Be red, that ever open stood to all  
 Which thether came : but in the porch there sate  
 A comely personage of stature tall,  
 And semblaunce pleasing, more then naturall,  
 That travellers to him seemd to entize ;  
 His looser garment to the ground did fall,  
 And flew about his heeles in wanton wize  
 Not fitt for speedy pace or manly exercise.

## XLVII.

They in that place him Genius did call :  
 Not that celestiall Powre, to whom the care  
 Of life, and generation of all  
 That lives, pertaines in charge particulare,  
 Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,  
 And straunge phantomes, doth lett us ofte foresee,  
 And ofte of secret ills bids us beware :  
 That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,  
 Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceive to bee :

## XLVIII.

Therefore a god him sage Antiquity  
 Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call :  
 But this same was to that quite contrary,  
 The foe of life, that good envýes to all,  
 That secretly doth us procure to fall  
 Through guilefull semblants, which he makes us see :  
 He of this Gardin had the governall,  
 And Pleasures Porter was devizd to bee,  
 Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

## XLIX.

With diverse flowres he daintily was deckt,  
 And strowed rownd about ; and by his side  
 A mighty mazer bowle of wine was sett,  
 As if it had to him bene sacrificide ;  
 Wherewith all new-come guests he gratyfide :  
 So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by ;  
 But he his ydle curtesie defide,  
 And overthrew his bowle disdainfully, [sly.  
 And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants

## L.

Thus being entred, they behold arownd  
 A large and spacious plaine, on every side  
 Strowed with pleasauns ; whose fayre grassy grownd  
 Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide  
 With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,  
 Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne  
 Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride  
 Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne, [morne.  
 When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early

## LI.

Thereto the heavens alwayes joviall  
 Lookte on them lovely, still in stedfast state,  
 Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,  
 Their tender buds or leaves to violate ;  
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,  
 T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell ;  
 But the milde ayre with season moderate  
 Gently attempred, and disposd so well, [smell :  
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and holesom

## LII.

More' sweet and holesome then the pleasaunt hill  
 Of Rhodope, on which the nimphe, that bore  
 A gyaunt babe, herselfe for grieve did kill ;  
 Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore  
 Fayre Daphne Phoebus hart with love did gore ;  
 Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repayre,  
 Whenever they their heavenly bowres forlore ;  
 Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fayre ;  
 Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden mote compayre.

## LIII.

Much wondred Guyon, at the fayre aspéct  
 Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight  
 To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect ;  
 But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,  
 Brydling his will and maysterring his might :  
 Till that he came unto another gate :  
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight  
 With bowes and braunches, which did broad dilate  
 Their clasping armes in wanton wreathings intricate :

## LIV.

So fashioned a porch with rare device,  
Arch't over head with an embracing vine,  
Whose bounces hanging downe seemd to entice  
All passers-by to taste their lushious wine,  
And did themselves into their hands incline,  
As freely offering to be gathered ;  
Some deepe empurpled as the hyacine,  
Some as the rubine laughing sweetely red,  
Some like faire emeraudes, not yet well ripened :

## LV.

And them amongst some were of burnisht gold,  
So made by art to beautify the rest,  
Which did themselves emongst the leaves enfold,  
As lurking from the vew of covetous guest,  
That the weake boughes with so rich load opprest  
Did bow adowne as overburdened.  
Under that porch a comely Dame did rest  
Clad in fayre weedes but fowle disordered,  
And garments loose that seemd unmeet for womanhed :

## LVI.

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,  
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,  
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,  
Into her cup she scruzd with daintie breach  
Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,  
That so faire winepresse made the wine more sweet :  
Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each,  
Whom passing by she happened to meet :  
It was her guise all straungers goodly so to greet.

## LVII.

So she to Guyon offred it to tast ;  
 Who, taking it out of her tender hond,  
 The cup to ground did violently cast,  
 That all in peeces it was broken fond,  
 And with the liquor stained all the lond :  
 Whereat Excesse exceedinly was wroth,  
 Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,  
 But suffered him to passe, all were she loth ;  
 Who, nought regarding her displeasure, forward goth.

## LVIII.

There the most daintie paradise on ground  
 Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,  
 In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,  
 And none does others happinesse envye ;  
 The painted flowres ; the trees upshooting hye ;  
 The dales for shade ; the hilles for breathing space ;  
 The trembling groves ; the christall running by ;  
 And, that which all faire workes doth most aggrace,  
 The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

## LIX.

One would have thought, (so cunningly the rude  
 And scorned partes were mingled with the fine,)  
 That Nature had for wantonnesse ensude  
 Art, and that Art at Nature did repine ;  
 So striving each th' other to undermine,  
 Each did the others worke more beautify ;  
 So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine :  
 So all agreed, through sweete diversity,  
 This Gardin to adorne with all variety.

## LX.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,  
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,  
So pure and shiny that the silver flood  
Through every channell running one might see ;  
Most goodly it with curious ymageree  
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,  
Of which some seemd with lively iollitee  
To fly about playing their wanton toyes,  
Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid ioyes.

## LXI.

And over all of purest gold was spred  
A trayle of yvie in his native hew ;  
For the rich metall was so coloured,  
That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,  
Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew :  
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,  
That themselves dipping in the silver dew  
Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,  
Which drops of christall seemd for wantones to weep.

## LXII.

Infinitt streames continually did well  
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,  
The which into an ample laver fell,  
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,  
That like a litle lake it seemd to bee ;  
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,  
That through the waves one might the bottom see,  
All pav'd beneath with jasper shining bright,  
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

## LXIII.

And all the margent round about was sett  
 With shady laurell trees, thence to defend  
 The sunny beames which on the billowes bett,  
 And those which therein bathed mote offend.  
 As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,  
 Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,  
 Which therein bathing seemed to contend  
 And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde  
 Their dainty partes from vew of any which them eyd.

## LXIV.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight  
 Above the waters, and then downe againe  
 Her plong, as over-maystered by might,  
 Where both awhile would covered remaine,  
 And each the other from to rise restraine ;  
 The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,  
 So through the christall waves appeared plaine :  
 Then suddainly both would themselves unhele,  
 And th' amorous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele.

## LXV.

As that faire starre, the messenger of morne,  
 His deawy face out of the sea doth reare :  
 Or as the Cyprian goddessse, newly borne  
 Of th' ocean's fruitfull froth, did first appeare :  
 Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare  
 Christalline humor dropped downe apace.  
 Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,  
 And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace ;  
 His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrace.

## LXVI.

The wanton Maidens him espying, stood  
 Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise ;  
 Then th' one herselfe low ducked in the flood,  
 Abasht that her a straunger did advise :  
 Bht th' other rather higher did arise,  
 And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,  
 And all, that might his melting hart entyse  
 To her delights, she unto him bewrayd ;  
 The rest, hidd underneath, him more desirous made.

## LXVII.

With that the other likewise up arose,  
 And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd  
 Up in one knott, she low adowne did lose,  
 Which flowing long and thick her cloth'd arownd,  
 And th' yvorie in golden mantle gownd :  
 So that faire spectacle from him was reft,  
 Yet that which reft it no lesse faire was fownd :  
 So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,  
 Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

## LXVIII.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,  
 That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,  
 And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.  
 Now when they spyde the Knight to slacke his pace  
 Them to behold, and in his sparkling face  
 The secrete signes of kindled lust appeare,  
 Their wanton merriments they did encrease,  
 And to him beckned to approach more neare,  
 And shewd him many sights that corage cold could reare :

## LXIX.

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,  
 He much rebukt those wandring eyes of his,  
 And counseld well him forward thence did draw.  
 Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of Blis,  
 Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis ;  
 When thus the Palmer ; “ Now, Sir, well advise ;  
 For here the end of all our traveill is :  
 Here wonnes Acrasia, whom we must surprise,  
 Els she will slip away, and all our drift despise.”

## LXX.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,  
 Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,  
 Such as attonce might not on living ground,  
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere :  
 Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,  
 To read what manner musicke that mote bee ;  
 For all that pleasing is to living eare  
 Was there consorted in one harmonee ;  
 Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree :

## LXXI.

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,  
 Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet ;  
 Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made  
 To th' instruments divine response meet ;  
 The silver-sounding instruments did meet  
 With the base murmure of the waters fall ;  
 The waters fall with difference discreet,  
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;  
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

## LXXII.

There, whence that musick seemed heard to bee,  
 Was the faire Witch herselfe now solacing  
 With a new lover, whom, through sorcere  
 And witchcraft, she from farre did thether bring :  
 There she had him now laid a slombering  
 In secrete shade after long wanton ioyes ;  
 Whilst round about them pleasauntly did sing  
 Many faire ladies and lascivious boyes,  
 That ever mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

## LXXIII.

And all that while right over him she hong  
 With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,  
 As seeking medicine whence she was stong,  
 Or greedily depasturing delight ;  
 And oft inclining downe with kisses light,  
 For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,  
 And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,  
 Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd ;  
 Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rewde.

## LXXIV.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay ;  
*Ah ! see, whoso fayre thing doest faine to see,  
 In springing flowre the image of thy day !  
 Ah ! see the virgin rose, how sweetly shee  
 Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestee,  
 That fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may !  
 Lo ! see soone after how more bold and free  
 Her bared bosome she doth broad display ;  
 Lo ! see soone after how she fades and falls away !*

## LXXV.

*So passeth, in the passing of a day,  
 Of mortall life the lease, the bud, the flowre ;  
 Ne more doth flourish after first decay,  
 That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre  
 Of many a lady, and many a paramoure !  
 Gather therefore the rose whilest yet is prime,  
 For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre :  
 Gather the rose of love whilest yet is time,  
 Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime.*

## LXXVI.

He ceast ; and then gan all the quire of birdes  
 Their diverse notes t'attune unto his lay,  
 As in approvaunce of his pleasing wordes.  
 The constant Payre heard all that he did say,  
 Yet swarved not, but kept their forward way  
 Through many covert groves and thickets close,  
 In which they creeping did at last display  
 That wanton Lady with her lover lose,  
 Whose sleepe head she in her lap did soft dispose.

## LXXVII.

Upon a bed of roses she was layd,  
 As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin ;  
 And was arayd, or rather disarayd,  
 All in a vele of silke and silver thin,  
 That hid no whit her alablaster skin,  
 But rather shewd more white, if more might bee :  
 More subtile web Arachne cannot spin ;  
 Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see  
 Of scorched dew, do not in th' ayre more lightly flee.

## LXXVIII.

Her snowy brest was bare to ready spoyle  
 Of hungry eies, which n'ote therewith be fild ;  
 And yet through languour of her late sweet toyle,  
 Few drops, more cleare then nectar, forth distild,  
 That like pure orient perles adowne it trild ;  
 And her faire eyes, sweet smyling in delight,  
 Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thrild  
 Fraile harts, yet quenched not ; like starry light,  
 Which, sparckling on the silent waves, does seeme more  
 bright.

## LXXIX.

The young man, sleeping by her, seemd to be  
 Some goodly swayne of honorable place ;  
 That certes it great pittie was to see  
 Him his nobility so fowle deface :  
 A sweet regard and amiable grace,  
 Mixed with manly sternesse, did appeare,  
 Yet sleeping, in his well-proportiond face ;  
 And on his tender lips the downy heare  
 Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms beare.

## LXXX.

His warlike armes, the ydle instruments  
 Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree ;  
 And his brave shield, full of old monuments,  
 Was fowly ras't, that none the signes might see ;  
 Ne for them ne for honour cared hee,  
 Ne ought that did to his advancement tend ;  
 But in lewd loves, and wastfull luxuree,  
 His dayes, his goods, his bodie he did spend :  
 O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend !

## LXXXI.

The noble Elfe and carefull Palmer drew  
 So nigh them, minding nought but lustfull game,  
 That suddeine forth they on them rusht, and threw  
 A subtile net, which only for that same  
 The skilfull Palmer formally did frame :  
 So held them under fast ; the whiles the rest  
 Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.  
 The faire Enchauntresse, so unwares opprest,  
 Tryde all her arts and all her sleights thence out to wrest ;

## LXXXII.

And eke her lover strove ; but all in vaine :  
 For that same net so cunningly was wound,  
 That neither guile nor force might it distraine.  
 They tooke them both, and both them strongly bound  
 In captive bandes, which there they readie found :  
 But her in chaines of adamant he tyde ;  
 For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound :  
 But Verdant (so he hight) he soone untyde,  
 And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applyde.

## LXXXIII.

But all those pleasaunt bowres, and pallace brave,  
 Guyon broke downe with rigour pittillesse :  
 Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save  
 Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,  
 But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse,  
 Their groves he feld ; their gardins did deface ;  
 Their arbers spoyle ; their cabinets suppress ;  
 Their banquet-houses burne ; their buildings race ;  
 And, of the fayrest late, now made the fowlest place.

## LXXXIV.

Then led they her away, and eke that Knight  
 They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:  
 The way they came, the same retourn'd they right,  
 Till they arrived where they lately had  
 Charm'd those wild beasts that rag'd with furie mad;  
 Which, now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,  
 As in their Mistresse reskew, whom they lad;  
 But them the Palmer soone did pacify. [did ly.  
 Then Guyon askt, what meant those beastes which there

## LXXXV.

Sayd he; "These seeming beasts are men in deed,  
 Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed thus;  
 Whylome her lovers, which her lustes did feed,  
 Now turned into figures hideous,  
 According to their mindes like monstruous."  
 "Sad end," quoth he, "of life intemperate,  
 And mourneful meed of ioyes delicious!  
 But, Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,  
 Let them returned be unto their former state."

## LXXXVI.

Streightway he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,  
 And streight of beastes they comely men became;  
 Yet being men they did unmanly looke,  
 And stared ghastly; some for inward shame,  
 And some for wrath to see their captive Dame:  
 But one above the rest in speciall  
 That had an hog beene late, hight Grylle by name,  
 Repyned greatly, and did him miscall  
 That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

## LXXXVII.

Saide Guyon ; “ See the mind of beastly man,  
That hath so soone forgot the excellence  
Of his creation, when he life began,  
That now he chooseth with vile difference  
To be a beast, and lacke intelligence !”  
To whom the Palmer thus ; “ The donghill kinde  
Delightes in filth and fowle incontinence :  
Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish minde ;  
But let us hence depart whilst wether serves and  
winde.”

THE THIRDE BOOKE OF  
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY.

I.

IT falls me here to write of Chastity,  
That fayrest vertue, far above the rest:  
For which what needes me fetch from Faëry  
Förreine ensamples it to have exprest?  
Sith it is shrined in my Soveraines brest,  
And formd so lively in each perfect part,  
That to all Ladies, which have it profest,  
Need but behold the pourtraict of her hart;  
If pourtrayd it might bee by any living art:

II.

But living art may not least part expresse,  
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paynt:  
All were it Zeuxis or Praxiteles,  
His dædale hand would faile and greatly faynt,  
And her perfections with his error taynt:  
Ne poets witt, that passeth painter farre  
In picturing the parts of beauty daynt,  
So hard a workemanship adventure darre,  
For fear through want of words her excellence to marre.

## III.

How then shall I, apprentice of the skill  
 That whilome in divinest wits did rayne,  
 Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?  
 Yet now my luckelesse lott doth me constrain  
 Hereto perforce: But, O dredd Soverayne,  
 Thus far forth pardon, sith that choicest witt  
 Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure playne,  
 That I in colourd showes may shadow itt,  
 And ántique praises unto present persons fitt.

## IV.

But if in living colours, and right hew,  
 Thyselfe thou covet to see pictured,  
 Who can it doe more lively, or more trew,  
 Then that sweete verse, with nectar sprinckeled,  
 In which a gracious servaunt pictured  
 His Cynthia, his heavens fayrest light?  
 That with his melting sweetnes ravished,  
 And with the wonder of her beamës bright,  
 My senses lulled are in slomber of delight.

## V.

But let that same delitious poet lend  
 A little leave unto a rusticke Muse  
 To sing his Mistresse prayse; and let him mend,  
 If ought amis her liking may abuse:  
 Ne let his fayrest Cynthia refuse  
 In mirrours more then one herselfe to see;  
 But either Gloriana let her chuse,  
 Or in Belphebe fashioned to bee;  
 In th'one her rule, in th'other her rare chastitée.

## CANTO I.

Guyon encountreth Britomart:  
Fayre Florimell is chased:  
Duessaes traines and Malecas-  
taes champions are defaced.

## I.

THE famous Briton Prince and Faery Knight,  
After long ways and perilous paines endur'd,  
Having their weary limbes to perfect plight  
Restord, and sory wounds right well recur'd,  
Of the faire Alma greatly were procur'd  
To make there lenger soournè and abode;  
But, when thereto they might not be allur'd  
From seeking praise and deeds of armes abrode,  
They courteous congé tooke, and forth together yode.

## II.

But the captiv'd Acrasia he sent,  
Because of travaill long, a nigher way,  
With a strong gard, all reskew to prevent,  
And her to Faery Court safe to convay;  
That her for witnes of his hard assay  
Unto his Faery Queene he might present:  
But he himselfe betooke another way,  
To make more triall of his hardiment,  
And seek adventures, as he with Prince Arthure went.

## III.

Long so they traveled through wastefull wayes,  
 Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,  
 To hunt for glory and renommed prayse:  
 Full many countreyes they did overronne,  
 From the uprising to the setting sunne,  
 And many hard adventures did atchieve;  
 Of all the which they honour ever wonne,  
 Seeking the weake oppressed to relieue,  
 And to recover right for such as wrong did grieve.

## IV.

At last, as through an open plaine they yode,  
 They spide a Knight that towards pricked fayre;  
 And him beside an aged Squire there rode,  
 That seemd to couch under his shield three-square,  
 As if that age badd him that burden spare,  
 And yield it those that stouter could it wield:  
 He, them espying, gan himselfe prepare,  
 And on his arme addresse his goodly shield  
 That bore a lion passant in a golden field.

## V.

Which seeing good Sir Guyon deare besought  
 The Prince, of grace, to let him ronne that turne.  
 He graunted: then the Faery quickly raught  
 His poynant speare, and sharply gan to spurne  
 His fomy steed, whose fiery feete did burne  
 The verdant gras as he thereon did tread;  
 Ne did the other backe his foote returne,  
 But fiercely forward came withouten dread,  
 And bent his dreadful speare against the others head.

## VI.

They beene ymett, and both theyr points arriv'd ;  
But Guyon drove so furious and fell,  
That seemd both shield and plate it would have riv'd ;  
Nathelesse it bore his foe not from his sell,  
But made him stagger, as he were not well :  
But Guyon selfe, ere well he was aware,  
Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell ;  
Yet in his fall so well himselfe he bare,  
That mischievous mischaunce his life and limbs did spare.

## VII.

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke ;  
For never yet, sith warlike armes he bore  
And shivering speare in bloody field first shooke,  
He fownd himselfe dishonored so sore.  
Ah! gentlest Knight, that ever armor bore,  
Let not thee grieve dismounted to have beene,  
And brought to grownd, that never wast before ;  
For not thy fault, but secret powre unseene ;  
That speare enchaunted was which layd thee on the  
greene !

## VIII.

But weenedst thou what wight thee overthrew,  
Much greater grieve and shamefuller regret  
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,  
That of a single Damzell thou wert mett  
On equall plaine, and there so hard besett:  
Even the famous Britomart it was,  
Whom straunge adventure did from Britayne fett  
To seeke her lover (love far sought alas !)  
Whose image shee had seene in Venus looking-glas.

## IX.

Full of disdainfull wrath, he fierce uproose  
 For to revenge that fowle reprochefull shame,  
 And snatching his bright sword began to close  
 With her on foot, and stoutly forward came;  
 Dye rather would he then endure that same.  
 Which when his Palmer saw, he gan to feare  
 His toward perill, and untoward blame,  
 Which by that new rencounter he should reare;  
 For Death sate on the point of that enchaunted speare:

## X.

And hasting towards him gan fayre perswade  
 Not to provoke misfortune, nor to weene  
 His speares default to mend with cruell blade;  
 For by his mightie science he had seene  
 The secrete vertue of that weapon keene,  
 That mortall puissaunce mote not withstond:  
 Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene!  
 Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,  
 To loose long-gotten honour with one evill hond.

## XI.

By such good meanes he him discourselled  
 From prosecuting his revenging rage:  
 And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,  
 His wrathfull will with reason to aswage;  
 And laid the blame, not to his carriage,  
 But to his starting steed that swarv'd asyde,  
 And to the ill purveyaunce of his Page,  
 That had his furnitures not firmly tyde:  
 So is his angry corage fayrly pacifyde.

## XII.

Thus reconcilment was betweene them knitt,  
 Through goodly temperaunce and affection chaste ;  
 And either vowd with all their power and witt  
 To let not others honour be defaste  
 Of friend or foe, whoever it embaste,  
 Ne armes to bear against the others syde :  
 In which accord the Prince was also plaste,  
 And with that golden chaine of concord tyde :  
 So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ryde.

## XIII.

O, goodly usage of those antique tymes,  
 In which the sword was servaunt unto right ;  
 When not for malice and contentious crymes,  
 But all for prayse, and prooffe of manly might,  
 The martiall brood accustomed to fight :  
 Then honour was the meed of victory,  
 And yet the vanquished had no despight :  
 Let later age that noble use envý,  
 Vyle rancor to avoid and cruel surquedry !

## XIV.

Long they thus traueiled in friendly wise,  
 Through countreyes waste, and eke well edifyde,  
 Seeking adventures hard, to exercise  
 Their puissaunce, whylome full dernly tryde :  
 At length they came into a forest wyde,  
 Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sownd  
 Full griesly seemd : Therein they long did ryde,  
 Yet tract of living creature none they fownd,  
 Save beares, lyons, and buls, which romed them arownd.

## XV.

All suddenly out of the thickest brush,  
 Upon a milk-white palfrey all alone,  
 A goodly Lady did foreby them rush,  
 Whose face did seeme as cleare as christall stone,  
 And eke, through feare, as white as whalës bone:  
 Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,  
 And all her steed with tinsell trappings shone,  
 Which fledd so fast that nothing mote him hold,  
 And scarce them leasure gave her passing to behold.

## XVI.

Still as she fledd her eye she backward threw,  
 As fearing evill that poursewd her fast;  
 And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,  
 Loosely disperst with puff of every blast:  
 All as a blazing starre doth farre outcast  
 His hearie beames, and flaming lockes dispredd,  
 At sight whereof the people stand aghast;  
 But the sage wisard telles, as he has redd,  
 That it impörtunes death and dolefull dreryhedd.

## XVII.

So as they gazed after her awhyle,  
 Lo! where a griesly foster forth did rush,  
 Breathing out beastly lust her to defyle:  
 His tyreling jade he fiersly forth did push  
 Through thicke and thin, both over banck and bush,  
 In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,  
 That from his gory sydes the blood did gush:  
 Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,  
 And in his clownish hand a sharp bore-speare he shooke.

## XVIII.

Which outrage when those gentle Knights did see,  
Full of great envy and fell gealosity  
They stayd not to avise who first should bee,  
But all spurd after, fast as they mote fly,  
To reskew her from shamefull villany.  
The Prince and Guyon equally bylive  
Herselfe pursewd, in hope to win thereby  
Most goodly meede, the fairest Dame alive:  
But after the foule foster Timias did strive.

## XIX.

The whiles faire Britomart, whose constant mind  
Would not so lightly follow Beauties chace,  
Ne reckt of Ladies love, did stay behynd;  
And them awayted there a certaine space,  
To weet if they would turne backe to that place:  
But, when she saw them gone, she forward went,  
As lay her iourney, through that perlous pace,  
With stedfast corage and stout hardiment;  
Ne evil thing she feard, ne evill thing she ment.

## XX.

At last, as nigh out of the wood she came,  
A stately Castle far away she spyde,  
To which her steps directly she did frame.  
That Castle was most goodly edifyde,  
And plaste for pleasure nigh that forrest syde:  
But faire before the gate a spatious playne,  
Mantled with greene, itselfe did spredden wyde,  
On which she saw six Knights, that did darrayne  
Fiers battaill against one with cruell might and mayne.

## XXI.

Mainely they all attonce upon him laid,  
 And sore beset on every side arownd,  
 That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dismaid,  
 Ne ever to them yielded foot of grownd,  
 All had he lost much blood through many a wownd;  
 But stoutly dealt his blowes, and every way,  
 To which he turned in his wrathfull stownd,  
 Made them recoile, and fly from dredd decay,  
 That none of all the six before him durst assay:

## XXII.

Like dastard cures, that, having at a bay  
 The salvage beast embost in wearie chace,  
 Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,  
 Ne byte before, but rome from place to place  
 To get a snatch when turned is his face.  
 In such distresse and doubtfull ieopardy  
 When Britomart him saw, she ran apace  
 Unto his reskew, and with earnest cry  
 Badd those same sixe forbear that single enemy.

## XXIII.

But to her cry they list not lenden eare,  
 Ne ought the more their mightie strokes surceasse;  
 But, gathering him rownd about more neare,  
 Their direfull rancour rather did encrease;  
 Till that she rushing through the thickest preasse  
 Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,  
 And soone compeld to hearken unto peace:  
 Tho gan she myldly of them to inqyre  
 The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

## XXIV.

Whereto that single Knight did answere frame ;  
 “ These six would me enforce, by oddes of might,  
 To change my lief, and love another dame ;  
 That death me liefer were then such despight,  
 So unto wrong to yield my wrested right :  
 For I love one, the truest one on grownd,  
 Ne list me change ; she th’ Errant Damzell hight ;  
 For whose deare sake full many a bitter stownd  
 I have endurd, and tasted many a bloody wownd.”

## XXV.

“ Certes,” said she, “ then beene ye sixe to blame,  
 To weene your wrong by force to iustify :  
 For Knight to leave his Lady were great shame  
 That faithfull is ; and better were to dy.  
 All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,  
 Then losse of love to him that loves but one :  
 Ne may Love be compeld by maistry ;  
 For, soone as maistry comes, sweet Love anone  
 Taketh his nimble wings, and soone away is gone.”

## XXVI.

Then spake one of those six ; “ There dwelleth here  
 Within this castle-wall a Lady fayre,  
 Whose souveraine beautie hath no living pere ;  
 Thereto so bounteous and so debonayre,  
 That never any mote with her compayre :  
 She hath ordaind this law, which we approve,  
 That every Knight which doth this way repayre,  
 In case he have no Lady nor no Love,  
 Shall doe unto her service, never to remove :

## XXVII.

"But if he have a Lady or a Love,  
 Then must he her forgoe with fowle defame,  
 Or els with us by dint of sword approve,  
 That she is fairer then our fairest Dame ;  
 As did this Knight, before ye hether came."  
 "Perdy," said Britomart, "the choise is hard!  
 But what reward had he that overcame?"  
 "He should advaunced bee to high regard,"  
 Said they, "and have our Ladies love for his reward.

## XXVIII.

"Therefore aread, Sir, if thou have a Love."  
 "Love have I sure," quoth she, "but Lady none ;  
 Yet will I not fro mine owne Love remove,  
 Ne to your Lady will I service done, [alone,  
 But wreake your wronges wrought to this Knight  
 And prove his cause." With that, her mortall speare  
 She mightily aventred towards one,  
 And downe him smot ere well aware he weare ;  
 Then to the next she rode, and downe the next did beare.

## XXIX.

Ne did she stay till three on ground she layd,  
 That none of them himselfe could reare againe :  
 The fourth was by that other Knight dismayd,  
 All were he wearie of his former paine ;  
 That now there do but two of six remaine ;  
 Which two did yield before she did them smight.  
 "Ah!" said she then, "now may ye all see plaine,  
 That Truth is strong, and trew Love most of might,  
 That for his trusty servaunts doth so strongly fight."

## XXX.

“ Too well we see,” saide they, “ and prove too well  
Our faulty weakenes, and your matchlesse might:  
Forthy, faire Sir, yours be the Damozell,  
Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,  
And we your liegemen faith unto you plight.”  
So underneath her feet their swords they mard,  
And, after, her besought, well as they might,  
To enter in and reape the dew reward:  
She graunted; and then in they all together far’d.

## XXXI.

Long were it to describe the goodly frame  
And stately port of Castle Joyeous,  
(For so that Castle hight by common name,)  
Where they were entertaynd with courteous  
And comely glee of many gracious  
Faire Ladies, and of many a gentle Knight;  
Who, through a chamber long and spacious,  
Eftsoones them brought unto their Ladies sight,  
That of them cleeped was the Lady of Delight.

## XXXII.

But, for to tell the sumptuous aray  
Of that great chamber, should be labour lost;  
For living wit, I weene, cannot display  
The roiall riches and exceeding cost  
Of every pillour and of every post,  
Which all of purest bullion framed were,  
And with great perles and pretious stones embost;  
That the bright glister of their beamës cleare  
Did sparckle forth great light, and glorious did appeare.

## XXXIII.

These stranger Knights, through passing, forth were led  
 Into an inner rowme, whose royallee  
 And rich purveyance might uneth be red;  
 Mote Princes place beseeme so deckt to bee.  
 Which stately manner whenas they did see,  
 The image of superfluous riotize,  
 Exceeding much the state of meane degree,  
 They greatly wondred whence so sumptuous guize  
 Might be maintaynd, and each gan diversely devize.

## XXXIV.

The wals were round about apperelled  
 With costly clothes of Arras and of Toure;  
 In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed  
 The love of Venus and her paramoure,  
 The fayre Adonis, turned to a flowre;  
 A worke of rare device and wondrous wit.  
 First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre,  
 Which her assayd with many a fervent fit,  
 When first her tender hart was with his beautie smit:

## XXXV.

Then with what sleights and sweet allurements she  
 Entyst the boy, as well that art she knew,  
 And wooed him her paramoure to bee;  
 Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,  
 To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew;  
 Now leading him into a secret shade  
 From his beauperes, and from bright heavens vew,  
 Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,  
 Or bathe him in a fountaine by some covert glade:

## XXXVI.

And, whilst he slept, she over him would spread  
 Her mantle colour'd like the starry skyes,  
 And her soft arme lay underneath his hed,  
 And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;  
 And, whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty spyes  
 She secretly would search each daintie lim,  
 And throw into the well sweet rosemaryes,  
 And fragrant violets, and paunces trim;  
 And ever with sweet nectar she did sprinkle him

## XXXVII.

So did she steale his heedelesse hart away,  
 And ioyd his love in secret unespyde:  
 But for she saw him bent to cruell play,  
 To hunt the salvage beast in forrest wyde,  
 Dreadfull of daunger that mote him betyde  
 She oft and oft adviz'd him to refraine  
 From chase of greater bestes, whose brutish pryde  
 Mote breede him scath unwares: but all in vaine;  
 For who can shun the chance that dest'ny doth ordaine?

## XXXVIII.

Lo! where beyond he lyeth languishing,  
 Deadly engored of a great wilde bore;  
 And by his side the goddesse groveling  
 Makes for him endlesse mone, and evermore  
 With her soft garment wipes away the gore  
 Which staynes his snowy skin with hatefull hew:  
 But, when she saw no helpe might him restore,  
 Him to a dainty flowre she did transmew,  
 Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it lively grew.

## XXXIX.

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize :  
 And rownd about it many beds were dight,  
 As whylome was the antique worldës guize,  
 Some for untimely ease, some for delight,  
 As pleased them to use that use it might :  
 And all was full of Damzels and of Squyres,  
 Dauncing and reveling both day and night,  
 And swimming deepe in sensuall desyres ;  
 And Cupid still emongest them kindled lustfull fyres.

## XL.

And all the while sweet Musicke did divide  
 Her looser notes with Lydian harmony ;  
 And all the while sweete birdes thereto applide  
 Their daintie layes and dulcet melody,  
 Ay caroling of love and iollity,  
 That wonder was to heare their trim consórt. [eye  
 Which when those Knights beheld, with scornefull  
 They sdeigned such lascivious disport,  
 And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort.

## XLI.

Thence they were brought to that great Ladies vew,  
 Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed  
 That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,  
 As the proud Persian queenes accustomed :  
 She seemd a woman of great bountihed  
 And of rare beautie, saving that askaunce  
 Her wanton eyes (ill signes of womanhed)  
 Did roll too lightly, and too often glaunce,  
 Without regard of grace or comely amenaunce.

## XLII.

Long worke it were, and needlesse, to devise  
Their goodly entertainment and great glee:  
She caused them be led in courteous wize  
Into a bowre, disarmed for to be,  
And cheared well with wine and spiceree:  
The Redcrosse Knight was soon disarmed there;  
But the brave Mayd would not disarmed bee,  
But onely vented up her umbrière,  
And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

## XLIII.

As when fayre Cynthia, in darkesome night,  
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,  
Where she may finde the substance thin and light,  
Breakes forth her silver beames, and her bright hed  
Discovers to the world discomfited;  
Of the poore traueiler that went astray  
With thousand blessings she is heried:  
Such was the beautie and the shining ray,  
With which fayre Britomart gave light unto the day.

## XLIV.

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,  
Now were disarmd, and did themselves present  
Unto her vew, and company unsought;  
For they all seemed courteous and gent,  
And all sixe brethren, borne of one parent,  
Which had them traynd in all civilitee,  
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament;  
Now were they liegmen to this Ladie free,  
And her Knights-service ought, to hold of her in fee.

## XLV.

The first of them by name Gardantè hight,  
 A iolly person, and of comely vew ;  
 The second was Parlantè, a bold Knight ;  
 And next to him Ioçantè did ensew ;  
 Basciantè did himselve most courteous shew ;  
 But fierce Bacchantè seemd too fell and keene ;  
 And yett in armes Noçantè greater grew :  
 All were faire Knights, and goodly well beseene ;  
 But to faire Britomart they all but shadowes beene.

## XLVI.

For shee was full of amiable grace  
 And manly terror mixed therewithall ;  
 That as the one stird up affections bace,  
 So th' other did mens rash desires apall,  
 And hold them backe that would in error fall :  
 As hee that hath espide a vermeill rose,  
 To which sharp thornes and breres the way forstall,  
 Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,  
 But, wishing it far off, his ydle wish doth lose.

## XLVII.

Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wight,  
 All ignorant of her contráry sex,  
 (For shee her weend a fresh and lusty Knight,)  
 Shèe greatly gan enamoured to wex,  
 And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex :  
 Her fickle hart conceived hasty fyre,  
 Like sparkes of fire which fall in sclender flex,  
 That shortly brent into extreme desyre,  
 And ransackt all her veines with passion entyre.

## XLVIII.

Eftsoones shee grew to great impatience,  
 And into termes of open outrage brust,  
 That plaine discovered her incontinence ;  
 Ne reckt shee who her meaning did mistrust ;  
 For she was given all to fleshly lust,  
 And poured forth in sensuall delight,  
 That all regard of shame she had discust,  
 And meet respect of honor put to flight :  
 So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathly sight.

## XLIX.

Faire Ladies, that to love captived arre,  
 And chaste desires doe nourish in your mind,  
 Let not her fault your sweete affections marre ;  
 Ne blott the bounty of all womankind  
 'Mongst thousands good, one wanton dame to find :  
 Emongst the roses grow some wicked weeds :  
 For this was not to love, but lust, inclind ;  
 For love does alwaies bring forth bounteous deeds,  
 And in each gentle hart desire of honor breeds.

## L.

Nought so of love this looser Dame did skill,  
 But as a cole to kindle fleshly flame,  
 Giving the bridle to her wanton will,  
 And treading under foote her honest name :  
 Such love is hate, and such desire is shame.  
 Still did she rove at her with crafty glaunce  
 Of her false eies, that at her hart did ayme,  
 And told her meaning in her countenance ;  
 But Britomart dissembled it with ignorance.

## LI.

Supper was shortly dight, and downe they satt ;  
 Where they were served with all sumptuous fare,  
 Whiles fruitfull Ceres and Lyæus fatt  
 Pourd out their plenty, without spight or spare ;  
 Nought wanted there that dainty was and rare :  
 And aye the cups their bancks did overflow ;  
 And aye betweene the cups she did prepare  
 Way to her love, and secret darts did throw ;  
 But Britomart would not such guilfull message know.

## LII.

So, when they slaked had the fervent heat  
 Of appetite with meates of every sort,  
 The Lady did faire Britomart entreat  
 Her to disarme, and with delightfull sport  
 To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort :  
 But when shee mote not thereunto be wonne,  
 (For shee her sexe under that straunge purpórt  
 Did use to hide, and plaine apparaunce shonne,)  
 In playner wise to tell her grievance she begonne ;

## LIII.

And all attonce discovered her desire  
 With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, and piteous grieffe,  
 The outward sparkes of her in-burning fire :  
 Which spent in vaine, at last she told her brieffe,  
 That, but if she did lend her short reliefe  
 And doe her comfort, she mote algates dye.  
 But the chaste Damzell, that had never priefe  
 Of such malengine and fine forgerye,  
 Did easely beleve her strong extremitye.

## LIV.

Full easy was for her to have beliefe,  
Who by self-feeling of her feeble sexe,  
And by long triall of the inward grieffe  
Wherewith imperious love her hart did vexee,  
Could iudge what paines doe loving harts perplexee.  
Who means no guile, be guiled soonest shall,  
And to faire semblaunce doth light faith annexe:  
The bird, that knowes not the false fowlers call,  
Into his hidden nett full easely doth fall.

## LV.

Forthy she would not in discourteise wise  
Scorne the faire offer of good will profest;  
For great rebuke it is love to despise,  
Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request;  
But with faire countenance, as beseemed best,  
Her entertaynd; nath'lesse shee inly deemd  
Her love too light, to wooe a wandring guest;  
Which she misconstruing, thereby esteemd [steemd.  
That from like inward fire that outward smoke had

## LVI.

Therewith awhile she her flit fancy fedd,  
Till she mote winne fit time for her desire;  
But yet her wound still inward freshly bledd,  
And through her bones the false instilled fire  
Did spred itselfe, and venime close inspire.  
Tho were the tables taken all away;  
And every Knight, and every gentle Squire,  
Gan choose his Dame with *basciomani* gay,  
With whom he ment to make his sport and courtly play.

## LVII.

Some fell to daunce ; some fell to hazardry ;  
 Some to make love ; some to make meryment ;  
 As diverse witts to diverse things apply :  
 And all the while faire Malecasta bent  
 Her crafty engins to her close intent.  
 By this th' eternall lampes, wherewith high Iove  
 Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,  
 And the moist daughters of huge Atlas strove  
 Into the ocean deepe to drive their weary drove.

## LVIII.

High time it seemed then for everie wight  
 Them to betake unto their kindly rest :  
 Eftesoones long waxen torches weren light  
 Unto their bowres to guyden every guest :  
 Tho, when the Britonesse saw all the rest  
 Avoided quite, she gan herselfe despoile,  
 And safe committ to her soft fethered nest ;  
 Wher through long watch, and late daies weary toile,  
 She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite assoile.

## LIX.

Now whenas all the world in silence deepe  
 Yshrowded was, and every mortall wight  
 Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe ;  
 Faire Malecasta, whose engrieved spright  
 Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,  
 Lightly arose out of her wearie bed,  
 And, under the blacke vele of guilty night,  
 Her with a scarlott mantle covered  
 That was with gold and ermines faire enveloped.

## LX.

Then panting softe, and trembling every ioynt,  
Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she mov'd,  
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt  
To lodge the warlike Maide, unwisely loov'd ;  
And, to her bed approching, first she prov'd  
Whether she slept or wakte : with her softe hand  
She softely felt if any member moov'd,  
And lent her wary eare to understand  
If any puffe of breath or signe of sence shee fond.

## LXI.

Which whenas none shee fond, with easy shifte,  
For feare least her unwares she should abrayd,  
Th' embroder'd quilt shee lightly up did lifte,  
And by her side herselfe shee softly layd,  
Of every finest fingers touch affrayd ;  
Ne any noise shee made, ne worde shee spake,  
But inly sighd. At last the royall Mayd  
Out of her quiet slomber did awake,  
And chaungd her weary side the better ease to take.

## LXII.

Where feeling one close couched by her side,  
Shee lightly lept out of her filed bedd,  
And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride  
The loathed leachour : but the Dame, halfe dedd  
Through suddeine feare and ghastly drerihedd,  
Did shrieke alowd, that through the hous it rong,  
And the whole family therewith adredd  
Rashly out of their rouzed couches sprong,  
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

## LXIII.

And those sixe Knightes, that Ladies champions,  
 And eke the Redcrosse Knight ran to the stownd,  
 Halfe armd and halfe unarmd, with them attons:  
 Where when confusedly they came, they fownd  
 Their Lady lying on the sencelesse grownd:  
 On th' other side they saw the warlike Mayd  
 Al in her snow-white smocke, with locks unbownd,  
 Threatning the point of her avenging blade;  
 That with so troublous terror they were all dismayd.

## LXIV.

About their Ladye first they flockt arownd;  
 Whom having laid in comfortable couch,  
 Shortly they reard out of her frozen swownd;  
 And afterwarde they gan with fowle reproch  
 To stirre up strife, and troublous contecke broch:  
 But, by ensample of the last dayes losse,  
 None of them rashly durst to her approach,  
 Ne in so glorious spoile themselves embosse:  
 Her succourd eke the Champion of the Bloody Crosse.

## LXV.

But one of those sixe knights, Gardantè hight,  
 Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,  
 Which forth he sent with felonous despight  
 And fell intent against the Virgin sheene:  
 The mortall steele stayd not till it was seene  
 To gore her side; yet was the wound not deepe,  
 But lightly rased her soft silken skin,  
 That drops of purple blood thereout did weepe,  
 Which did her lilly smock with staines of vermeil steep.

## LXVI.

Wherewith enrag'd she fiercely at them flew,  
And with her flaming sword about her layd,  
That none of them foule mischief could eschew,  
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd:  
Here, there, and every where, about her swayd  
Her wrathfull steele, that none mote it abyde;  
And eke the Redcrosse Knight gave her good ayd,  
Ay ioyning foot to foot, and syde to syde;  
That in short space their foes they have quite terrifyde.

## LXVII.

Tho, whenas all were put to shamefull flight,  
The noble Britomartis her arayd,  
And her bright armes about her body dight:  
For nothing would she lenger there be stayd,  
Where so loose life, and so ungentle trade,  
Was usd of Knightes and Ladies seeming gent:  
So, earely, ere the grosse earthes gryesy shade  
Was all disperst out of the firmament,  
They tooke their steeds, and forth upon their iourney  
went.

## CANTO II.

The Redcrosse Knight to Britomart  
 Describeth Artegall :  
 The wondrous Myrrhour, by which she  
 In love with him did fall.

## I.

HERE have I cause in men iust blame to find,  
 That in their proper praise too partiall bee,  
 And not indifferent to woman kind,  
 To whom no share in armes and cheualree  
 They doe impart, ne maken memoree  
 Of their brave gesses and prowesse martiall :  
 Scarse do they spare to one, or two, or three,  
 Rowme in their writtes ; yet the same writing small  
 Does all their deedes deface, and dims their glories all.

## II.

But by recórd of antique times I finde  
 That wemen wont in warres to beare most sway,  
 And to all great exploites themselves inclin'd,  
 Of which they still the girlond bore away ;  
 Till envious men, fearing their rules decay,  
 Gan coyne streight lawes to curb their liberty :  
 Yet, sith they warlike armes have laide away,  
 They have exceld in artes and pollicy,  
 That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke t'envy.

## III.

Of warlike puissaunce in ages spent,  
 Be thou, faire Britomart, whose prayse I wryte ;  
 But of all wisdom bee thou precedent,  
 O soveraine Queene, whose prayse I would endyte,  
 Endite I would as dewtie doth excyte ;  
 But ah ! my rymes too rude and rugged arre,  
 When in so high an obiect they doe lyte,  
 And, striving fit to make, I feare, doe marre :  
 Thyselve thy prayses tell, and make them knowne farre.

## IV.

She, traveling with Guyon, by the way  
 Of sondry thinges faire purpose gan to find,  
 T' abridg their iourney long and lingring day :  
 Mongst which it fell into that Fairies mind  
 To aske this Briton Maid, what uncouth wind  
 Brought her into those partes, and what inquest  
 Made her dissemble her disguised kind :  
 Faire Lady she him seemd like Lady drest,  
 But fairest Knight alive when armed was her brest.

## V.

Thereat she sighing softly had no powre  
 To speake awhile, ne ready answere make ;  
 But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,  
 As if she had a fever fitt, did quake,  
 And every daintie limbe with horreur shake ;  
 And ever and anone the rosy red  
 Flasht through her face, as it had beene a flake  
 Of lightning through bright heven fulmined :  
 At last, the passion past, she thus him answered :

## VI.

“ Faire Sir, I let you weete, that from the howre  
 I taken was from nourses tender pãp,  
 I have been trained up in warlike stowre,  
 To tossen speare and shield, and to affrap  
 The warlike ryder to his most mishap ;  
 Sithence I loathed have my life to lead,  
 As Ladies wont, in Pleasures wanton lap,  
 To finger the fine needle and nyce thread ;  
 Me lever were with point of foemans speare be dead.

## VII.

“ All my delight on deedes of armes is sett,  
 To hunt out perilles and adventures hard,  
 By sea, by land, whereso they may be mett,  
 Onely for honour and for high regard,  
 Without respect of richesse or reward :  
 For such intent into these partes I came,  
 Withouten compasse or withouten card,  
 Far fro my native soyle, that is by name  
 The Greater Brytayne, here to seeke for praise and fame.

## VIII.

“ Fame blazed hath, that here in Faery Lond  
 Doe many famous Knightes and Ladies wonne,  
 And many straunge adventures to bee fond,  
 Of which great worth and worship may be wonne :  
 Which to prove, I this voyage have begonne.  
 But mote I weet of you, right courteous Knight,  
 Tydings of one that hath unto me donne  
 Late foule dishonour and reprochfull spight,  
 The which I seek to wreake, and Arthegall he hight.”

## IX.

The worde gone out she backe againe would call,  
 As her repenting so to have missayd,  
 But that he, it uptaking ere the fall,  
 Her shortly answered; " Faire martiall Mayd,  
 Certes ye misavised beene t'upbrayd  
 A gentle Knight with so unknighthly blame:  
 For, weet ye well, of all that ever playd  
 At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,  
 The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the name.

## X.

" Forthy great wonder were it, if such shame  
 Should ever enter in his bounteous thought,  
 Or ever doe that mote deserven blame:  
 The noble corage never weeneth ought  
 That may unworthy of itselſe be thought.  
 Therefore, faire Damzell, be ye well aware,  
 Least that too farre ye have your sorrow sought:  
 You and your Countrey both I wish welfare,  
 And honour both; for each of other worthy are."

## XI.

The royall Maid woxe inly wondrous glad,  
 To heare her Love so highly magnifyde;  
 And ioyd that ever she affixed had  
 Her hart on Knight so goodly glorifyde,  
 However finely she it faind to hyde.  
 The loving mother, that nine monethes did beare  
 In the deare closett of her painefull syde  
 Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,  
 Did not so much reioyce as she reioycd theare.

## XII.

But to occasion him to further talke,  
 To feed her humor with his pleasing style,  
 Her list in stryfull termes with him to balke,  
 And thus replyde ; “ However, Sir, ye fyle  
 Your courteous tongue his prayses to compyle,  
 It ill beseemes a Knight of gentle sort,  
 Such as ye have him-boasted, to beguyle  
 A simple Maide, and worke so hainous tort,  
 In shame of Knighthood, as I largely can report.

## XIII.

“ Let bee therefore my vengeaunce to disswade,  
 And read, where I that Faytour false may find.”  
 “ Ah! but if reason faire might you perswade  
 To slake your wrath, and mollify your mind,”  
 Said he, “ perhaps ye should it better find :  
 For hardie thing it is, to weene by might  
 That man to hard conditions to bind ;  
 Or ever hope to match in equall fight,  
 Whose prowesse paragone saw never living wight.

## XIV.

“ Ne soothlich is it easie for to read  
 Where now on earth, or how, he may be fownd ;  
 For he ne wonneth in one certeine stead,  
 But restlesse walketh all the world arownd,  
 Ay doing thinges that to his fame redownd,  
 Defending Ladies cause and Orphans right,  
 Whereso he heares that any doth confownd  
 Them comfortlesse through tyranny or might ;  
 So is his souveraine honour raisde to hevens hight.”

## XV.

His feeling wordes her feeble sence much pleased,  
 And softly sunck into her molten hart :  
 Hart, that is inly hurt, is greatly eased  
 With hope of thing that may allegge his smart ;  
 For pleasing wordes are like to magick art,  
 That doth the charmed snake in slomber lay :  
 Such secrete ease felt gentle Britomart,  
 Yet list the same efforce with faind gainesay ;  
 (So dischord ofte in musick makes the sweeter lay ;)

## XVI.

And sayd ; “ Sir Knight, these ydle termes forbear ;  
 And, sith it is uneach to find his haunt,  
 Tell me some markes by which he may appeare,  
 If chaunce I him encounter paravaunt ;  
 For perdy one shall other slay, or daunt :  
 What shape, what shield, what armes, what steed,  
     what stedd,  
 And whatso else his person most may vaunt ?”  
 All which the Redcrosse Knight to point ared,  
 And him in everie part before her fashioned.

## XVII.

Yet him in everie part before she knew,  
 However list her now her knowledge fayne,  
 Sith him whylome in Britayne she did vew,  
 To her revealed in a Mirrhour playne ;  
 Whereof did grow her first engrafted payne,  
 Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did taste,  
 That, but the fruit more sweetnes did contayne,  
 Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote waste,  
 And yield the pray of love to lothsome death at last.

## XVIII.

By straunge occasion she did him behold,  
 And much more straungely gan to love his sight,  
 As it in bookes hath written beene of old.  
 In Deheubarth, that now South-Wales is hight,  
 What time king Ryence raign'd and dealed right,  
 The great Magitien Merlin had deviz'd,  
 By his deepe science and hell-dreaded might,  
 A Looking-glasse, right wondrously aguiz'd,  
 Whose vertues through the wyde worlde soone were  
 solemniz'd.

## XIX.

It vertue had to shew in perfect sight  
 Whatever thing was in the world contaynd,  
 Betwixt the lowest earth and hevens hight,  
 So that it to the looker appertaynd:  
 Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,  
 Therein discovered was, ne ought mote pas,  
 Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd;  
 Forthy it round and hollow shaped was,  
 Like to the world itselke, and seemd a World of Glas.

## XX.

Who wonders not, that reades so wonderous worke?  
 But who does wonder, that has red the Towre  
 Wherein th' Aegyptian Phao long did lurke  
 From all mens vew, that none might her discoure,  
 Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre?  
 Great Ptolomæe it for his Lemans sake  
 Ybuilded all of glasse, by magicke powre,  
 And also it impregnable did make;  
 Yet, when his Love was false, he with a peaze it brake.

## XXI.

Such was the glassy Globe that Merlin made,  
And gave unto king Ryence for his gard,  
That never foes his kingdome might invade,  
But he it knew at home before he hard  
Tydings thereof, and so them still debar'd:  
It was a famous present for a prince,  
And worthy worke of infinite reward,  
That treasons could bewray, and foes convince:  
Happy this realme, had it remayned ever since!

## XXII.

One day it fortun'd fayre Britomart  
Into her fathers closet to repayre;  
For nothing he from her reserv'd apart,  
Being his onely daughter and his hayre;  
Where when she had espyde that Mirrhour fayre,  
Herselfe awhile therein she vewd in vaine:  
Tho, her avizing of the vertues rare  
Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe  
Her to bethinke of that mote to herselfe pertaine.

## XXIII.

But as it falleth, in the gentlest harts  
Imperious Love hath highest set his throne,  
And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts  
Of them, that to him buxome are and prone:  
So thought this Mayd (as maydens use to done)  
Whom fortune for her husband would allot;  
Not that she lusted after any one,  
For she was pure from blame of sinfull blott;  
Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that same knot.

## XXIV.

Eftsoones there was presented to her eye  
 A comely Knight, all arm'd in complete wize,  
 Through whose bright ventayle lifted up on hye  
 His manly face, that did his foes agrize  
 And frends to termes of gentle truce entize,  
 Lookt foorth, as Phœbus face out of the east  
 Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth arize :  
 Portly his person was, and much increast  
 Through his heroicke grace and honorable gest.

## XXV.

His crest was covered with a couchant hownd,  
 And all his armour seemd of ańtique mould,  
 But wondrous massy and assured sownd,  
 And round about yfretted all with gold,  
 In which there written was, with cyphers old,  
*Achilles armes which Arthegall did win :*  
 And on his shield enveloped sevenfold  
 He bore a crowned little ermilin,  
 That deckt the azure field with her fayre pouldred skin.

## XXVI.

The Damzell well did vew his personage,  
 And liked well ; ne further fastned not,  
 But went her way ; ne her unguilty age  
 Did weene, unwares, that her unlucky lot  
 Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot :  
 Of hurt unwist most daunger doth redound :  
 But the false archer, which that arrow shot  
 So slyly that she did not feele the wound,  
 Did smyle full smoothly at her weetlesse wofull stound.

## XXVII.

Thenceforth the fether in her lofty crest,  
 Ruffed of Love, gan lowly to availe ;  
 And her proud portance and her princely gest,  
 With which she earst tryumphed, now did quaille :  
 Sad, solemne, sowre, and full of fancies fraile,  
 She woxe ; yet wist she nether how, nor why ;  
 She wist not, silly Mayd, what she did aile,  
 Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy ;  
 Yet thought it was not love, but some meláncholy.

## XXVIII.

So soone as Night had with her pallid hew  
 Defaste the beautie of the shyning skye,  
 And refte from men the worldes desired vew,  
 She with her nourse adowne to sleepe did lye ;  
 But sleepe full far away from her did fly :  
 Instead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe  
 Kept watch and ward about her warily ;  
 That nought she did but wayle, and often steepe  
 Her dainty couch with teares which closely she did weepe.

## XXIX.

And if that any drop of slombring rest  
 Did chance to still into her weary spright,  
 When feeble nature felt herselfe opprest,  
 Streightway with dreames, and with fantastick sight  
 Of dreadfull things, the same was put to flight ;  
 That oft out of her bed she did astart,  
 As one with vew of ghastly feends affright :  
 Tho gan she to renew her former smart,  
 And thinke of that fayre visage written in her hart.

## XXX.

One night, when she was tost with such unrest,  
 Her aged nurse, whose name was Glauce hight,  
 Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,  
 Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,  
 And downe againe in her warme bed her dight :  
 " Ah ! my deare daughter, ah ! my dearest dread,  
 What uncouth fit," sayd she, " what evill plight  
 Hath thee opprest, and with sad drearyhead  
 Chaunged thy lively cheare, and living made thee dead ?

## XXXI.

" For not of nought these suddein ghastly feares  
 All night afflict thy naturall repose ;  
 And all the day, whenas thine equall peares  
 Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,  
 Thou in dull corners doest thyselfe inclose ;  
 Ne tastest princes pleasures, ne doest spred  
 Abroad thy fresh youths fayrest flowre, but lose  
 Both leafe and fruite, both too untimely shed,  
 As one in wilfull bale for ever buried.

## XXXII.

" The time that mortall men their weary cares  
 Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,  
 And every river eke his course forbear,es,  
 Then doth this wicked evill thee infest,  
 And rive with thousand throbs thy thrilled brest :  
 Like an huge Aetn' of deepe engulfed gryefe,  
 Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,  
 Whence foorth it breakes in sighes and anguish ryfe,  
 As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused stryfe.

## XXXIII.

“ Ay me! how much I feare least love it bee!  
 But if that love it be, as sure I read  
 By knowen signes and passions which I see,  
 Be it worthy of thy race and royall sead,  
 Then I avow, by this most sacred head  
 Of my dear foster childe, to ease thy grieve  
 And win thy will: Therefore away doe dread;  
 For death nor daunger from thy dew reliefe  
 Shall me debarre: Tell me therefore, my liefest liefe!”

## XXXIV.

So having sayd, her twixt her armēs twaine  
 Shee streightly straynd, and colled tenderly;  
 And every trembling ioynt and every vaine  
 Shee softly felt, and rubbed busily,  
 To doe the frosen cold away to fly;  
 And her faire deawy eies with kisses deare  
 Shee ofte did bathe, and ofte againe did dry:  
 And ever her impörtund not to feare  
 To let the secret of her hart to her appeare.

## XXXV.

The Damzell pauzd; and then thus fearfully;  
 “ Ah! nurse, what needeth thee to eke my payne?  
 Is not enough that I alone doe dye,  
 But it must doubled bee with death of twaine?  
 For nought for me but death there doth remaine!”  
 “ O daughter deare,” said she, “ despeire no whit;  
 For never sore but might a salve obtaine:  
 That blinded god, which hath ye blindly smit,  
 Another arrow hath your Lovers hart to hit.”

## XXXVI.

“ But mine is not,” quoth she, “ like other wound ;  
 For which no reason can finde remedy.”  
 “ Was never such, but mote the like be fownd,”  
 Said she ; “ and though no reason may apply  
 Salve to your sore, yet Love can higher stye  
 Then Reasons reach, and oft hath wonders donne.”  
 “ But neither god of love nor god of skye  
 Can doe,” said she, “ that which cannot be donne.”  
 “ Things oft impossible,” quoth she, “ seeme ere  
 begonne.”

## XXXVII.

“ These idle wordes,” said she, “ doe nought aswage  
 My stubborne smart, but more annoiaunce breed :  
 For no, no usuall fire, no usuall rage  
 Yt is, O nourse, which on my life doth feed,  
 And sucks the blood which from my hart doth bleed.  
 But since thy faithfull zeale lets me not hyde  
 My crime, (if crime it be,) I will it reed.  
 Nor prince nor pere it is, whose love hath gryde  
 My feeble brest of late, and launched this wound wyde:

## XXXVIII.

“ Nor man it is, nor other living wight ;  
 For then some hope I might unto me draw ;  
 But th’ only shade and semblant of a Knight,  
 Whose shape or person yet I never saw,  
 Hath me subiected to Loves cruell law :  
 The same one day, as me misfortune led,  
 I in my fathers wondrous Mirrhour saw,  
 And, pleased with that seeming goodlyhed,  
 Unwares the hidden hooke with baite I swallowed :

## XXXIX.

" Sithens it hath infixed faster hold  
 Within my bleeding bowells, and so sore  
 Now ranckleth in this same fraile fleshly mould,  
 That all mine entrailes flow with poisonous gore,  
 And th' ulcer groweth daily more and more ;  
 Ne can my ronning sore finde remedee,  
 Other than my hard fortune to deplore,  
 And languish as the leafe faln from the tree,  
 Till death make one end of my daies and miseree!"

## XL.

" Daughter," said she, " what need ye be dismayd?  
 Or why make ye such monster of your minde?  
 Of much more uncouth thing I was affrayd;  
 Of filthy lust, contráry unto kinde:  
 But this affection nothing straunge I finde ;  
 For who with reason can you aye reprove  
 To love the semblaunt pleasing most your minde,  
 And yield your heart whence ye cannot remove?  
 No guilt in You, but in the tyranny of Love.

## XLI.

" Not so th' Arabian Myrrhe did sett her mynd ;  
 Nor so did Biblis spend her pining hart ;  
 But lov'd their native flesh against al kynd,  
 And to their purpose used wicked art :  
 Yet playd Pasiphaë a more monstrous part,  
 That lov'd a bull, and learnd a beast to bee :  
 Such shamefull lustes who loaths not, which depart  
 From course of nature and of modestee?  
 Swete Love such lewdnes bands from his faire companee.

## XLII.

“ But thine, my deare, (welfare thy heart, my deare !)  
 Though straunge beginning had, yet fixed is  
 On one that worthy may perhaps appeare ; -  
 And certes seemes bestowed not amis :  
 Ioy thereof have thou and eternall blis !”  
 With that, upleaning on her elbow weake,  
 Her alablaster brest she soft did kis,  
 Which all that while shee felt to pant and quake,  
 As it an earth-quake were : at last she thus bespake ;

## XLIII.

“ Beldame, your words doe worke mē litle ease ;  
 For though my love be not so lewdly bent  
 As those ye blame, yet may it nought appease  
 My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,  
 But rather doth my helpelesse grieffe augment.  
 For they, however shamefull and unkinde,  
 Yet did possessse their horrible intent :  
 Short end of sorrowes they therby did finde ; [minde.  
 So was their fortune good, though wicked were their

## XLIV.

“ But wicked fortune mine, though minde be good,  
 Can have no end nor hope of my desire,  
 But feed on shadowes whiles I die for food,  
 And like a shadow wexe, whiles with entire  
 Affection I doe languish and expire.  
 I, fonder then Cephisus foolish chyld,  
 Who, having vewed in a fountaine shere  
 His face, was with the love thereof beguyld ;  
 I, fonder, love a shade, the body far exyld.”

## XLV.

“Nought like,” quoth shee; “for that same wretched boy  
 Was of himselfe the ydle paramoure,  
 Both Love and Lover, without hope of ioy;  
 For which he faded to a watry flowre.  
 But better fortune thine, and better howre,  
 Which lov’st the shadow of a warlike Knight;  
 No shadow, but a body hath in powre:  
 That body, wheresoever that it light,  
 May learned be by cyphers, or by magicke might.

## XLVI.

“But if thou may with reason yet repress  
 The growing evill, ere it strength have gott,  
 And thee abandond wholly do possesse;  
 Against it strongly strive, and yield thee nott  
 Til thou in open fielde adowne be smott:  
 But if the passion mayster thy fraile might,  
 So that needs love or death must be thy lott,  
 Then I avow to thee, by wrong or right  
 To compas thy desire, and find that loved Knight.”

## XLVII.

Her chearefull words much cheard the feeble spright  
 Of the sicke Virgin, that her downe she layd  
 In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might;  
 And the old-woman carefully displayd  
 The clothes about her round with busy ayd;  
 So that at last a litle creeping sleepe  
 Surprizd her sence: Shee, therewith well apayd,  
 The dronken lamp down in the oyl did steepe,  
 And sett her by to watch, and sett her by to weepe.

## XLVIII.

Earely, the morrow next, before that Day  
 His ioyous face did to the world revele,  
 They both uprose and tooke their ready way  
 Unto the church, their praiers to appele,  
 With great devotion, and with litle zele:  
 For the faire Damzell from the holy herse  
 Her love-sicke hart to other thoughts did steale;  
 And that old Dame said many an idle verse,  
 Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to reverse.

## XLIX.

Retourned home, the royall Infant fell  
 Into her former fitt; for why? no powre  
 Nor guidaunce of herselfe in her did dwell.  
 But th'aged nurse, her calling to her bowre,  
 Had gathered rew, and savine, and the flowre  
 Of camphora, and calamint, and dill;  
 All which she in a earthen pot did poure,  
 And to the brim with coltwood did it fill,  
 And many drops of milk and blood through it did spill.

## L.

Then, taking thrise three heares from off her head,  
 Them trebly breaded in a threefold lace,  
 And round about the pots mouth bound the thread;  
 And, after having whispered a space  
 Certain sad words with hollow voice and bace,  
 Shee to the Virgin sayd, thrise sayd she itt;  
 "Come, daughter, come; come, spit upon my face;  
 Spitt thrise upon me, thrise upon me spitt;  
 Th' uneven number for this busines is most fitt."

## LI.

That sayd, her rownd about she from her turnd,  
She turned her contráry to the sunne ;  
Thrise she her turnd contráry, and returnd  
All cóntrary ; for she the right did shunne ;  
And ever what she did was streight undonne.  
So thought she to undoe her daughter's love :  
But love, that is in gentle brest begonne,  
No ydle charmes so lightly may remove ;  
That well can witnesse, who by tryall it does prove.

## LII.

Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd awayle,  
Ne slake the fury of her cruell flame,  
But that shee still did waste, and still did wayle,  
That, through long languour and hart-burning brame,  
She shortly like a pyned ghost became,  
Which long hath waited by the Stygian strond :  
That when old Glaucè saw, for feare least blame  
Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,  
She wist not how t' amend, nor how it to withstond.

## CANTO III.

Merlin bewrayes to Britomart  
The state of Arthegall :  
And shewes the famous progeny,  
Which from them springen shall.

## I.

Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily  
In living brests, ykindled first above  
Emongst th' eternall spheres and lamping sky,  
And thence poured into men, which men call Love ;  
Not that same, which doth base affections move  
In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame ;  
But that sweete fit that doth true beautie love,  
And choseth Vertue for his dearest dame,  
Whence spring all noble deedes and never-dying fame:

## II.

Well did Antiquity a god thee deeme,  
That over mortall mindes hast so great might,  
To order them as best to thee doth seeme,  
And all their actions to direct aright :  
The fatall purpose of divine foresight  
Thou doest effect in destined descents,  
Through deepe impression of thy secret might,  
And stirredst up th' heroës high intents,  
Which the late world admyres for wondrous monuments.

## III.

But thy dredd dartes in none doe triumph more,  
Ne braver prooffe in any of thy powre  
Shewd'st thou, then in this royall Maid of yore,  
Making her seeke an unknowne Paramoure,  
From the worlds end, through many a bitter stowre:  
From whose two loynes thou afterwarde did rayse  
Most famous frutes of matrimoniall bowre, [prayse,  
Which through the earth have spredd their living  
That fame in tromp of gold eternally displayes.

## IV.

Begin then, O my dearest sacred Dame,  
Daughter of Phœbus and of Memorye,  
That doest ennoble with immortal name  
The warlike worthies, from antiquitye,  
In thy great volume of Eternitye;  
Begin, O Clio, and recount from hence  
My glorious Soveraines goodly Auncestrye,  
Till that by dew degrees, and long protense,  
Thou have it lastly brought unto her Excellence.

## V.

Full many wayes within her troubled mind  
Old Glaucè cast to cure this Ladies grieve;  
Full many wayes she sought, but none could find,  
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsel that is chiefe  
And choicest med'cine for sick harts reliefe:  
Forthy great care she tooke, and greater feare,  
Least that it should her turne to fowle repriefe  
And sore reproch, whenso her father deare  
Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune heare.

## VI.

At last she her avisde, that he which made  
 That Mirrhour, wherein the sicke Damosell  
 So straungely vewed her straunge lovers shade,  
 To weet, the learned Merlin, well could tell  
 Under what coast of heaven the Man did dwell,  
 And by what means his love might best be wrought:  
 For, though beyond the Africk Ismaël  
 Or th' Indian Peru he were, she thought  
 Him forth through infinite endeavour to have sought.

## VII.

Forthwith themselves disguising both in straunge  
 And base attyre, that none might them bewray,  
 To Maridunum, that is now by chaunge  
 Of name Cayr-Merdin cald, they tooke their way:  
 There the wise Merlin whylome wont (they say)  
 To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,  
 In a deepe delve, farre from the vew of day,  
 That of no living wight he mote be found,  
 Whenso he counseld with his sprights encompast round.

## VIII.

And, if thou ever happen that same way  
 To traveill, go to see that dreadful place:  
 It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)  
 Under a rock that lyes a litle space  
 From the swift Barry, tumbling downe apace  
 Emongst the woody hilles of Dyneuowre: *Dyneuowre*  
 But dare thou not, I charge, in any cace  
 To enter into that same balefull bowre,  
 For feare the cruell feendes should thee unwares devowre:

## IX.

But standing high aloft low lay thine eare,  
 And there such ghastly noyse of yron chaines  
 And brasen caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,  
 Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines  
 Doe tosse, that it will stonn thy feeble braines ;  
 And oftentimes great grones, and grievous stownds,  
 When too huge toile and labour them constraines ;  
 And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing sowndes  
 From under that deepe rock most horribly rebowndes.

## X.

The cause, some say, is this: A litle whyle  
 Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend  
 A brasen wall in compas to compyle  
 About Cairmardin, and did it commend  
 Unto these sprights to bring to perfect end:  
 During which worke the Lady of the Lake,  
 Whom long he lov'd, for him in hast did send ;  
 Who, thereby forst his workemen to forsake,  
 Them bownd, till his retourne, their labour not to slake.

## XI.

In the meane time through that false Ladies traine  
 He was surprisd, and buried under beare,  
 Ne ever to his worke returnd againe :  
 Nath'lesse those feends may not their work forbear,  
 So greatly his commandement they feare,  
 But there doe toyle and traveile day and night,  
 Untill that brasen wall they up doe reare :  
 For Merlin had in magick more insight  
 Then ever him before or after living wight :

## XII.

For he by wordes could call out of the sky  
 Both sunne and moone, and make them him obey;  
 The land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,  
 And darksom night he eke could turne to day;  
 Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,  
 And hostes of men of meanest thinges could frame,  
 Whenso him list his enimies to fray:  
 That to this day, for terror of his fame,  
 The feendes do quake when any him to them does name.

## XIII.

And, sooth, men say that he was not the sonne  
 Of mortall syre or other living wight,  
 But wondrously begotten, and begonne  
 By false illusion of a guilefull spright  
 On a faire lady Nonne, that whilome hight  
 Matilda, daughter to Pubidius  
 Who was the lord of Mathtraval by right,  
 And coosen unto king Ambrosius;  
 Whence he indued was with skill so merveilous.

## XIV.

They, here arriving, staid awhile without,  
 Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,  
 But of their first intent gan make new dout  
 For dread of daunger, which it might portend:  
 Untill the hardy Mayd (with Love to frend)  
 First entering, the dreadful Mage there fownd  
 Deepe busied 'bout worke of wondrous end,  
 And writing straunge charácters in the grownd,  
 With which the stubborne feendes he to his service  
 bownd.

## XV.

He nought was moved at their entraunce bold,  
 For of their comming well he wist afore ;  
 Yet list them bid their businesse to unfold,  
 As if ought in this world in secrete store  
 Were from him hidden, or unknowne of yore.  
 Then Glaucè thus ; “ Let not it thee offend,  
 That we thus rashly through thy darksom dore  
 Unwares have prest ; for either fatall end,  
 Or other mightie cause, us two did hether send.”

## XVI.

He bad tell on : And then she thus began ;  
 “ Now have three moones with borrowd brothers light  
 Thrise shined faire, and thrise seemd dim and wan,  
 Sith a sore evill, which this Virgin bright  
 Tormenteth and doth plonge in dolefull plight,  
 First rooting tooke ; but what thing it mote bee,  
 Or whence it sprong, I cannot read aright :  
 But this I read, that, but if remedee  
 Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.”

## XVII.

Therewith th' Enchaunter softly gan to smyle  
 At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well  
 That she to him dissembled womanish guyle,  
 And to her said ; “ Beldame, by that ye tell  
 More neede of leach-crafte hath your Damozell,  
 Then of my skill : who helpe may have elsewhere,  
 In vaine seekes wonders out of magick spell.”  
 Th' old woman vox half blanck those wordes to heare ;  
 And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appeare ;

## XVIII.

And to him said ; “ Yf any leaches skill,  
 Or other learned meanes, could have redrest  
 This my deare daughters deepe-engraffed ill,  
 Certes I should be loth thee to molest :  
 But this sad evill, which doth her infest,  
 Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,  
 And housed is within her hollow brest,  
 That either seemes some cursed witches deed,  
 Or evill spright, that in her doth such torment breed.”

## XIX.

The Wisard could no lenger beare her bord,  
 But, bursting forth in laughter, to her sayd ;  
 “ Glauçè, what needes this colourable word  
 To cloke the cause that hath itselſe bewrayd ?  
 Ne ye, fayre Britomartis, thus arayd,  
 More hidden are then sunne in cloudy vele ;  
 Whom thy good fortune, having fate obayd,  
 Hath hether brought for succour to appele ;  
 The which the Powres to thee are pleased to revele.”

## XX.

The doubtfull Mayd, seeing herselfe descryde,  
 Was all abasht, and her pure yvory  
 Into a cleare carnation suddeine dyde ;  
 As fayre Aurora, rying hastily,  
 Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye  
 All night in old Tithonus frozen bed,  
 Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly :  
 But her olde nurse was nought dishartened,  
 But vauntage made of that which Merlin had ared ;

## XXI.

And sayd; " Sith then thou knowest all our grieffe,  
 (For what doest not thou knowe?) of grace I pray,  
 Pitty our playnt, and yield us meet reliefe!"  
 With that the Prophet still awhile did stay,  
 And then his spirite thus gan fourth display;  
 " Most noble Virgin, that by fatall lore  
 Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee dismay  
 The hard beginne that meetes thee in the dore,  
 And with sharpe fits thy tender hart oppresseth sore:

## XXII.

" For so must all things excellent begin;  
 And eke enrooted deepe must be that tree,  
 Whose big embodied braunches shall not lin  
 Till they to hevens hight forth stretched bee.  
 For from thy wombe a famous progenee  
 Shall spring out of the auncient Trojan blood,  
 Which shall revive the sleeping memoree  
 Of those same antique peres, the hevens brood,  
 Which Greeke and Asian rivers stayned with their blood.

## XXIII.

" Renowned kings, and sacred emperours,  
 Thy fruitfull ofspring, shall from thee descend;  
 Brave captaines, and most mighty warriours,  
 That shall their conquests through all lands extend,  
 And their decayed kingdomes shall amend:  
 The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,  
 They shall upreare, and mightily defend  
 Against their forren foe that commes from farre,  
 Till universall peace compound all civill iarre.

## XXIV.

“ It was not, Britomart, thy wandring eye  
 Glauncing unwares in charmed Looking-glas,  
 But the streight course of hevenly destiny,  
 Led with Eternall Providence, that has  
 Guyded thy glaunce, to bring His Will to pas:  
 Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,  
 To love the prowest Knight that ever was:  
 Therefore submit thy wayes unto His Will,  
 And doe, by all dew meanes, thy destiny fulfill.”

## XXV.

“ But read,” saide Glaucè, “ thou Magitian,  
 What meanes shall she out-seeke, or what waies take?  
 How shall she know, how shall she finde the Man?  
 Or what needes her to toyle, sith fates can make  
 Way for themselves their purpose to pertake?”  
 Then Merlin thus; “ Indeede the fates are firme,  
 And may not shrinck, though all the world do shake:  
 Yet ought mens good endeavours them confirme,  
 And guyde the heavenly causes to their constant terme.

## XXVI.

“ The Man, whom heavens have ordaynd to bee  
 The spouse of Britomart, is Arthegall:  
 He wonneth in the land of Fayëree,  
 Yet is no Fary borne, ne sib at all  
 To Elfes, but sprong of seed terrestriall,  
 And whylome by false Faries stolne away,  
 Whyles yet in infant cradle he did crall;  
 Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,  
 But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a Fay:

## XXVII.

“ But sooth he is the sonne of Gorlois,  
 And brother unto Cador, Cornish king ;  
 And for his warlike feates renowmed is,  
 From where the day out of the sea doth spring,  
 Untill the closure of the evening :  
 From thence him, firmly bound with faithfull band,  
 To this his native soyle thòu backe shalt bring,  
 Strongly to ayde his countrey to withstand  
 The powre of forreine Paynims which invade thy land.

## XXVIII.

“ Great ayd thereto his mighty puissaunce  
 And dreaded name shall give in that sad day ;  
 Where also prooffe of thy prow valiaunce  
 Thou then shalt make, t’ increase thy Lover’s pray :  
 Long time ye both in armes shall beare great sway,  
 Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,  
 And his last fate him from thee take away ;  
 Too rathe cut off by practise criminall  
 Of secrete foes, that him shall make in mischief fall.

## XXIX.

“ With thee yet shall he leave, for memory  
 Of his late puissaunce, his ymage dead,  
 That living him in all activity  
 To thee shall represent : He, from the head  
 Of his coosen Constantius, without dread  
 Shall take the crowne that was his fathers right,  
 And therewith crowne himsele in th’ others stead :  
 Then shall he issèw forth with dreadfull might  
 Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

## XXX.

" Like as a lyon that in drowsie cave  
 Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake ;  
 And, comming forth, shall spred his banner brave  
 Over the troubled South, that it shall make  
 The warlike Mertians for feare to quake :  
 Thrise shall he fight with them, and twise shall win ;  
 But the third time shall fayre accordaunce make :  
 And, if he then with victorie can lin,  
 He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly In.

## XXXI.

" His sonne, hight Vortipore, shall him succede  
 In kingdome, but not in felicity :  
 Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,  
 And with great honour many batteills try ;  
 But at the last to th'importunity  
 Of froward fortune shall be first to yield :  
 But his sonne Malgo shall full mightily  
 Avenge his fathers losse with speare and shield,  
 And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

## XXXII.

" Behold the Man! and tell me, Britomart,  
 If ay more goodly creature thou didst see?  
 How like a gyaunt in each manly part  
 Beares he himselfe with portly maiestee,  
 That one of th'old heroës seemes to bee !  
 He the six Islands, comprovinciall  
 In auncient times unto great Britaine,ee,  
 Shall to the same reduce, and to him call  
 Their sondry kings to do their homage severall.

## XXXIII.

“ All which his sonne Careticus awhile  
Shall well defend, and Saxons powre suppress ;  
Untill a straunger king, from unknowne soyle  
Arriving, him with multitude oppresse ;  
Great Gormond, having with huge mightnesse  
Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,  
Like a swift otter, fell through emptinesse,  
Shall overswim the sea with many one  
Of his Norveyses, to assist the Britons fone.

## XXXIV.

“ He in his furie all shall over-ronne,  
And holy church with faithlesse handes deface,  
That thy sad people, utterly fordonne,  
Shall to the utmost mountaines fly apace :  
Was never so great waste in any place,  
Nor so fowle outrage doen by living men ;  
For all thy citties they shall sacke and race,  
And the greene grasse that groweth they shall bren,  
That even the wilde beast shall dy in starved den.

## XXXV.

“ Whiles thus thy Britons doe in languour pine,  
Proud Etheldred shall from the North arise,  
Serving th' ambitious will of Augustine,  
And, passing Dee, with hardy enterprise  
Shall backe repulse the valiaunt Brockwell twice,  
And Bangor with massácred martyrs fill ;  
But the third time shall rew his fool-hardise :  
For Cadwan, pittying his peoples ill,  
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand Saxons kill.

## XXXVI.

“ But, after him, Cadwallin mightily  
 On his sonne Edwin all those wrongs shall wreake ;  
 Ne shall availe the wicked sorcery  
 Of false Pellite his purposes to breake,  
 But him shall slay, and on a gallowes bleak  
 Shall give th’ enchaunter his unhappy hire :  
 Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,  
 From their long vassallage gin to respire,  
 And on their Paynim foes avenge their ranckled ire.

## XXXVII.

“ Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,  
 Till both the sonnes of Edwin he have slayne,  
 Offricke and Osricke, twinnes unfortunate,  
 Both slaine in battaile upon Layburne playne,  
 Together with the king of Louthiane,  
 Hight Adin, and the king of Orkeny,  
 Both ioynt partakers of their fatall payne :  
 But Penda, fearefull of like desteney,  
 Shall yield himselfe his liegeman, and swear feälty :

## XXXVIII.

“ Him shall he make his fatall instrument  
 T’ afflict the other Saxons unsubdewd :  
 He marching forth with fury insolent  
 Against the good king Oswald, who indewd  
 With heavenly powre, and by angels reskewd,  
 All holding crosses in their hands on hye,  
 Shall him defeate withouten blood imbrewd :  
 Of which that field for endlesse memory  
 Shall Hevenfield be cald to all posterity.

## XXXIX.

" Whereat Cadwallin wroth shall forth issew,  
 And an huge hōste into Northumber lead,  
 With which he godly Oswald shall subdew,  
 And crowne with martiredome his sacred head:  
 Whose brother Oswin, daunted with like dread,  
 With price of silver shall his kingdome buy;  
 And Penda, seeking him adowne to tread,  
 Shall tread adowne, and doe him fowly dye;  
 But shall with gifts his lord Cadwallin pacify.

## XL.

" Then shall Cadwallin die; and then the raine  
 Of Britons eke with him attonce shall dye;  
 Ne shall the good Cadwallader, with paine  
 Or powre, be hable it to remedy,  
 When the full time, prefixt by destiny,  
 Shall be expird of Britons regiment:  
 For Heven itselfe shall their successe envý,  
 And them with plagues and murrins pestilent  
 Consume, till all their warlike puissancc be spent.

## XLI.

" Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills  
 Of dying people, during eight yeares space,  
 Cadwallader, not yielding to his ills,  
 From Armoricke, where long in wretched cace  
 He liv'd, retourning to his native place,  
 Shal be by vision staide from his intent:  
 For th' Heavens have decreëd to displace  
 The Britons for their sinnes dew punishment,  
 And to the Saxons over-give their government.

## XLII.

"Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,  
 Be to the Briton babe that shal be borne  
 To live in thraldome of his fathers foe!  
 Late king, now captive; late lord, now forlorne;  
 The worlds reproch; the cruell victors scorne;  
 Banisht from princely bowre to wasteful wood!  
 O! who shall helpe me to lament and mourne  
 The royall seed, the antique Trojan blood,  
 Whose empire lenger here then ever any stood!"

## XLIII.

The Damzell was full deepe empassioned  
 Both for his grieffe, and for her peoples sake,  
 Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned;  
 And, sighing sore, at length him thus bespake;  
 "Ah! but will Hevens fury never slake,  
 Nor vengeaunce huge relent itselſe at last?  
 Will not long misery late mercy make,  
 But shall their name for ever be defaste,  
 And quite from off the earth their memory be raste?"

## XLIV.

"Nay but the terme," sayd he, "is limited,  
 That in this thraldome Britons shall abide;  
 And the iust revolution measured  
 That they as straungers shal be notifide:  
 For twise fowre hundreth yeares shal be supplide,  
 Ere they to former rule restor'd shal bee,  
 And their impórtune fates all satisfide:  
 Yet, during this their most obscuritee,  
 Their beames shall ofte breake forth, that men them faire  
 may see."

## XLV.

“ For Rhodoricke, whose surname shal be Great,  
Shall of himselfe a brave ensample shew,  
That Saxon kings his friendship shall intreat ;  
And Howell Dha shall goodly well indew  
The salvage minds with skill of iust and trew:  
Then Griffyth Conan also shall upreare  
His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew  
Of native corage, that his foes shall feare  
Least back againe the kingdom he from them should beare.

## XLVI.

“ Ne shall the Saxons selves all peaceably  
Enioy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne  
First ill, and after ruled wickedly:  
For, ere two hundred yeares be full outronne,  
There shall a Raven, far from rising sunne,  
With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,  
And bid his faithlesse chickens overronne  
The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty  
In their avenge tread downe the victors surquedry.

## XLVII.

“ Yet shall a Third both these and thine subdew:  
There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood  
Of Neustria come roring, with a crew  
Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,  
Whose clawes were newly dipt in cruddy blood,  
That from the Daniske Tyrants head shall rend  
Th’ usurped crowne, as if that he were wood,  
And the spoile of the countrey conquered  
Emongst his young ones shall divide with bountyhed.

## XLVIII.

“ Tho, when the terme is full accomplishid,  
 There shall a sparke of fire, which hath longwhile  
 Bene in his ashes raked up and hid,  
 Bee freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile  
 Of Mona, where it lurked in exile ;  
 Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,  
 And reach into the house that beares the stile  
 Of royall maiesty and soveraine name :  
 So shall the Briton blood their crowne againe reclame.

## XLIX.

“ Thenceforth eternall union shall be made  
 Betweene the nations different afore,  
 And sacred Peace shall lovingly persuade  
 The warlike minds to learne her goodly lore,  
 And civile armes to exercise no more :  
 Then shall a Royall Virgin raine, which shall  
 Stretch her white rod over the Belgicke shore,  
 And the great Castle smite so sore withall,  
 That it shall make him shake, and shortly learn to fall :

## L.

“ But yet the end is not”—There Merlin stayd,  
 As overcomen of the spirites powre,  
 Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,  
 That secretly he saw, yet note discoure :  
 Which suddein fitt and halfe extaticke stoure  
 When the two fearefull wemen saw, they grew  
 Greatly confused in behaveoure :  
 At last, the fury past, to former hew  
 He turnd againe, and chearfull looks as earst did shew.

## LI.

Then, when themselves they well instructed had  
 Of all that needed them to be inquired,  
 They both, conceiving hope of comfort glad,  
 With lighter hearts unto their home retir'd ;  
 Where they in secret counsell close conspird,  
 How to effect so hard an enterprize,  
 And to possesse the purpose they desird :  
 Now this, now that, twixt them they did devise,  
 And diverse plots did frame to maske in strange disguise.

## LII.

At last the nurse in her fool-hardy wit  
 Conceiv'd a bold devise, and thus bespake ;  
 " Daughter, I deeme that counsel aye most fit,  
 That of the time doth dew advauntage take :  
 Ye see that good king Uther now doth make  
 Strong warre upon the Paynim brethren, hight  
 Octa and Oza, whome hee lately brake  
 Beside Cayr Verolame in victorious fight,  
 That now all Britany doth burne in armës bright.

## LIII.

" That therefore nought our passage may empeach,  
 Let us in feigned armes ourselves disguise, [teach  
 And our weake hands (Need makes good schollers)  
 The dreadful speare and shield to exercize :  
 Ne certes, daughter, that same warlike wize,  
 I weene, would you misseeme ; for ye beene tall  
 And large of limbe t'atchieve an hard emprize ;  
 Ne ought ye want but skil, which practize small  
 Will bring, and shortly make you a Mayd martiall.

## LIV.

“ And, sooth, it ought your corage much inflame  
 To heare so often, in that royall hous,  
 From whence to none inferior ye came,  
 Bards tell of many wemen valorous,  
 Which have full many feats adventurous  
 Performd, in paragone of proudest men:  
 The bold Bunduca, whose victorious  
 Exploits made Rome to quake; stout Guendolen;  
 Renowmed Martia; and redoubted Emmilen;

## LV.

“ And, that which more then all the rest may sway,  
 Late dayes ensample, which these eies beheld:  
 In the last field before Menevia,  
 Which Uther with those forrein Pagans held,  
 I saw a Saxon virgin, the which feld  
 Great Ulfen thrise upon the bloody playne;  
 And, had not Carados her hand withheld  
 From rash revenge, she had him surely slayne;  
 Yet Carados himselfe from her escapt with payne.”

## LVI.

“ Ah! read,” quoth Britomart, “ how is she hight?”  
 “ Fayre Angela,” quoth she, “ men do her call,  
 No whit lesse fayre then terrible in fight:  
 She hath the leading of a martiall  
 And mightie people, dreaded more then all  
 The other Saxons, which doe, for her sake  
 And love, themselves of her name *Angles* call.  
 Therefore, faire Infant, her ensample make  
 Unto thyselfe, and equall corage to thee take.”

## LVII.

Her hartie wordes so deepe into the mynd  
 Of the young Damzell sunke, that great desire  
 Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,  
 And generous stout courage did inspyre,  
 That she resolv'd, unweeting to her syre,  
 Advent'rous knighthood on herselfe to don ;  
 And counseld with her nourse her maides attyre  
 To turne into a massy habergeon ;  
 And bad her all things put in readiness anon.

## LVIII.

Th'old woman nought that needed did omit ;  
 But all thinges did conveniently purway.  
 It fortun'd (so time their turne did fitt)  
 A band of Britons, ryding on forray  
 Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray  
 Of Saxon goods ; emongst the which was seene  
 A goodly armour, and full rich aray,  
 Which long'd to Angela, the Saxon queene,  
 All fretted round with gold and goodly wel beseene.

## LIX.

The same, with all the other ornaments,  
 King Ryence caused to be hanged hy  
 In his chiefe church, for endlesse monuments  
 Of his successe and gladfull victory :  
 Of which herselfe avising readily,  
 In th' evening late old Glaucè thether led  
 Faire Britomart, and, that same armory  
 Downe taking, her therein appareled  
 Well as she might, and with brave bauldrick garnished.

## LX.

Beside those armes there stood a mightie speare,  
 Which Bladud made by magick art of yore,  
 And usd the same in batteill aye to beare;  
 Sith which it had beene here preserv'd in store,  
 For his great virtues proved long afore:  
 For never wight so fast in sell could sit,  
 But him perforce unto the ground it bore:  
 Both speare she tooke and shield which hong by it;  
 Both speare and shield of great powre, for her purpose fit.

## LXI.

Thus when she had the Virgin all arayd,  
 Another harnesse which did hang thereby  
 About herselfe she dight, that the yong Mayd  
 She might in equall armes accompany,  
 And as her Squyre attend her carefully:  
 Tho to their ready steedes they clombe full light;  
 And through back waies, that none might them espy,  
 Covered with secret cloud of silent night,  
 Themselves they forth convoid, and passed forward right.

## LXII.

Ne rested they, till that to Faery Lond  
 They came, as Merlin them directed late:  
 Where, meeting with this Redcrosse Knight, she fond  
 Of diverse things discourses to dilate,  
 But most of Arthegall and his estate.  
 At last their wayes so fell, that they mote part:  
 Then each to other, well affectionate,  
 Friendship professed with unfained hart:  
 The Redcrosse Knight diverst; but forth rode Britomart.

## CANTO IV.

Bold Marinell of Britomart  
 Is throwne on the Rich Strond :  
 Faire Florimell of Arthur is  
 Long followed, but not fond.

## I.

WHERE is the antique glory now become,  
 That whylome wont in wemen to appeare ?  
 Where be the brave atchievements doen by some ?  
 Where be the batteilles, where the shield and speare,  
 And all the conquests which them high did reare,  
 That matter made for famous poets verse,  
 And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare ?  
 Beene they all dead, and laide in dolefull herse ?  
 Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe reverse ?

## II.

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore ;  
 But if they sleepe, O let them soone awake !  
 For all too long I burne with envy sore  
 To heare the warlike feates which Homere spake  
 Of bold Penthesilee, which made a lake  
 Of Greekish blood so ofte in Trojan plaine ;  
 But when I reade, how stout Debora strake  
 Proud Sisera, and how Camill' hath slaine  
 The huge Orsilochus, I swell with great disdaine.

## III.

Yet these, and all that els had puissaunce,  
Cannot with noble Britomart compare,  
Aswell for glorie of great valiaunce,  
As for pure chastitee and vertue rare,  
That all her goodly deedes doe well declare.  
Well worthie stock, from which the branches sprong  
That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,  
As thee, O Queene, the matter of my song,  
Whose lignage from this Lady I derive along!

## IV.

Who when, through speaches with the Redcrosse Knight,  
She learned had th' estate of Arthegall,  
And in each point herselfe informd aright,  
A friendly league of love perpetuall  
She with him bound, and congè tooke withall.  
Then he forth on his iourney did proceede,  
To seeke adventures which mote him befall,  
And win him worship through his warlike deed,  
Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefest meed.

## V.

But Britomart kept on her former course,  
Ne ever dofte her armes; but all the way  
Grew pensive through that amorous discourse,  
By which the Redcrosse Knight did earst display  
Her Lovers shape and chevalrous aray:  
A thousand thoughts she fashiond in her mind;  
And in her feigning fancie did pourtray  
Him, such as fittest she for love could find,  
Wise, warlike, personable, courteous, and kind.

## VI.

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she fedd,  
And thought so to beguile her grievous smart ;  
But so her smart was much more grievous bredd,  
And the deepe wound more deep engord her hart;  
That nought but death her dolour mote depart.  
So forth she rode, without repose or rest,  
Searching all lands and each remotest part,  
Following the guydance of her blinded guest,  
Till that to the sea-coast at length she her address.

## VII.

There she alighted from her light-foot beast,  
And, sitting downe upon the rocky shore,  
Badd her old Squyre unlace her lofty creast :  
Tho, having vewd awhile the surges hore  
That gainst the craggy clifts did loudly rore,  
And in their raging surquedry disdaynd  
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,  
And their devouring covetize restraynd ;  
Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus complaynd :

## VIII.

“ Huge sea of sorrow and tempestuous grieffe,  
Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long  
Far from the hoped haven of relieffe,  
Why doe thy cruel billowes beat so strong,  
And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,  
Threatning to swallow up my fearefull lyfe ?  
O, doe thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong  
At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,  
Which in these troubled bowels raignes and rageth ryfe !

## IX.

"For els my feeble vessell, crazd and crackt  
 Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,  
 Cannot endure, but needes it must be wrackt  
 On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallówes,  
 The whiles that Love it steres, and Fortune rowes:  
 Love, my lewd pilott, hath a restlesse minde;  
 And Fortune, boteswaine, no assuraunce knowes;  
 But saile withouten starres gainst tyde and winde:  
 How can they other doe, sith both are bold and blinde!

## X.

"Thou god of windes, that raignest in the seas,  
 That raignest also in the continent,  
 At last blow up some gentle gale of ease,  
 The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,  
 Unto the gladsome port of her intent!  
 Then, when I shall myselfe in safety see,  
 A table, for eternall monument  
 Of thy great grace and my great ieopardie,  
 Great Neptune, I avow to hallow unto thee!"

## XI.

Then sighing softly sore, and inly deepe,  
 She shut up all her plaint in privy griefe;  
 (For her great courage would not let her weepe;)  
 Till that old Glauçè gan with sharpe reprieft  
 Her to restraine, and give her good relieft  
 Through hope of those, which Merlin had her told  
 Should of her name and nation be chiefe,  
 And fetch their being from the sacred mould  
 Of her immortall womb, to be in heven enrolld.

## XII.

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde  
 Where far away one, all in armour bright,  
 With hasty gallop towards her did ryde:  
 Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight  
 Her helmet, to her courser mounting light:  
 Her former sorrow into sudden wrath  
 (Both coosen passions of distroubled spright)  
 Converting, forth she beates the dusty path:  
 Love and despight attonce her corage kindled hath.

## XIII.

As, when a foggy mist hath overcast  
 The face of heven and the cleare ayre engroste,  
 The world in darknes dwels; till that at last  
 The watry southwinde from the seabord coste  
 Upblowing doth disperse the vapour lo'ste,  
 And poures itselfe forth in a stormy showre;  
 So the fayre Britomart, having discloste  
 Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,  
 The mist of grieve dissolv'd did into vengeance powre.

## XIV.

Eftsoones, her goodly shield addressing fayre,  
 That mortall speare she in her hand did take,  
 And unto battaill did herselfe prepayre.  
 The Knight, approching, sternely her bespake;  
 "Sir Knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make  
 By this forbidden way in my despight,  
 Ne doest by others death ensample take;  
 I read thee soone retyre, whiles thou hast might,  
 Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight."

## XV.

Ythrild with deepe disdain of his proud threat,  
 She shortly thus ; “ Fly they, that need to fly ;  
 Wordes fearen babes : I meane not thee entreat  
 To passe ; but maugre thee will passe or dy :”  
 Ne lenger stayd for th’ other to reply,  
 But with sharpe speare the rest made dearly knowne.  
 Strongly the straunge Knight ran, and sturdily  
 Strooke her full on the brest, that made her downe  
 Decline her head, and touch her crouper with her crown.

## XVI.

But she againe him in the shield did smite  
 With so fierce furie and great puissaunce,  
 That, through his three-square scuchin percing quite  
 And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce  
 The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce :  
 Him so transfixed she before her bore  
 Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce ;  
 Till, sadly soucing on the sandy shore,  
 He tumbled on an heape, and wallowd in his gore.

## XVII.

Like as the sacred oxe that carelesse stands  
 With gilden hornes and flowry girlonds crownd,  
 Proud of his dying honor and deare bandes,  
 Whiles th’ altars fume with frankincense arownd,  
 All suddeinly with mortall stroke astownd  
 Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming gore  
 Distaines the pillours and the holy grownd,  
 And the faire flowres that decked him afore :  
 So fell proud Marinell upon the Pretious Shore.

## XVIII.

The martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,  
 But forward rode, and kept her ready way  
 Along the Strond; which, as she over-went,  
 She saw bestrowed all with rich aray  
 Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,  
 And all the gravell mixt with golden owre:  
 Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay  
 For gold, or perles, or pretious stones, an howre,  
 But them despised all; for all was in her powre.

## XIX.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,  
 Tydings hereof came to his mothers eare;  
 His mother was the blacke-browd Cymoënt,  
 The daughter of great Nereus, which did beare  
 This warlike sonne unto an earthly peare,  
 The famous Dumarin; who on a day  
 Finding the nymph asleepe in secret wheare,  
 As he by chaunce did wander that same way,  
 Was taken with her love, and by her closely lay.

## XX.

There he this Knight of her begot, whom borne  
 She, of his father, Marinell did name;  
 And in a rocky cave as wight forlorne  
 Long time she fostred up, till he became  
 A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame  
 Did get through great adventures by him donne:  
 For never man he suffred by that same  
 Rich Strond to travell, whereas he did wonne,  
 But that he must do battail with the Sea-nymphes sonne.

## XXI.

An hundred Knights of honorable name  
 He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made :  
 That through all Farie Lond his noble fame  
 Now blazed was, and feare did all invade,  
 That none durst passen through that perilous glade :  
 And, to advaunce his name and glory more,  
 Her sea-god syre she dearely did perswade  
 T' endow her sonne with threasure and rich store  
 Bove all the sonnes that were of earthly wombes ybore.

## XXII.

The god did graunt his daughters deare demaund,  
 To doen his nephew in all riches flow :  
 Eftsoones his heaped waves he did commaund  
 Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw  
 All the huge threasure, which the sea below  
 Had in his greedy gulfe devoured deepe,  
 And him enriched through the overthrow  
 And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe  
 And often wayle their wealth which he from them did  
 keepe.

## XXIII.

Shortly upon that Shore there heaped was  
 Exceeding riches and all pretious things,  
 The spoyle of all the world ; that it did pas  
 The wealth of th' East, and pompe of Persian kings :  
 Gold, amber, yvorie, perles, owches, rings,  
 And all that els was pretious and deare,  
 The sea unto him voluntary brings ;  
 That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,  
 As was in all the Lond of Faery, or elsewheare.

## XXIV.

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded Knight,  
 Tryde often to the scath of many deare,  
 That none in equall armes him matchen might :  
 The which his mother seeing gan to feare  
 Least his too haughtie hardines might reare  
 Some hard mishap in hazard of his life :  
 Forthy she oft him counseld to forbear  
 The bloody batteill, and to stirre up strife,  
 But after all his warre to rest his wearie knife :

## XXV.

And, for his more assuraunce, she inquir'd  
 One day of Proteus by his mighty spell  
 (For Proteus was with prophecy inspir'd)  
 Her deare sonnes destiny to her to tell,  
 And the sad end of her sweet Marinell :  
 Who, through foresight of his eternall skill,  
 Bad her from womankind to keepe him well ;  
 For of a woman he should have much ill ;  
 A Virgin straunge and stout him should dismay or kill.

## XXVI.

Forthy she gave him warning every day  
 The love of women not to entertaine ;  
 A lesson too too hard for living clay,  
 From love in coursé of nature to refraine !  
 Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,  
 And ever from fayre Ladies love did fly ;  
 Yet many Ladies fayre did oft complaine,  
 That they for love of him would algates dy :  
 Dy, whoso list for him, he was Loves enemy.

## XXVII.

But ah! who can deceive his destiny,  
 Or weene by warning to avoyd his fate?  
 That, when he sleepes in most security  
 And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,  
 And findeth dew effect or soone or late;  
 So feeble is the powre of fleshly arme!  
 His mother bad him wemens love to hate,  
 For she of womans force did feare no harme;  
 So weening to have arm'd him, she did quite disarme.

## XXVIII.

This was that woman, this that deadly wovnd,  
 That Proteus prophecide should him dismay;  
 The which his mother vainely did expownd  
 To be hart-wounding love, which should assay  
 To bring her sonne unto his last decay.  
 So tickle be the termes of mortall state  
 And full of subtile sophismes, which doe play  
 With double sences, and with false debate,  
 T' approve the unknowen purpose of eternall fate.

## XXIX.

Too trew the famous Marinell it fownd;  
 Who, through late triall, on that Wealthy Strond  
 Inglorious now lies in sencelesse swownd,  
 Through heavy stroke of Britomartis hond.  
 Which when his mother deare did understand,  
 And heavy tidings heard, whereas she playd  
 Amongst her watry sisters by a pond,  
 Gathering sweete daffadillyes, to have made  
 Gay girlonds from the sun their forheads fayr to shade;

## XXX.

Eftesoones both flowres and girlonds far away  
 She flong, and her faire deawy lockes yrent ;  
 To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,  
 And gamesom merth to grievous dreriment :  
 Shee threw herselfe downe on the continent,  
 Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swowne,  
 Whiles all her sisters did for her lament  
 With yelling outcries, and with shrieking sowne ;  
 And every one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

## XXXI.

Soone as she up out of her deadly fitt  
 Arose, she bad her charett to be brought ;  
 And all her sisters, that with her did sitt,  
 Bad eke attonce their charettis to be sought :  
 Tho, full of bitter grieffe and pensive thought,  
 She to her wagon clombe ; clombe all the rest,  
 And forth together went, with sorow fraught :  
 The waves obedient to theyre beheast  
 Them yielded ready passage, and their rage surceast.

## XXXII.

Great Neptune stode amazed at their sight,  
 Whiles on his broad rownd backe they softly slid,  
 And eke himselfe mournd at their mournful plight,  
 Yet wist not what their wailing ment, yet did,  
 For great compassion of their sorow, bid  
 His mighty waters to them buxome bee :  
 Eftesoones the roaring billowes still abid,  
 And all the griesly monsters of the see  
 Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

## XXXIII.

A teme of dolphins raunged in aray  
 Drew the smooth charett of sad Cymoënt ;  
 They were all taught by Triton to obay  
 To the long raynes at her commaundement:  
 As swifte as swallowes on the waves they went,  
 That their brode flaggy finnes no fome did reare,  
 Ne bubling rowndell they behinde them sent ;  
 The rest, of other fishes drawn weare,  
 Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did sheare.

## XXXIV.

Soone as they bene arriv'd upon the brim  
 Of the Rich Strond, their charets they forlore,  
 And let their temed fishes softly swim  
 Along the margent of the fomy shore,  
 Least they their finnes should bruze, and surbate sore  
 Their tender feete upon the stony grownd:  
 And comming to the place, where all in gore  
 And cruddy blood enwallowed they fownd  
 The lucklesse Marinell lying in deadly swownd,

## XXXV.

His mother swowned thrise, and the third time  
 Could scarce recovered bee out of her paine ;  
 Had she not beene devoide of mortall slime,  
 She should not then have bene relyv'd againe ;  
 But, soone as life recovered had the raine,  
 Shee made so piteous mone and deare wayment,  
 That the hard rocks could scarce from tears refraine:  
 And all her sister nymphes with one consent  
 Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad complement.

## XXXVI.

“ Deare image of myselfe,” she sayd, “ that is  
 The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,  
 Is this thine high advauncement? O! is this  
 Th’immortall name, with which thee yet unborne  
 Thy grandsire Nereus promist to adorne?  
 Now lyst thou of life and honor refte;  
 Now lyst thou a lumpe of earth forlorne;  
 Ne of thy late life memory is lefte;  
 Ne can thy irrevocable desteny bee wefte!

## XXXVII.

“ Fond Proteus, father of false prophecis!  
 And they more fond that credit to thee give!  
 Not this the worke of womans hand ywis, [drive.  
 That so deepe wound through these deare members  
 I feared love; but they that love doe live;  
 But they that dye, doe nether love nor hate:  
 Nath’lesse to thee thy folly I forgive;  
 And to myselfe, and to accursed fate,  
 The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wisdom bought too late!

## XXXVIII.

“ O! what availes it of immortall seed  
 To beene ybredd and never borne to dye?  
 Farre better I it deeme to die with speed  
 Then waste in woe and wayfull miserye:  
 Who dyes, the utmost dolor doth abyẽ;  
 But who that lives, is lefte to waile his losse:  
 So life is losse, and death felicity:  
 Sad life worse then glad death; and greater crosse  
 To see frends grave, then dead the grave selfe to engrosse.

## XXXIX.

"But if the heavens did his days envie,  
 And my short blis maligne; yet mote they well  
 Thus much afford me, ere that he did die,  
 That the dim eies of my deare Marinell  
 I mote have closed, and him bed farewell,  
 Sith other offices for mother meet  
 They would not graunt ———  
 Yett! maulgre them, farewell, my sweetest Sweet!  
 Farewell, my sweetest sonne, sith we no more shall meet!"

## XL.

Thus when they all had sorowed their fill,  
 They softly gan to search his griesly wound:  
 And, that they might him handle more at will,  
 They him disarmd; and, spredding on the grownd  
 Their watchet mantles frindgd with silver rownd,  
 They softly wipt away the gelly blood  
 From th'orifice; which having well upbownd,  
 They pourd in soveraine balme and nectar good,  
 Good both for erthly med'cine and for hevenly food.

## XLI.

Tho, when the lilly-handed Liagore  
 (This Liagore whilome had learned skill  
 In leaches craft, by great Apolloes lore,  
 Sith her whilome upon high Pindus hill  
 He loved, and at last her wombe did fill  
 With hevenly seed, whereof wise Pæon sprong.)  
 Did feele his pulse, shee knew there staid still  
 Some litle life his feeble sprites emong;  
 Which to his mother told, despeyre she from her flong.

## XLII.

Tho, up him taking in their tender hands,  
 They easely unto her charett beare:  
 Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,  
 Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,  
 And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare:  
 Then all the rest into their coches clim,  
 And through the brackish waves their passage sheare;  
 Upon great Neptunes necke they softly swim,  
 And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

## XLIII.

Deepe in the bottome of the sea, her bowre  
 Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,  
 Like to thicke clouds that threat a stormy showre,  
 And vaulted all within like to the skye,  
 In which the gods doe dwell eternally:  
 There they him laide in easy couch well dight;  
 And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply  
 Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might:  
 For Tryphon of sea-gods the souveraine leach is hight.

## XLIV.

The whiles the nymphes sitt all about him rownd,  
 Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight;  
 And ofte his mother, vewing his wide wownd,  
 Cursed the hand that did so deadly smight  
 Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight:  
 But none of all those curses overtooke  
 The warlike Maide, th' ensample of that might;  
 But fayrely well shee thryvd, and well did brooke  
 Her noble deedes, ne her right course for ought forsooke.

## XLV.

Yet did false Archimage her still pursew,  
 To bring to passe his mischievous intent,  
 Now that he had her singled from the crew  
 Of courteous Knights, the Prince and Fary gent,  
 Whom late in chace of Beauty excellent  
 Shee lefte, pursewing that same foster strong;  
 Of whose fowle outrage they impatient,  
 And full of firy zele, him followed long,  
 To reskew her from shame, and to revenge her wrong.

## XLVI.

Through thick and thin, through mountains and through  
 playns,  
 Those two great Champions did attonce pursew  
 The fearefull Damzell with incessant payns;  
 Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from vew  
 Of hunter swifte and sent of howndës trew.  
 At last they came unto a double way;  
 Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskéw,  
 Themselves they did dispart, each to assay  
 Whether more happy were to win so goodly pray.

## XLVII.

But Timias, the Princes gentle Squyre,  
 That Ladies love unto his Lord forlent,  
 And with proud envy and indignant yre  
 After that wicked foster fiercely went:  
 So beene they Three three sondry wayes ybent:  
 But fayrest fortune to the Prince befell;  
 Whose chaunce it was, that soone he did repent,  
 To take that way in which that Damozell  
 Was fledd afore, affraid of him as feend of hell.

## XLVIII.

At last of her far off he gained vew:

Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,  
 And ever as he nigher to her drew,  
 So evermore he did increase his speed,  
 And of each turning still kept wary heed:  
 Alowd to her he oftentimes did call  
 To doe away vaine doubt and needlesse dreed:  
 Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall  
 Many meeke wordes to stay and comfort her withall.

## XLIX.

But nothing might relent her hasty flight;  
 So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine  
 Was earst impressed in her gentle spright:  
 Like as a fearefull dove, which through the raine  
 Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,  
 Having farre off espyde a tassell gent,  
 Which after her his nimble winges doth straine,  
 Doubleth her hast for feare to bee for-hent,  
 And with her pineons cleaves the liquid firmament.

## L.

With no lesse hast, and eke with no lesse dreed,  
 That fearefull Ladie fledd from him that ment  
 To her no evill thought nor evill deed;  
 Yet former feare of being fowly shent  
 Carried her forward with her first intent:  
 And though, oft looking backward, well she vewde  
 Herselfe freed from that foster insolent,  
 And that it was a Knight which now her sewde,  
 Yet she no lesse the Knight feard then that Villein rude.

## LI.

His uncouth shield and straunge armes her dismayd,  
 Whose like in Faery Lond were seldom seene ;  
 That fast she from him fledd, no lesse afrayd  
 Then of wilde beastes if she had chased beene :  
 Yet he her followd still with corage keene  
 So long, that now the golden Hesperus  
 Was mounted high in top of heaven sheene,  
 And warnd his other brethren ioyeous  
 To light their blessed lamps in Ioves eternall hous.

## LII.

All suddeinly dim wox the dampish ayre,  
 And griesly shadowes covered heaven bright,  
 That now with thousand starres was decked fayre:  
 Which when the Prince beheld, a lothfull sight,  
 And that perforce, for want of lenger light,  
 He mote surceasse his suit and lose the hope  
 Of his long labour ; he gan fowly wyte  
 His wicked fortune that had turnd aslope,  
 And cursed Night that reft from him so goodly scope.

## LIII.

Tho, when her wayes he could no more descry,  
 But to and fro at disaventure strayd ;  
 Like as a ship, whose lodestar suddeinly  
 Covered with clouds her pilott hath dismayd ;  
 His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,  
 And from his loftie steed dismounting low  
 Did let him forage : downe himselfe he layd  
 Upon the grassy ground to sleepe a throw ;  
 The cold earth was his couch, the hard steele his pillow.

## LIV.

But gentle Sleepe envyde him any rest ;  
 Instead thereof sad sorow and disdain  
 Of his hard hap did vexe his noble brest,  
 And thousand Fancies bett his ydle brayne  
 With their light wings, the sights of semblants vaine :  
 Oft did he wish that Lady faire mote bee  
 His Faery Queene, for whom he did complaine ;  
 Or that his Faery Queene were such as shee :  
 And ever hasty Night he blamed bitterlie :

## LV.

“ Night ! thou foule mother of annoyaunce sad,  
 Sister of heavie Death, and nourse of Woe,  
 Which wast begot in heaven, but for thy bad  
 And brutish shape thrust downe to hell below,  
 Where, by the grim floud of Cocytus slow,  
 Thy dwelling is in Herebus black hous,  
 (Black Herebus, thy husband, is the foe  
 Of all the gods,) where thou ungratious  
 Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in horreur hideous ;

## LVI.

“ What had th’ Eternall Maker need of thee  
 The world in his continuall course to keepe,  
 That doest all thinges deface, ne lettest see  
 The beautie of his worke ? Indeed in sleepe  
 The slouthfull body that doth love to steepe  
 His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,  
 Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian deepe  
 Calles thee his goddessse, in his errour blind,  
 And great dame Natures handmaide chearing every kind.

## LVII.

“ But well I wote that to an heavy hart  
 Thou art the roote and nourse of bitter cares,  
 Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts :  
 Instead of rest thou lendest rayling teares ;  
 Instead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares  
 And dreadfull visions, in the which alive  
 The dreary image of sad Death appears :  
 So from the wearie spirit thou doest drive  
 Desired rest, and men of happinesse deprive.

## LVIII.

“ Under thy mantle black there hidden lye  
 Light-shonning Theft, and traiterous Intent,  
 Abhorred Bloodshed, and vile Felony,  
 Shamefull Deceipt, and Daunger imminent,  
 Fowle Horror, and eke hellish Dreriment :  
 All these I wote in thy protection bee,  
 And light doe shonne, for feare of being shent :  
 For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee ;  
 And all, that lewdnesse love, doe hate the light to see.

## LIX.

“ For Day discovers all dishonest wayes,  
 And sheweth each thing as it is in deed :  
 The prayes of High God he faire displayes,  
 And His large bountie rightly doth areed :  
 Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed  
 Which Darknesse shall subdue and heaven win :  
 Truth is his daughter ; he her first did breed  
 Most sacred Virgin without spot of sinne :  
 Our life is day ; but death with darknesse doth begin.

## LX.

“ O, when will Day then turne to me againe,  
And bring with him his long-expected light !  
O Titan ! hast to reare thy ioyous waine ;  
Speed thee to spred abroad thy beamës bright,  
And chace away this too long lingring Night ;  
Chace her away, from whence she came, to hell :  
She, she it is, that hath me done despight :  
There let her with the damned spirits dwell,  
And yield her rowme to Day, that can it governe well.”

## LXI.

Thus did the Prince that wearie night outweare  
In restlesse anguish and unquiet paine ;  
And earely, ere the Morrow did upreare  
His deawy head out of the ocean maine,  
He up arose, as halfe in great disdaine,  
And clombe unto his steed : So forth he went  
With heavy looke and lumpish pace, that plaine  
In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent :  
His steed eke seemd t' apply his steps to his intent.

## CANTO V.

Prince Arthur hears of Florimell :  
 Three fosters Timias wound ;  
 Belphebe findes him almost dead,  
 And reareth out of swownd.

## I.

WONDER it is to see in diverse mindes  
 How diversly Love doth his pageaunts play,  
 And shewes his powre in variable kindes :  
 The baser wit, whose ydle thoughts alway  
 Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,  
 It stirreth up to sensuall desire,  
 And in lewd slouth to wast his carelesse day ;  
 But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,  
 That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

## II.

Ne suffereth it uncomely Idlenesse  
 In his free thought to build her sluggish nest ;  
 Ne suffereth it thought of ungentlenesse  
 Ever to creepe into his noble brest ;  
 But to the highest and the worthiest  
 Lifteth it up that els would lowly fall :  
 It lettes not fall, it lettes it not to rest ;  
 It lettes not scarce this Prince to breath at all,  
 But to his first poursuit him forward still doth call :

## III.

Who long time wandred through the forest wyde  
 To finde some issue thence ; till that at last  
 He met a Dwarfe that seemed terrifyde  
 With some late perill which he hardly past,  
 Or other accident which him aghast ;  
 Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,  
 And whether now he traueiled so fast :  
 For sore he swat, and, ronning through that same  
 Thicke forest, was bescracht and both his feet nigh lame.

## IV.

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,  
 The Dwarfe him answerd ; “ Sir, ill mote I stay  
 To tell the same: I lately did depart  
 From Faery Court, where I have many a day  
 Served a gentle Lady of great sway  
 And high accompt throughout all Elfin Land,  
 Who lately left the same, and tooke this way :  
 Her now I seeke ; and if ye understand  
 Which way she fared hath, good Sir, tell out of hand.”

## V.

“ What mister wight,” saide he, “ and how arayd ?”  
 “ Royally clad,” quoth he, “ in cloth of gold,  
 As meetest may beseeme a noble mayd ;  
 Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold,  
 A fayrer wight did never sunne behold ;  
 And on a palfrey rydes more white then snow,  
 Yet she herselfe is whiter manifold ;  
 The surest signe, whereby ye may her know,  
 Is, that she is the fairest wight alive, I trow.”

## VI.

“ Now certes, Swaine,” saide he, “ such one, I weene,  
 Fast flying through this forest from her fo,  
 A foule ill-favoured foster, I have seene;  
 Herselfe, well as I might, I reskewd tho,  
 But could not stay; so fast she did foregoe,  
 Carried away with wings of speedy feare.”  
 “ Ah! dearest God,” quoth he, “ that is great woe,  
 And wondrous ruth to all that shall it heare:  
 But can ye read, Sir, how I may her finde, or where?”

## VII.

“ Perdy me lever were to weeten that,”  
 Saide he, “ then ransome of the richest Knight,  
 Or all the good that ever yet I gat:  
 But froward fortune, and too forward night,  
 Such happinesse did, maulgre, to me spight,  
 And fro me reft both life and light attone.  
 But, Dwarfes, aread what is that Lady bright  
 That through this forrest wandreth thus alone;  
 For of her error straunge I have great ruth and mone.”

## VIII.

“ That Ladie is,” quoth he, “ whereso she bee,  
 The bountiest Virgin and most debonaire  
 That ever living eye, I weene, did see:  
 Lives none this day that may with her compare  
 In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare,  
 The goodly ornaments of beauty bright;  
 And is ycleped Florimell the fayre,  
 Faire Florimell belov'd of many a Knight,  
 Yet she loves none but one, that Marinell is hight;

## IX.

“ A Sea-nymphes sonne, that Marinell is hight,  
 Of my deare Dame is loved dearely well ;  
 In other none, but him, she sets delight ;  
 All her delight is set on Marinell ;  
 But he sets nought at all by Florimell :  
 For Ladies love his mother long ygoe  
 Did him, they say, forwarne through sacred spell :  
 But fame now flies, that of a forreine foe  
 He is ysleine, which is the ground of all our woe.

## X.

“ Five daies there be since he (they say) was slaine,  
 And fowre since Florimell the Court forwent,  
 And vowed never to returne againe  
 Till him alive or dead she did invent.  
 Therefore, faire Sir, for love of knighthood gent  
 And honour of trew Ladies, if ye may  
 By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,  
 Or succour her, or me direct the way,  
 Do one or other good, I you most humbly pray :

## XI.

“ So may ye gaine to you full great renowme  
 Of all good Ladies through the worlde so wide,  
 And haply in her hart finde highest rowme  
 Of whom ye seeke to be most magnifide !  
 At least eternall meede shall you abide.”  
 To whom the Prince ; “ Dwarfe, comfort to thee take ;  
 For, till thou tidings learne what her betide,  
 I here avow thee never to forsake :  
 Ill weares he armes, that nill them use for Ladies sake.”

## XII.

So with the Dwarfe he back retourn'd againe,  
 To seeke his Lady, where he mote her finde ;  
 But by the way he greatly gan complaine  
 The want of his good Squire late left behinde,  
 For whom he wondrous pensive grew in minde,  
 For doubt of daunger which mote him betide ;  
 For him he loved above all mankinde,  
 Having him trew and faithfull ever tride,  
 And bold, as ever Squyre that waited by Knights side :

## XIII.

Who all this while full hardly was assayd  
 Of deadly daunger which to him betidd :  
 For, whiles his Lord pursewd that noble Mayd,  
 After that foster fowle he fiercely ridd  
 To bene avenged of the shame he did  
 To that faire Damzell : Him he chaced long  
 Through the thicke woods wherein he would have hid  
 His shamefull head from his avengement strong,  
 And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

## XIV.

Nathlesse the villein sped himselfe so well,  
 Whether through swiftnesse of his speedie beast,  
 Or knowledge of those woods where he did dwell,  
 That shortly he from daunger was releast,  
 And out of sight escaped at the least ;  
 Yet not escaped from the dew reward  
 Of his bad deedes, which daily he increast,  
 Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard  
 The heavie plague that for such leachours is prepard.

## XV.

For, soone as he was vanisht out of sight,  
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,  
And cast t'avenge him of that fowle despight  
Which he had borne of his bold enimee :  
Tho to his brethren came, (for they were three  
Ungratious children of one gracelesse syre,)  
And unto them complayned how that he  
Had used beene of that foole-hardie Squyre :  
So them with bitter words he stird to bloodie yre.

## XVI.

Forthwith themselves with their sad instruments  
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme bylive,  
And with him forth into the forrest went  
To wreake the wrath, which he did earst revive  
In there sterne brests, on him which late did drive  
Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight :  
For they had vow'd that never he alive  
Out of that forest should escape their might ;  
Vile rancour their rude harts had fild with such despight.

## XVII.

Within that wood there was a covert glade,  
Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,  
Through which it was uneath for wight to wade ;  
And now by fortune it was overflowne :  
By that same way they knew that Squyre unknowne  
Mote algates passe ; forthy themselves they set  
There in await with thicke woods overgrowne,  
And all the while their malice they did whet  
With cruell threats his passage through the ford to let.

## XVIII.

It fortun'd, as they devized had,  
 The gentle Squyre came ryding that same way,  
 Unweeting of their wile and treason bad,  
 And through the ford to passen did assay;  
 But that fierce foster, which late fled away,  
 Stoutly foorth stepping on the further shore,  
 Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,  
 Till he had made amends, and full restore  
 For all the damage which he had him doen afore.

## XIX.

With that, at him a quiv'ring dart he threw  
 With so fell force, and villeinous despite,  
 That through his haberieon the forkehead flew,  
 And through the linked mayles empierced quite,  
 But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite:  
 That stroke the hardy Squire did sore displease,  
 But more that him he could not come to smite;  
 For by no meanes the high banke he could sease,  
 But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine disease.

## XX.

And still the foster with his long bore-speare  
 Him kept from landing at his wished will:  
 Anone one sent out of the thicket neare  
 A cruell shaft headed with deadly ill,  
 And fethered with an unlucky quill;  
 The wicked steele stayd not till it did light  
 In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:  
 Exceeding grieffe that wound in him empight,  
 But more that with his foes he could not come to fight.

## XXI.

At last, through wrath and vengeance, making way  
 He on the bancke arrayvd with mickle payne ;  
 Where the third brother him did sore assay,  
 And drove at him with all his might and mayne  
 A forest-bill, which both his hands did strayne ;  
 But warily he did avoide the blow,  
 And with his speare requited him agayne,  
 That both his sides were thrilled with the throw,  
 And a large streame of bloud out of the wound did flow.

## XXII.

He, tumbling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite  
 The bitter earth, and bad to lett him in  
 Into the balefull house of endlesse night,  
 Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former sin.  
 Tho gan the battaile freshly to begin ;  
 For nathemore for that spectácle bad  
 Did th' other two their cruell vengeance blin,  
 But both attonce on both sides him bestad,  
 And load upon him layd, his life for to have had.

## XXIII.

Tho when that villayn he aviz'd, which late  
 Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,  
 Full of fiers fury and indignant hate  
 To him he turned, and with rigor fell  
 Smote him so rudely on the pannikell,  
 That to the chin he clefted his head in twaine :  
 Downe on the ground his carkas groveling fell ;  
 His sinfull sowle with desperate disdain  
 Out of her fleshly ferme fled to the place of paine.

## XXIV.

That seeing, now the only last of three  
 Who with that wicked shafte him wounded had,  
 Trembling with horror, (as that did foresee  
 The fearefull end of his avengement sad,  
 Through which he follow should his brethren bad,)  
 His bootelesse bow in feeble hand upcaught,  
 And therewith shott an arrow at the Lad;  
 Which fayntly fluttring scarce his helmet raught,  
 And glauncing fel to ground, but him annoyed naught.

## XXV.

With that, he would have fled into the wood;  
 But Timias him lightly overhent,  
 Right as he entring was into the flood,  
 And strooke at him with force so violent,  
 That headlesse him into the foord he sent;  
 The carcas with the streame was carried downe,  
 But th' head fell backward on the continent;  
 So mischief fel upon the meaners crowne: [renowne:  
 They three be dead with shame; the Squire lives with

## XXVI.

He lives, but takes small ioy of his renowne;  
 For of that cruell wound he bled so sore,  
 That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne;  
 Yet still the blood forth gusht in so great store,  
 That he lay wallowd all in his owne gore.  
 Now God thee keepe! thou gentlest Squire alive,  
 Els shall thy loving Lord thee see no more;  
 But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,  
 And eke thyselfe of honor which thou didst atchive.

## XXVII.

Providence heavenly passeth living thought,  
 And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;  
 For loe! great grace or fortune thether brought  
 Comfort to him that comfortlesse now lay.  
 In those same woods ye well remember may  
 How that a noble hunteresse did wonne,  
 Shee, that base Braggadochio did affray,  
 And made him fast out of the forest ronne;  
 Belphœbe was her name, as faire as Phœbus sunne.

## XXVIII.

Shee on a day, as shee pursewd the chace  
 Of some wilde beast, which with her arrowes keene  
 She wounded had, the same along did trace  
 By tract of blood, which she had freshly seene  
 To have besprinckled all the grassy greene;  
 By the great persue which she there perceav'd,  
 Well hoped shee the beast engor'd had beene,  
 And made more haste the life to have bereav'd:  
 But ah! her expectation greatly was deceav'd.

## XXIX.

Shortly she came whereas that woefull Squire  
 With blood deformed lay in deadly swownd;  
 In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,  
 The christall humor stood congealed rownd;  
 His locks, like faded leaves fallen to grownd,  
 Knotted with blood in bouches rudely ran;  
 And his sweete lips, on which before that stownd  
 The bud of youth to blossome faire began,  
 Spoild of their rosy red were woxen pale and wan.

## XXX.

Saw never living eie more heavy sight,  
 That could have made a rocke of stone to rew,  
 Or rive in twaine: which when that Lady bright,  
 Besides all hope, with melting eies did vew,  
 All suddainly abasht shee chaunged hew,  
 And with sterne horror backward gan to start:  
 But, when shee better him beheld, shee grew  
 Full of soft passion and unwonted smart:  
 The point of pittie perced through her tender hart.

## XXXI.

Meekely shee bowed downe, to weete if life  
 Yett in his frozen members did remaine;  
 And, feeling by his pulses beating rife  
 That the weake sowle her seat did yett retaine,  
 Shee cast to comfort him with busy paine:  
 His double-folded necke she reard upright,  
 And rubd his temples and each trembling vaine;  
 His mayled haberieon shee did undight,  
 And from his head his heavy burganet did light.

## XXXII.

Into the woods thenceforth in haste shee went,  
 To seeke for hearbes that mote him remedy;  
 For shee of herbes had great intendiment,  
 Taught of the nympe which from her infancy  
 Her nourced had in trew nobility:  
 There, whether yt divine tobacco were,  
 Or panachæa, or polygony,  
 Shee fownd, and brought it to her patient deare,  
 Who al this while lay bleding out his hart-blood neare.

## XXXIII.

The soveraine weede betwixt two marbles plaine  
 Shee powned small, and did in peeces bruze;  
 And then atweene her lilly handès twaine  
 Into his wound the juice thereof did scruze;  
 And round about, as she could well it uze,  
 The flesh therewith she supplèd and did steepe,  
 T'abate all spasme and soke the swelling bruze;  
 And, after having searcht the intuse deepe,  
 Shewith her scarf did bind the wound, from cold to keepe.

## XXXIV.

By this he had sweet life recur'd agayne,  
 And, groning inly deepe, at last his eies,  
 His watry eies drizzling like deawy rayne,  
 He up gan lifte toward the azure skies,  
 From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:  
 Therewith he sigh'd; and, turning him aside,  
 The goodly Maide full of divinities  
 And gifts of heavenly grace he by him spide,  
 Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside.

## XXXV.

“Mercy! deare Lord,” said he, “what grace is this  
 That thou hast shewed to me sinfull wight,  
 To send thine Angell from her bowre of blis  
 To comfort me in my distressed plight!  
 Angell, or goddesse doe I call thee right?  
 What service may I doe unto thee meete,  
 That hast from darkenes me returnd to light,  
 And with thy hevenly salves and med'cines sweete  
 Hast drest my sinfull wounds! I kisse thy blessed feete.”

## XXXVI.

Thereat she blushing said ; “ Ah ! gentle Squire,  
 Nor goddesse I, nor angell ; but the mayd  
 And daughter of a woody nymphe, desire  
 No service but thy safëty and ayd ;  
 Which if thou gaine, I shal be well apayd.  
 Wee mortall wights, whose lives and fortunes bee  
 To commun accidents stil open layd,  
 Are bownd with commun bond of frailtee,  
 To succor wretched wights whom we captived see.”

## XXXVII.

By this hér damzells, which the former chace  
 Had undertaken after her, arrayv'd,  
 As did Belphœbe, in the bloody place,  
 And thereby deemd the beast had bene depriv'd  
 Of life, whom late their Ladies arow ryv'd :  
 Forthly the bloody tract they followd fast,  
 And every one to ronne the swiftest stryv'd ;  
 But two of them the rest far overpast,  
 And where their Lady was arrived at the last.

## XXXVIII.

Where when they saw that goodly Boy with blood  
 Defowled, and their Lady dresse his wownd,  
 They wondred much ; and shortly understood  
 How him in deadly cace their Lady fownd,  
 And reskewed out of the heavy stownd.  
 Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd  
 Farre in the woodes whiles that he lay in swownd,  
 She made those damzels search ; which being stayd,  
 They did him set thereon, and forth with them convayd.

## XXXIX.

Into that forest farre they thence him led  
 Where was their dwelling; in a pleasant glade  
 With mountaines rownd about environed  
 And mightie woodes, which did the valley shade,  
 And like a stately theatre it made  
 Spreading itselfe into a spacious plaine;  
 And in the midst a little river plaide  
 Emongst the pumy stones, which seemd to plaine  
 With gentle murmure that his course they did restraine.

## XL.

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,  
 Planted with mirtle trees and laurells greene,  
 In which the birds song many a lovely lay  
 Of Gods high praise, and of their loves sweet teene,  
 As it an earthly paradize had beene:  
 In whose enclosed shadow there was pight  
 A faire pavilion, scarcely to be seene,  
 The which was al within most richly dight,  
 That greatest princes living it mote well delight.

## XLI.

Thether they brought that wounded Squyre, and layd  
 In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest.  
 He rested him awhile; and then the Mayd  
 His readie wound with better salves new drest:  
 Daily she dressed him, and did the best,  
 His grievous hurt to guarish, that she might;  
 That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,  
 And his foule sore reduced to faire plight:  
 It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

## XLII.

O foolish physick, and unfruitfull paine,  
 That heales up one, and makes another wound!  
 She his hurt thigh to him recurd againe,  
 But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,  
 Through an unwary dart which did rebownd  
 From her faire eyes and gracious countenaunce.  
 What bootes it him from death to be unbownd,  
 To be captiued in endlésse duraunce  
 Of sorrow and despeyre without aleggeaunce!

## XLIII.

Still as his wound did gather, and grow hole,  
 So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd:  
 Madnesse to save a part, and lose the whole!  
 Still whenas he beheld the heavenly Mayd,  
 Whiles daily playsters to his wownd she layd,  
 So still his malady the more increast,  
 The whiles her matchlesse beautie him dismayd.  
 Ah God! what other could he do at least,  
 But love so fayre a Lady that his life releast!

## XLIV.

Long while he strove in his corageous brest  
 With reason dew the passion to subdew,  
 And love for to dislodge out of his nest:  
 Still when her excellencies he did vew,  
 Her soveraine bountie and celestially hew,  
 The same to love he strongly was constraynd:  
 But, when his meane estate he did rewev,  
 He from such hardy boldnesse was réstraynd,  
 And of his lucklesse lott and cruell love thus playnd:

## XLV.

“Unthankfull wretch,” said he, “is this the meed,  
 With which her soverain mercy thou doest quight?  
 Thy life she saved by her gracious deed;  
 But thou doest weene with villeinous despight  
 To blott her honour and her heavenly light:  
 Dye; rather dye then so disloyally  
 Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light:  
 Fayre death it is, to shonne more shame, to dy:  
 Dye; rather dy then ever love disloyally.

## XLVI.

“But if, to love, disloyalty it bee,  
 Shall I then hate her that from deathës dore  
 Me brought? ah! farre be such reproch fro mee!  
 What can I lesse doe then her love therefóre,  
 Sith I her dew reward cannot restore?  
 Dye; rather dye, and dying doe her serve;  
 Dying her serve, and living her adore;  
 Thy life she gave, thy life she doth deserve:  
 Dye; rather dye then ever from her service swerve.

## XLVII.

“But, foolish boy, what bootes thy service bace  
 To her, to whom the hevens doe serve and sew?  
 Thou, a meane Squyre of meeke and lowly place;  
 She, hevenly borne and of celestiall hew.  
 How then? of all Love taketh equall vew:  
 And doth not Highest God vouchsafe to take  
 The love and service of the basest crew?  
 If she will not; dye meekly for her sake:  
 Dye; rather dye then ever so faire love forsake!”

## XLVIII.

Thus warreid he long time against his will ;  
 Till that through weaknesse he was forst at last  
 To yield himselfe unto the mightie ill,  
 Which, as a victour proud, gan ransack fast  
 His inward partes, and all his entrayles wast,  
 That neither blood in face nor life in hart  
 It left, but both did quite drye up and blast ;  
 As percing levin, which the inner part  
 Of every thing consumes and calcineth by art.

## XLIX.

Which seeing fayre Belpheobe gan to feare  
 Least that his wound were inly well not heald,  
 Or that the wicked steele empoysned were :  
 Litle shee weend that love he close conceald.  
 Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeald  
 When the bright sunne his beams theron doth beat :  
 Yet never he his hart to her reveald ;  
 But rather chose to dye for sorow great  
 Then with dishonorable termes her to entreat.

## L.

She, gracious Lady, yet no paines did spare  
 To doe him ease, or doe him remedy :  
 Many restoratives of vertues rare  
 And costly cordialles she did apply,  
 To mitigate his stubborne malady :  
 But that sweet cordiall, which can restore  
 A love-sick hart, she did to him envy ;  
 To him, and to all th' unworthy world forlore,  
 She did envý that soveraine salve in secret store.

## LI.

That daintie rose, the daughter of her morne,  
More deare then life she tendered, whose flowre  
The girlond of her honour did adorne :  
Ne suffred she the middayes scorching powre,  
Ne the sharp northerne wind thereon to showre ;  
But lapped up her silken leaves most chayre,  
Whenso the froward skye began to lowre ;  
But, soone as calmed was the cristall ayre,  
She did it fayre dispred and let to florish fayre.

## LII.

Eternall God, in his almightie powre,  
To make ensample of his heavenly grace,  
In paradize whylome did plant this Flowre ;  
Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,  
And did in stocke of earthly flesh enrace,  
That mortall men her glory should admyre.  
In gentle Ladies breste and bounteous race  
Of woman-kind it fayrest Flowre doth spyre,  
And beareth fruit of honour and all chast desyre.

## LIII.

Fayre ympes of beautie, whose bright shining beames  
Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,  
And to your willes both royalties and reames  
Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous might ;  
With this fayre Flowre your goodly girlonds dight  
Of Chastity and Vertue virginall,  
That shall embellish more your beautie bright,  
And crowne your heades with heavenly coronall,  
Such as the Angels weare before God's tribunall !

## LIV.

To youre faire selves a faire ensample frame  
 Of this faire Virgin, this Belphœbe fayre ;  
 To whom, in perfect love and spotlesse fame  
 Of Chastitie, none living may compayre :  
 Ne poysnous Envy iustly can empayre  
 The prayse of her fresh-flowring Maydenhead ;  
 Forthy she standeth on the highest stayre  
 Of th' honorable stage of womanhead,  
 That Ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

## LV.

In so great prayse of stedfast Chastity  
 Nathlesse she was so courteous and kynde,  
 Tempred with Grace and goodly Modesty,  
 That seemed those two vertues strove to fynd  
 The higher place in her heroick mynd:  
 So striving each did other more augment,  
 And both encreast the prayse of womankynde,  
 And both encreast her beautie excellent :  
 So all did make in her a perfect complement.

## CANTO VI.

The Birth of fayre Belphœbe and  
Of Amorett is told :  
The Gardins of Adonis fraught  
With pleasures manifold.

## I.

WELL may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while  
Ye wonder how this noble Damozell  
So great perfections did in her compile,  
Sith that in salvage forests she did dwell,  
So farre from Court and royall Citadell,  
The great schoolmaistresse of all Courtesy:  
Seemeth that such wilde woodes should far expell  
All civile usage and gentility,  
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

## II.

But to this faire Belphœbe in her Berth  
The hevens so favorable were and free,  
Looking with myld aspéct upon the earth  
In th' horoscope of her nativitee,  
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee  
On her they poured forth of plenteous horne :  
Love laught on Venus from his soverayne see,  
And Phœbus with faire beames did her adorne,  
And all the Graces rockt her cradle being borne.

## III.

Her Berth was of the wombe of morning dew,  
 And her conception of the ioyous prime ;  
 And all her whole creation did her shew  
 Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime  
 That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.  
 So was this Virgin borne, so was she bred ;  
 So was she trayned up from time to time  
 In all chaste vertue and true bountihed,  
 Till to her dew perfection she were ripened.

## IV.

Her mother was the faire Chrysogonee,  
 The daughter of Amphisa, who by race  
 A Faerie was, yborne of high degree :  
 She bore Belphœbe ; she bore in like cace  
 Fayre Amoretta in the second place :  
 These two were twinnes, and twixt them two did share  
 The heritage of all celestiall grace ;  
 That all the rest it seemd they robbed bare  
 Of bounty, and of beautie, and all vertues rare.

## V.

It were a goodly storie to declare  
 By what straunge accident faire Chrysogone  
 Conceiv'd these infants, and how them she bare  
 In this wilde forrest wandring all alone,  
 After she had nine moneths fulfilled and gone :  
 For not as other wemens commune brood  
 They were enwombd in the sacred throne  
 Of her chaste bodie ; nor with commune food,  
 As other wemens babes, they sucked vitall blood :

## VI.

But wondrously they were begot and bred  
 Through influence of th' hevens fruitfull ray,  
 As it in antique bookes is mentioned.  
 It was upon a sommers shinie day,  
 When Titan faire his beamës did display,  
 In a fresh fountaine, far from all mens vew,  
 She bath'd her brest the boyling heat t'allay;  
 She bath'd with roses red and violets blew,  
 And all the sweetest flowers that in the forrest grew:

## VII.

Till faint through yrkesome wearines adowne  
 Upon the grassy ground herselfe she layd  
 To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slombring swowne  
 Upon her fell all naked bare displayd:  
 The sunbeames bright upon her body playd,  
 Being through former bathing mollifide,  
 And pierst into her wombe; where they embayd  
 With so sweet sence and secret powre unspide,  
 That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructifide.

## VIII.

Miraculous may seemé to him that reades  
 So straunge ensample of conception;  
 But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades  
 Of all things living, through impression  
 Of the sunbeames in moyst complexion,  
 Doe life conceive and quickned are by kynd:  
 So, after Nilus inundation,  
 Infinite shapes of creatures men doe fynd  
 Informed in the mud on which the sunne hath shynd.

## IX.

Great father he of generation  
 Is rightly cald, th' authour of life and light;  
 And his faire sister for creation  
 Ministreth matter fit, which, tempred right  
 With heate and humour, breedes the living wight.  
 So sprong these twinnes in womb of Chrysogone;  
 Yet wist she nought thereof, but sore affright  
 Wondred to see her belly so upblone,  
 Which still increast till she her terme had full outgone.

## X.

Whereof conceiving shame and foule disgrace,  
 Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,  
 She fled into the wilderness a space,  
 Till that unweeldy burden she had reard,  
 And shund dishonor which as death she feard:  
 Where, wearie of long traveill, downe to rest  
 Herselfe she set, and comfortably cheard;  
 There a sad cloud of sleepe her overkest,  
 And seized every sence with sorrow sore opprest.

## XI.

It fortun'd, faire Venus having lost  
 Her little sonne, the winged god of love,  
 Who for some light displeasure, which him crost,  
 Was from her fled as flit as ayery dove,  
 And left her blisfull bowre of ioy above;  
 (So from her often he had fled away,  
 When she for ought him sharpely did reprove,  
 And wandred in the world in straunge aray,  
 Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might him be-  
 wray;)

## XII.

Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly hous,  
The house of goodly formes and faire aspécts,  
Whence all the world derives the glorious  
Features of beautie, and all shapes select,  
With which High God his workmanship hath deckt;  
And searched everie way through which his wings  
Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect:  
She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things,  
Unto the-man that of him tydings to her brings.

## XIII.

First she him sought in Court, where most he us'd  
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;  
But many there she found which sore accus'd  
His falshood, and with fowle infámous blot  
His cruell deedes and wicked wyles did spot:  
Ladies and Lordes she every where mote heare  
Complayning, how with his empoysned shot  
Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare,  
And so had left them languishing twixt hope and feare.

## XIV.

She then the Cities sought from gate to gate,  
And everie one did aske, Did he him see?  
And everie one her answerd, that too late  
He had him seene, and felt the crueltee  
Of his sharpe dartes and whot artilleree:  
And every one threw forth reproches rife  
Of his mischiévous deedes, and sayd that hee  
Was the disturber of all civill life,  
The enemy of peace, and authour of all strife.

## XV.

'Then in the Countrey she abroad him sought,  
 And in the rurall cottages inquir'd ;  
 Where also many plaintes to her were brought,  
 How he their heedelesse harts with love had fir'd,  
 And his false venim through their veines inspir'd ;  
 And eke the gentle shepheard swaynes, which sat  
 Keeping their fleecy flockes as they were hyr'd,  
 She sweetly heard complaine both how and what  
 Her sonne had to them doen ; yet she did smile thereat.

## XVI.

But, when in none of all these she him got,  
 She gan avize where els he mote him hyde :  
 At last she her bethought that she had not  
 Yet sought the salvage Woods and Forests wyde,  
 In which full many lovely Nymphes abyde ;  
 Mongst whom might be that he did closely lye,  
 Or that the love of some of them him tyde :  
 Forthy she thether cast her course t' apply,  
 To search the secret haunts of Dianes company.

## XVII.

Shortly unto the wastefull woods she came,  
 Whereas she found the goddesse with her crew,  
 After late chace of their embrewed game,  
 Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew ;  
 Some of them washing with the liquid dew  
 From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat  
 And soyle, which did deforme their lively hew ;  
 Others lay shaded from the scorching heat ;  
 The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

## XVIII.

She, having hong upon a bough on high  
 Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaste  
 Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,  
 And her lanck loynes ungirt, and brests unbraste,  
 After her heat the breathing cold to taste ;  
 Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright  
 Embreaded werè for hindring of her haste,  
 Now loose about her shoulders hong undight,  
 And were with sweet Ambrosia all besprinckled light.

## XIX.

Soone as she Venus saw behinde her backe,  
 She was asham'd to be so loose surpriz'd ;  
 And woxe halfe wroth against her damzels slacke,  
 That had not her thereof before aviz'd,  
 But suffred her so carelesly disguiz'd  
 Be overtaken : Soone her garments loose  
 Upgath'ring, in her bosome she compriz'd  
 Well as she might, and to the goddesse rose ;  
 Whiles all her nymphes did like a girlond her enclose.

## XX.

Goodly she gan faire Cytherea greet,  
 And shortly asked her what cause her brought,  
 Into that wilderness for her unmeet, [fraught :  
 From her sweete bowres and beds with pleasures  
 That suddein chaung she straung adventure thought.  
 To whom halfe weeping she thus answered ;  
 That she her dearest sonne Cupido sought,  
 Who in his frowardnes from her was fled ;  
 That she repented sore to have him angered.

## XXI.

Thereat Diana gan to smile, in scorne  
 Of her vaine playnt, and to her scoffing sayd ;  
 " Great pittie sure that ye be so forlorne  
 Of your gay sonnie, that gives you so good ayd  
 To your disports ; ill mote ye bene apayd !"  
 But she was more engrieved, and replide ;  
 " Faire sister, ill beseemes it to upbrayd  
 A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride ;  
 The like that mine may be your paine another tide.

## XXII.

" As you in woods and wanton wildernesse  
 Your glory sett to chace the salvage beasts ;  
 So my delight is all in ioyfulnesse,  
 In beds, in bowres, in banckets, and in feasts :  
 And ill becomes you, with your lofty creasts,  
 To scorne the ioye that Iove is glad to seeke :  
 We both are bownd to follow heavens beheasts,  
 And tend our charges with obeisaunce meeke :  
 Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my paine to eeke ;

## XXIII.

" And tell me if that ye my sonne have heard  
 To lurke emongst your nimphes in secret wize,  
 Or keepe their cabins : much I am affeard  
 Least he like one of them himselfe disguise,  
 And turne his arrowes to their exercize :  
 So may he long himselfe full easie hide ;  
 For he is faire, and fresh in face and guize  
 As any nimphe ; let not it be envide."

So saying every nimph full narrowly shee eide.

## XXIV.

But Phœbe therewith sore was angered,  
 And sharply saide; "Goe, dame; goe, seeke your boy,  
 Where you him lately lefte, in Mars his bed:  
 He comes not here; we scorne his foolish ioy,  
 Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy:  
 But, if I catch him in this company,  
 By Stygian lake I vow, whose sad annoy  
 The gods doe dread, he dearly shall abyē:  
 Ile clip his wanton wings that he no more shall flye."

## XXV.

Whom whenas Venus saw so sore displeas'd,  
 Shee inly sory was, and gan relent  
 What shee had said: so her shee soone appeas'd  
 With sugred words and gentle blandishment,  
 Which as a fountaine from her sweete lips went  
 And welled goodly forth, that in short space  
 She was well pleas'd, and forth her damzells sent  
 Through all the woods, to search from place to place  
 If any tract of him or tidings they mote trace.

## XXVI.

To search the god of love her nimphes she sent  
 Throughout the wandring forest every where:  
 And after them herselfe eke with her went  
 To seeke the fugitive both farre and nere.  
 So long they sought, till they arrived were  
 In that same shady covert whereas lay  
 Faire Crysogone in slombry traunce whilere;  
 Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)  
 Unwares had borne two Babes as faire as springing day.

## XXVII.

Unwares she them conceivd, unwares she bore :  
 She bore withouten paine, that she conceiv'd  
 Withouten pleasure ; ne her need implore  
 Lucinaes aide: Which when they both perceiv'd,  
 They were through wonder nigh of sence berev'd,  
 And gazing each on other nought bespake :  
 At last they both agreed her seeming griev'd  
 Out of her heavie swowne not to awake,  
 But from her loving side the tender Babes to take.

## XXVIII.

Up they them tooke, each one a Babe uptooke,  
 And with them carried to be fostered :  
 Dame Phœbe to a nymphe her Babe betooke  
 To be upbrought in perfect Maydenhed,  
 And, of herselfe, her name Belphœbe red :  
 But Venus hers thence far away convayd,  
 To be upbrought in goodly womanhed ;  
 And, in her litle Loves stead which was strayd,  
 Her Amoretta cald, to comfort her dismayd.

## XXIX.

She brought her to her ioyous Paradize  
 Wher most she wonnes, when she on earth does dwell,  
 So faire a place as nature can devize :  
 Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,  
 Or it in Gnidus bee, I wote not well ;  
 But well I wote by triall, that this same  
 All other pleasaunt places doth excell,  
 And called is, by her lost lovers name,  
 The Gardin of Adonis, far renownd by fame.

## XXX.

In that same Gardin all the goodly flowres,  
 Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautify  
 And decks the girlonds of her paramoures,  
 Are fetcht: There is the first seminary  
 Of all things that are borne to live and dye,  
 According to their kynds. Long worke it were  
 Here to account the endlesse progeny  
 Of all the weeds that bud and blossome there;  
 But so much as doth need must needs be counted here.

## XXXI.

It sited was in fruitfull soyle of old,  
 And girt in with two walls on either side;  
 The one of yron, the other of bright gold,  
 That none might thorough breake, nor overstride:  
 And double gates it had which opened wide,  
 By which both in and out men moten pas;  
 Th' one faire and fresh, the other old and dride:  
 Old Genius the porter of them was,  
 Old Genius, the which a double nature has.

## XXXII.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend  
 All that to come into the world desire:  
 A thousand thousand naked babes attend  
 About him day and night, which doe require  
 That he with fleshly weeds would them attire:  
 Such as him list, such as eternall fate  
 Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,  
 And sendeth forth to live in mortall state,  
 Till they agayn returne backe by the hinder gate.

## XXXIII.

After that they againe retourned beene,  
 They in that Gardin planted bee agayne,  
 And grow afresh, as they had never seene  
 Fleshly corruption nor mortall payne:  
 Some thousand yeares so doen they there remayne,  
 And then of him are clad with other hew,  
 Or sent into the chaungefull world agayne,  
 Till thether they retourne where first they grew:  
 So, like a wheele, arownd they ronne from old to new.

## XXXIV.

Ne needs there gardiner to sett or sow,  
 To plant or prune; for of their owne accord  
 All things, as they created were, doe grow,  
 And yet remember well the Mighty Word  
 Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,  
 That bad them to *increase and multiply*:  
 Ne doe they need, with water of the ford  
 Or of the clouds, to moysten their roots dry;  
 For in themselves eternall moisture they imply.

## XXXV.

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,  
 And uncouth formes, which none yet ever knew:  
 And every sort is in a sondry bed  
 Sett by itselſe, and ranckt in comely rew;  
 Some fitt for reasonable sowles t'indew;  
 Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare;  
 And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew  
 In endlesse rancks along enraunged were,  
 That seemd the ocean could not containe them there.

## XXXVI.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent  
 Into the world, it to replenish more ;  
 Yet is the stocke not lessened nor spent,  
 But still remaines in everlasting store  
 As it at first created was of yore:  
 For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,  
 In hatefull darknes and in deep horróre,  
 An huge eternall Chaos, which supplies  
 The substaunces of Natures fruitfull progenyes.

## XXXVII.

All things from thence doe their first being fetch,  
 And borrow matter whereof they are made;  
 Which, whenas forme and feature it does ketch,  
 Becomes a body, and doth then invade  
 The state of life out of the griesly shade.  
 That substaunce is eterne, and bideth so;  
 Ne, when the life decayes and forme does fade,  
 Doth it consume and into nothing goe,  
 But chaunged is and often altered to and froe.

## XXXVIII.

The substaunce is not chaunged nor altered,  
 But th'only forme and outward fashion;  
 For every substaunce is conditioned  
 To change her hew, and sondry formes to don,  
 Meet for her temper and complexion:  
 For formes are variable, and decay  
 By course of kinde and by occasion;  
 And that faire flowre of beautie fades away,  
 As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

## XXXIX.

Great enemy to it, and to' all the rest  
 That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,  
 Is wicked Time; who with his scyth adrest  
 Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly things,  
 And all their glory to the ground downe flings,  
 Where they do wither and are fowly mard:  
 He flyes about, and with his flaggy wings  
 Beates downe both leaves and buds without regard,  
 Ne ever pittie may relent his malice hard.

## XL.

Yet pittie often did the gods relent,  
 To see so faire thinges mard and spoiled quight:  
 And their great mother Venus did lament  
 The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight:  
 Her hart was pierst with pittie at the sight,  
 When walking through the Gardin them she spyde,  
 Yet no'te she find redresse for such despight:  
 For all that lives is subiect to that law:  
 All things decay in time, and to their end doe draw.

## XLI.

But were it not that Time their troubler is,  
 All that in this delightfull Gardin growes  
 Should happy bee, and have immortall blis:  
 For here all plenty and all pleasure flowes;  
 And sweete Love gentle fitts emongst them throwes,  
 Without fell rancor or fond gealosity:  
 Franckly each paramour his leman knowes;  
 Each bird his mate; ne any does envý  
 Their goodly meriment and gay felicity.

## XLII.

There is continuall spring, and harvest there  
Continuall, both meeting at one tyme:  
For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,  
And with fresh colours decke the wanton pryme,  
And eke attonce the heavy trees they clyme,  
Which seeme to labour under their fruites lode:  
The whiles the ioyous birdes make their pastyme  
Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,  
And their trew loves without suspition tell abroad.

## XLIII.

Right in the midst of that Paradise  
There stood a stately mount, on whose round top  
A gloomy grove of mirtle trees did rise,  
Whose shady boughes sharp steele did never lop,  
Nor wicked beastes their tender buds did crop,  
But like a girlond compassed the hight,  
And from their fruitfull sydes sweet gum did drop,  
That all the ground, with pretious deaw bedight,  
Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight.

## XLIV.

And in the thickest covert of that shade  
There was a pleasant arber, not by art  
But of the trees owne inclination made,  
Which knitting their rancke braunches part to part,  
With wanton yvie-twine entrayld athwart,  
And eglantine and caprifole emong,  
Fashiond above within their inmost part, [throng,  
That nether Phœbus beams could through them  
Nor Aeolus sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

## XLV.

And all about grew every sort of flowre,  
 To which sad lovers were transformde of yore ;  
 Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus paramoure  
 And dearest love ;  
 Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watry shore ;  
 Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,  
 Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore  
 Me seemes I see Amintas' wretched fate,  
 To whom sweet poets verse hath givèn endlesse date.

## XLVI.

There wont fayre Venus often to enioy  
 Her deare Adonis ioyous company,  
 And reap sweet pleasure of the wanton boy :  
 There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,  
 Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery,  
 By her hid from the world, and from the skill  
 Of Stygian gods, which doe her love envý ;  
 But she herselfe, whenever that she will,  
 Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill :

## XLVII.

And sooth, it seemes, they say ; for he may not  
 For ever dye, and ever buried bee  
 In balefull night where all thinges are forgot ;  
 All be he subiect to mortalitie,  
 Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,  
 And by succession made perpetuall,  
 Transformed oft, and changed diverslie :  
 For him the father of all formes they call ;  
 Therefore needs mote he live, that living gives to all.

## XLVIII.

There now he liveth in eternal blis,  
 Ioying his goddessse, and of her enioyd;  
 Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,  
 Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd:  
 For that wilde bore, the which him once annoyd,  
 She firmly hath emprisoned for ay,  
 (That her sweet Love his malice mote avoyd,)  
 In a strong rocky cave, which is, they say,  
 Hewen underneath that mount, that none him losen may.

## XLIX.

There now he lives in everlasting ioy,  
 With many of the gods in company  
 Which thether haunt, and with the winged boy,  
 Sporting himselfe in safe felicity:  
 Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty  
 Ransackt the world, and in the wofull harts  
 Of many wretches set his triumphes hye,  
 Thether resortes, and, laying his sad dartes  
 Asyde, with faire Adonis playes his wanton partes.

## L.

And his trew Love faire Psyche with him playes,  
 Fayre Psyche to him lately reconcyld,  
 After long troubles and unmeet upbrayes,  
 With which his mother Venus her revyld,  
 And eke himselfe her cruelly exyld:  
 But now in stedfast love and happy state  
 She with him lives, and hath him borne a chyld,  
 Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,  
 Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late.

## LI.

Hether great Venus brought this Infant fayre,  
 The yonger daughter of Chrysogonee,  
 And unto Psyche with great trust and care  
 Committed her, yfostered to bee  
 And trained up in trew feminitee:  
 Who no lesse carefully her tendered  
 Then her owne daughter Pleasure, to whom shee  
 Made her companion, and her lessoned  
 In all the lore of love and goodly womanhead.

## LII.

In which when she to perfect ripenes grew,  
 Of grace and beautie noble paragone,  
 She brought her forth into the worldes vew,  
 To be th'ensample of true love alone,  
 And lodestarre of all chaste affectione  
 To all fayre Ladies that doe live on grownd.  
 To Faery Court she came; where many one  
 Admyrd her goodly haveour, and fownd  
 His feeble hart wide launched with loves cruel wownd.

## LIII.

But she to none of them her love did cast,  
 Save to the noble Knight Sir Scudamore,  
 To whom her loving hart she linked fast  
 In faithfull love, t'abide for evermore;  
 And for his dearest sake endured sore  
 Sore trouble of an hainous enemy,  
 Who her would forced have to have forlore  
 Her former love and stedfast loialty;  
 As ye may elsewhere reade that ruefull history.

## LIV.

But well I weene ye first desire to learne  
What end unto that fearefull Damozell,  
Which fledd so fast from that same foster stearne  
Whom with his brethren Timias slew, befell :  
That was, to weet, the goodly Florimell ;  
Who wandring for to seeke her lover deare,  
Her lover deare, her dearest Marinell,  
Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,  
And from Prince Arthure fled with wings of idle feare.

## CANTO VII.

The Witches sonne loves Florimell :  
 She flyes ; he faines to dy.  
 Satyrane saves the Squyre of Dames  
 From Gyaunts tyranny.

## I.

LIKE as an hynd forth singled from the heard,  
 That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,  
 Yet flyes away of her owne feete afeard ;  
 And every leafe, that shaketh with the least  
 Murmure of winde, her terror hath encreast :  
 So fledd fayre Florimell from her vaine feare,  
 Long after she from perill was releast :  
 Each shade she saw, and each noyse she did heare,  
 Did seeme to be the same which she escapt whileare.

## II.

All that same evening she in flying spent,  
 And all that night her course continewed :  
 Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent  
 Nor wearinesse to slack her hast, but fled  
 Ever alike, as if her former dred  
 Were hard behind, her ready to arrest :  
 And her white palfrey, having conquered  
 The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,  
 Perforce her carried where ever he thought best.

## III.

So long as breath and hable puissance  
 Did native corage unto him supply,  
 His pace he freshly forward 'did aduance,  
 And carried her beyond all ieopardy;  
 But nought that wanteth rest can long aby:  
 He, having through incessant traveill spent  
 His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,  
 Ne foot could further move: The Lady gent  
 Thereat was suddein strook with great astonishment;

## IV.

And, forst t' alight, on foot mote algates fare  
 A traveiler unwonted to such way;  
 Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,  
*That Fortune all in equall launce doth sway,*  
*And mortall miseries doth make her play.*  
 So long she traveild, till at length she came  
 To an hilles side, which did to her bewray  
 A litle valley subiect to the same,  
 All coverd with thick woodes that quite it overcame.

## V.

Through th' tops of the high trees she did descry  
 A litle smoke, whose vapour thin and light  
 Reeking aloft uprolled to the sky:  
 Which chearefull signe did send unto her sight  
 That in the same did wonne some living wight.  
 Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyd,  
 And came at last in weary wretched plight  
 Unto the place, to which her hope did guyde  
 To finde some refuge there, and rest her wearie syde.

## VI.

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found  
 A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes  
 In homely wize, and wald with sods around ;  
 In which a Witch did dwell, in loathly weedes  
 And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes ;  
 So choosing solitarie to abide  
 Far from all neighbours, that her diuelish deedes  
 And hellish arts from people she might hide,  
 And hurt far off unknowne whomever she enuide.

## VII.

The Damzell there arriving entred in ;  
 Where sitting on the flore the Hag she found  
 Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin :  
 Who, soone as she beheld that suddein stound,  
 Lightly upstarted from the dustie ground,  
 And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze  
 Stared on her awhile, as one astound,  
 Ne had one word to speake for great amaze ; [daze.  
 But shewd by outward signes that dread her sence did

## VIII.

At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath,  
 She askt, What devill had her thether brought,  
 And who she was, and what unwonted path  
 Had guided her, unwelcomed, unsought?  
 To which the Damzell full of doubtfull thought  
 Her mildly answer'd ; " Beldame, be not wroth  
 With silly Virgin, by adventure brought  
 Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,  
 That crave but rowme to rest while tempest overblo'th."

## IX.

With that adowne out of her christall eyne  
Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,  
That like two orient perles did purely shyne  
Upon her snowy cheeke; and therewithall  
She sighed soft, that none so bestiall  
Nor salvage hart but ruth of her sad plight  
Would make to melt, or pitteously appall;  
And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight  
In mischiefe, was much moved at so pitteous sight;

## X.

And gan recomfort her, in her rude wyse,  
With womanish compassion of her plaint,  
Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,  
And bidding her sit downe to rest her faint  
And wearie limbs awhile: She nothing quaint  
Nor 'sdeignfull of so homely fashion,  
Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,  
Sate downe upon the dusty ground anon;  
As glad of that small rest, as bird of tempest gon.

## XI.

Tho gan she gather up her garments rent,  
And her loose lockes to dight in order dew  
With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament;  
Whom such whenas the wicked Hag did vew,  
She was astonisht at her heavenly hew,  
And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,  
But or some goddesse, or of Dianes crew,  
And thought her to adore with humble spright:  
T'adore thing so divine as beauty were but right.

## XII.

This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,  
 The comfort of her age and weary dayes,  
 A laesy loord, for nothing good to donne,  
 But stretched forth in ydlenesse alwayes,  
 Ne ever cast his mind to covet prayse,  
 Or ply himselfe to any honest trade;  
 But all the day before the sunny rayes  
 He us'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade:  
 Such laesinesse both lewd and poore attonce him made.

## XIII.

He, comming home at undertime, there found  
 The fayrest creature that he ever saw  
 Sitting beside his mother on the ground;  
 The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,  
 And his base thought with terrour and with aw  
 So inly smot, that as one, which hath gaz'd  
 On the bright sunne unwares, doth soone withdraw  
 His feeble eyne with too much brightnes daz'd;  
 So stared he on her, and stood long while amaz'd.

## XIV.

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,  
 What mister wight that was, and whence deriv'd,  
 That in so straunge djsguizement there did maske,  
 And by what accident she there arriv'd?  
 But she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,  
 With nought but ghastly lookes him answered;  
 Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd  
 From Stygian shores where late it wandered:  
 So both at her, and each at other wondered.

## XV.

But the fayre Virgin was so meeke and myld,  
 That she to them vouchsafed to embrace  
 Her goodly port, and to their senses vyld  
 Her gentle speach applyde, that in short space  
 She grew familiare in that desert place.  
 During which time the Chorle, through her so kind  
 And courteise use, conceiv'd affection bace,  
 And cast to love her in his brutish mind;  
 No love, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tind.

## XVI.

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,  
 And shortly grew into outrageous fire;  
 Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,  
 As unto her to utter his desire;  
 His caytive thought durst not so high aspire:  
 But with soft sighes and lovely semblaunces  
 He ween'd that his affection entire  
 She should aread; many resemblaunces  
 To her he made, and many kinde remembraunces.

## XVII.

Oft from the forrest wildings he did bring,  
 Whose sides empurpled were with snyling red;  
 And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing  
 His maistresse praises sweetly caroled:  
 Girlonds of flowres sometimes for her faire hed  
 He fine would dight; sometimes the squirrel wild  
 He brought to her in bands, as conquered  
 To be her thrall, his fellow-servant vild:  
 All which she of him tooke with countenance meeke and  
 mild.

## XVIII.

But, past a while, when she fit season saw  
 To leave that desert mansion, she cast  
 In secret wize herselfe thence to withdraw,  
 For feare of mischief, which she did forecast  
 Might by the witch or by her sonne compast :  
 Her wearie palfrey, closely as she might,  
 Now well recovered after long repast,  
 In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,  
 His late miswandred wayes now to remeasure right.

## XIX.

And earely, ere the dawning day appear'd,  
 She forth issewed, and on her iourney went ;  
 She went in perill, of each noyse affeard  
 And of each shade that did itselfe present ;  
 For still she feared to be overhent  
 Of that vile Hag, or her uncivile Sonne ;  
 Who when, too late awaking, well they kent  
 That their fayre Guest was gone, they both begonne  
 To make exceeding mone as they had beene undonne.

## XX.

But that lewd lover did the most lament  
 For her depart, that ever man did heare ;  
 He knockt his brest with desperate intent,  
 And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare  
 His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare :  
 That his sad mother seeing his sore plight  
 Was greatly woe-begon, and gan to feare  
 Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,  
 And love to frenzy turnd ; sith love is franticke hight.

## XXI.

All wayes shee sought him to restore to plight,  
 With herbs, with charms, with counsel, and with teares;  
 But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell, might  
 Asswage the fury which his entrails teares:  
 So strong is passion that no reason heares!  
 Tho, when all other helps she saw to faile,  
 She turnd herselfe backe to her wicked leares;  
 And by her diuvelish arts thought to preuaile  
 To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

## XXII.

Eftsoones out of her hidden cave she cald  
 An hideous beast of horrible aspéct,  
 That could the stoutest coráge have appald;  
 Monstrous, mishapt, and all his backe was spect  
 With thousand spots of colours queint elect;  
 Thereto so swifte that it all beasts did pas:  
 Like never yet did living eie detect;  
 But likest it to an hyena was  
 That feeds on wemens flesh, as others feede on gras.

## XXIII.

It forth she cald, and gave it streight in charge  
 Through thicke and thin her to poursew apace,  
 Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,  
 Till her hee had attaind and brought in place,  
 Or quite devourd her beauties scornefull grace.  
 The monster, swifte as word that from her went,  
 Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace  
 So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent  
 And passing speede, that shortly he her overhent.

## XXIV.

Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh espide,  
 No need to bid her fast away to flie ;  
 That ugly shape so sore her terrifide,  
 That it she shund no lesse then dread to die ;  
 And her flitt palfrey did so well apply  
 His nimble feet to her conceived feare,  
 That whilest his breath did strength to him supply,  
 From perill free he her away did beare ;  
 But, when his force gan faile, his pace gan wex areare.

## XXV.

Which whenas she perceiv'd, she was dismayd  
 At that same last extremity ful sore,  
 And of her safety greatly grew afrayd :  
 And now she gan approach to the sea shore,  
 As it befell, that she could flie no more,  
 But yield herselfe to spoile of greedinesse :  
 Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,  
 From her dull horse, in desperate distresse,  
 And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sicknesse.

## XXVI.

Not halfe so fast the wicked Myrrha fled  
 From dread of her revenging fathers hond ;  
 Nor halfe so fast to save her maydenhed  
 Fled fearefull Daphne on th' Ægean strond ;  
 As Florimell fled from that monster yond,  
 To reach the sea ere she of him were raught :  
 For in the sea to drowne herselfe she fond,  
 Rather then of the tyrant to be caught :  
 Thereto fear gave her wings, and need her corage taught.

## XXVII.

It fortun'd (High God did so ordaine)  
As shee arriv'd on the roring shore,  
In minde to leape into the mighty maine,  
A little bote lay hoving her before,  
In which there slept a fisher old and pore,  
The whiles his nets were drying on the sand:  
Into the same shee lept, and with the ore  
Did thrust the shallop from the floting strand:  
So safety fownd at sea, which she fownd not at land.

## XXVIII.

The monster, ready on the pray to sease,  
Was of his forward hope deceived quight;  
Ne durst assay to wade the perlous seas,  
But, greedily long gaping at the sight,  
At last in vaine was forst to turne his flight,  
And tell the idle tidings to his Dame:  
Yet, to avenge his divelish despight,  
He set upon her palfrey tired lame,  
And slew him cruelly ere any reskew came:

## XXIX.

And, after having him embowelled  
To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunst a Knight  
To passe that way, as forth he traveled:  
Yt was a goodly Swaine, and of great might,  
As ever man that bloody field did fight;  
But in vain sheows, that wont yong Knights bewitch,  
And courtly services, tooke no delight;  
But rather ioyd to bee than seemen sich:  
For both to be and seeme to him was labor lich.

## XXX.

It was to weete the good Sir Satyrane  
 That raungd abroad to seeke adventures wilde,  
 As was his wont, in forest and in plaine :  
 He was all armd in rugged steele unfiled,  
 As in the smoky forge it was compilde,  
 And in his scutchin bore a satyres hedd :  
 He comming present, where the monster vilde  
 Upon that milke-white palfreyes carcas fedd,  
 Unto his reskew ran, and greedily him spedd.

## XXXI.

There well perceivd he that it was the horse  
 Whereon faire Florimell was wont to ride,  
 That of that feend was rent without remorse :  
 Much feared he least ought did ill betide  
 To that faire Maide, the flowre of wemens pride ;  
 For her he dearely loved, and in all  
 His famous conquests highly magnifide :  
 Besides, her golden girdle, which did fall  
 From her in flight, he fownd, that did him sore apall.

## XXXII.

Full of sad feare and doubtfull agony  
 Fiercely he flew upon that wicked feend ;  
 And with huge strokes and cruell battery  
 Him forst to leave his pray, for to attend  
 Himselfe from deadly daunger to defend :  
 Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh  
 He did engrave, and muchell blood did spend,  
 Yet might not doe him die ; but aie more fresh  
 And fierce he still appeard, the more he did him thresh.

## XXXIII.

He wist not how him to despoile of life,  
Ne how to win the wished victory,  
Sith him he saw still stronger grow through strife,  
And himselfe weaker through infirmity:  
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously  
Hurling his sword away he lightly leapt  
Upon the beast, that with great cruelty  
Rored and raged to be underkept;  
Yet he perforce him held, and strokes upon him hept.

## XXXIV.

As he that strives to stop a suddein flood,  
And in strong bancks his violence restraine,  
Forceth it swell above his wonted mood,  
And largely overflow the fruitfull plaine,  
That all the countrey seemes to be a maine,  
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne:  
The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine  
To see his whole yeares labor lost so soone,  
For which to God he made so many an idle boone.

## XXXV.

So him he held, and did through might amate:  
So long he held him, and him bett so long,  
That at the last his fiercenes gan abate,  
And meekely stoup unto the victor strong:  
Who, to avenge the implacable wrong  
Which he supposed donne to Florimell,  
Sought by all meanes his dolor to prolong,  
Sith dint of steele his carcas could not quell;  
His maker with her charmes had framed him so well.

## XXXVI.

The golden ribband, which that Virgin wore  
 About her slender waste, he tooke in hand,  
 And with it bownd the beast that lowd did rore  
 For great despight of that unwonted band,  
 Yet dared not his victor to withstand,  
 But trembled like a lambe fled from the pray;  
 And all the way him followd on the strand,  
 As he had long bene learned to obay;  
 Yet never learned he such service till that day.

## XXXVII.

Thus as he led the beast along the way,  
 He spide far off a mighty Giauntesse  
 Fast flying, on a courser dapled gray,  
 From a bold Knight that with great hardinesse  
 Her hard pursewd, and sought for to suppressse:  
 She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,  
 Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,  
 Fast bounden hand and foote with cords of wire,  
 Whome she did meane to make the thrall of her desire.

## XXXVIII.

Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in haste  
 He lefte his captive beast at liberty,  
 And crost the nearest way, by which he cast  
 Her to encounter ere she passed by;  
 But she the way shund nathemore forthy,  
 But forward gallopt fast; which when he spyde,  
 His mighty speare he couched warily,  
 And at her ran; she, having him descryde,  
 Herselfe to fight addrest, and threw her lode aside.

## XXXIX.

Like as a goshauke, that in foote doth beare  
 A trembling culver, having spide on hight  
 An eagle that with plumy wings doth sheare  
 The subtile ayre stouping with all his might,  
 The quarrey throwes to ground with fell despight,  
 And to the batteill doth herselfe prepare:  
 So ran the Geauntesse unto the fight;  
 Her fyrie eyes with furious sparkes did stare,  
 And with blasphemous bannes High God in peeces tare.

## XL.

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,  
 Wherewith she many had of life depriv'd;  
 But, ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,  
 His speare amidst her sun-brode shield arriv'd;  
 Yet nathemore the steele asonder riv'd,  
 All were the beame in bignes like a mast,  
 Ne her out of the stedfast saddle driv'd;  
 But, glauncing on the tempred metall, brast  
 In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her past.

## XLI.

Her steed did stagger with that puissaunt strooke;  
 But she no more was moved with that might  
 Then it had lighted on an aged oke,  
 Or on the marble pillour that is pight  
 Upon the top of mount Olympus hight,  
 For the brave youthly champions to assay  
 With burning charet wheeles it nigh to smite;  
 But who that smites it mars his ioyous play,  
 And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

## XLII.

Yet, therewith sore enrag'd, with sterne regard  
 Her dreadfull weapon she to him adrest,  
 Which on his helmet martelled so hard  
 That made him low incline his lofty crest,  
 And bowd his battred visour to his brest:  
 Wherewith he was so stund that he n'ote ryde,  
 But reeled to and fro from east to west:  
 Which when his cruell enemy espyde,  
 She lightly unto him adioyned syde to syde;

## XLIII.

And, on his collar laying puissaunt hand,  
 Out of his wavering seat him pluckt perforce,  
 Perforce him pluckt unable to withstand  
 Or helpe himselfe; and laying thwart her horse,  
 In loathly wise like to a carrion corse,  
 She bore him fast away: which when the Knight  
 That her pursewed saw, with great remorse  
 He neare was touched in his noble spright,  
 And gan encrease his speed as she encreast her flight.

## XLIV.

Whom whenas nigh approaching she espyde,  
 She threw away her burden angrily;  
 For she list not the batteill to abide,  
 But made herselfe more light away to fly:  
 Yet her the hardy Knight pursewd so nye  
 That almost in the backe he oft her strake:  
 But still, when him at hand she did espy,  
 She turnd, and semblaunce of faire fight did make;  
 But, when he stayd, to flight againe she did her take.

## XLV.

By this the good Sir Satyrane gan wake  
Out of his dreame that did him long entraunce,  
And, seeing none in place, he gan to make  
Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce  
Which reft from him so faire a chevisaunce:  
At length he spyde whereas that wofull Squyre,  
Whom he had reskewed from captivaunce  
Of his strong foe, lay tumbled in the myre,  
Unable to arise, or foot or hand to styre.

## XLVI.

To whom approching, well he mote perceive  
In that fowle plight a comely personage  
And lovely face, made fit for to deceive  
Fraile Ladies hart with loves consuming rage,  
Now in the blossome of his freshest age:  
He reard him up and loosd his yron bands,  
And after gan inquire his parentage,  
And how he fell into that Gyaunts hands,  
And who that was which chaced her along the lands.

## XLVII.

Then trembling yet through feare the Squire bespake;  
“ That Geauntesse Argantè is behight,  
A daughter of the Titans which did make  
Warre against heven, and heaped hils on hight  
To scale the skyes and put Iove from his right:  
Her syre Typhoeus was; who, mad through merth,  
And dronke with blood of men slaine by his might,  
Through incest her of his owne mother Earth  
Whylome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth:

## XLVIII.

“ For at that berth another babe she bore ;  
 To weet, the mightie Ollyphant, that wrought  
 Great wreake to many errant Knights of yore,  
 And many hath to foule confusion brought.  
 These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing thought,)  
 Whiles in their mothers wombe enclosed they were,  
 Ere they into the lightsom world were brought,  
 In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,  
 And in that monstrous wise did to the world appere.

## XLIX.

“ So liv'd they ever after in like sin,  
 Gainst natures law and good behaveoure :  
 But greatest shame was to that maiden twin ;  
 Who, not content so fowly to devoure  
 Her native flesh and staine her brothers bowre,  
 Did wallow in all other fleshly myre,  
 And suffred beastes her body to deflowre ;  
 So whot she burned in that lustfull fyre :  
 Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desyre :

## L.

“ But over all the countrie she did raunge,  
 To seeke young men to quench her flaming thrust,  
 And feed her fancy with delightfull chaunge :  
 Whom so she fittest findes to serve her lust, [trust,  
 Through her maine strength, in which she most doth  
 She with her bringes into a secret ile,  
 Where in eternall bondage dye he must,  
 Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,  
 And in all shamefull sort himselfe with her defile.

## LI.

" Me seely wretch she so at vauntage caught,  
 After she long in waite for mè did lye,  
 And meant unto her prison to have brought,  
 Her lothsom pleasure there to satisfye;  
 That thousand deathes me lever were to dye  
 Then breake the vow that to faire Columbèll  
 I plighted have, and yet keepe stedfastly:  
 As for my name, it mistreth not to tell;  
 Call me the Squyre of Dames; that me beseemeth well.

## LII.

" But that bold Knight, whom ye pursuing saw  
 That Geauntesse, is not such as she seemd,  
 But a faire Virgin that in martiall law  
 And deedes of armes above all Dames is deemd,  
 And above many Knightes is eke esteemd  
 For her great worth; she Palladine is hight:  
 She you from death, you me from dread, redeemd:  
 Ne any may that monster match in fight,  
 But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight."

## LIII.

" Her well beseemes that quest," quoth Satyrane:  
 " But read, thou Squyre of Dames, what vow is this,  
 Which thou upon thyselfe hast lately ta'ne?"  
 " That shall I you recount," quoth he, " ywis,  
 So be ye pleas'd to pardon all amis.  
 That gentle Lady whom I love and serve,  
 After long suit and wearie servicis,  
 Did aske me how I could her love deserve,  
 And how she might be sure that I would never swerve.

## LIV.

“ I, glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,  
 Badd her commaund my life to save or spill :  
 Eftsoones she badd me with incessaunt paine  
 To wander through the world abroad at will,  
 And every where, where with my power or skill  
 I might doe service unto gentle Dames,  
 That I the same should faithfully fulfill ;     [ names  
 And at the twelve monethes end should bring their  
 And pledges, as the spoiles of my victorious games.

## LV.

“ So well I to faire Ladies service did,  
 And found such favour in their loving hartes,  
 That, ere the yeare his course had compassid,  
 Three hundred pledges for my good desartes,  
 And thrice three hundred thanks for my good partes,  
 I with me brought and did to her present :  
 Which when she saw, more bent to eke my smartes  
 Then to reward my trusty true intent,  
 She gan for me devise a grievous punishment ;

## LVI.

“ To weet, that I my travell should resume,  
 And with like labour walke the world arownd,  
 Ne ever to her presence should presume,  
 Till I so many other Dames had fownd,  
 The which, for all the suit I could propownd,  
 Would me refuse their pledges to afford,  
 But did abide for ever chaste and sownd.”  
 “ Ah! gentle Squyre,” quoth he, “ tell at one word,  
 How many fownd’st thou such to put in thy record?”

## LVII.

“ Indeed, Sir Knight,” said he, “ one word may tell  
 All that I ever fownd so wisely stayd,  
 For onely three they were disposd so well ;  
 And yet three yeares I now abrode have strayd,  
 To find them out.” “ Mote I,” then laughing sayd  
 The Knight, “ inquire of thee what were those three,  
 The which thy proffred curtesie denayd ?  
 Or ill they seemed sure avizd to bee,  
 Or brutishly brought up, that nev’r did fashions see.”

## LVIII.

“ The first which then refused me,” said hee,  
 “ Certes was but a common courtisane ;  
 Yet flat refusd to have adoe with mee,  
 Because I could not give her many a jane.”  
 (Thereat full hartely laughed Satyrane.)  
 “ Thè second was an holy nunne to chose,  
 Which would not let me be her chappellane,  
 Because she knew, she sayd, I would disclose  
 Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

## LIX.

“ The third a damzell was of low degree,  
 Whom I in countrey cottage fownd by chaunce :  
 Full litle weened I that chastitee  
 Had lodging in so meane a maintenaunce ;  
 Yet was she fayre, and in her countenaunce  
 Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion :  
 Long thus I woo’d her with due óbservaunce,  
 In hope unto my pleasure to have won ;  
 But was as far at last, as when I first begon.

## LX.

“ Safe her, I never any woman found  
That chastity did for itselſe embrace,  
But were for other causes firme and sound ;  
Either for want of handsome time and place,  
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.  
Thus am I hopelesse ever to attaine  
My Ladies love, in such a desperate case,  
But all my dayes am like to waste in vaine,  
Seeking to match the chaste with th’ unchaste Ladies  
traine.”

## LXI.

“ Perdy,” sayd Satyrane, “ thou Squire of Dames,  
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,  
To get small thankes, and therewith many blames ;  
That may emongst Alcides labours stand.”  
Thence backe returning to the former land,  
Where late he left the beast he overcame,  
He found him not ; for he had broke his band,  
And was returnd againe unto his Dame,  
To tell what tydings of fayre Florimell became.

## CANTO VIII.

The Witch creates a snowy La-  
 dy like to Florimell ;  
 Who wrong'd by Carle, by Proteus sav'd,  
 Is sought by Paridell.

## I.

So oft as I this history record,  
 My hart doth melt with meere compassion,  
 To thinke how causelesse of her owne accord  
 This gentle Damzell, whom I write upon,  
 Should plonged be in such affliction  
 Without all hope of comfort or reliefe ;  
 That sure I weene the hardest hart of stone  
 Would hardly finde to aggravate her grieffe :  
 For misery craves rather mercy then réprieffe.

## II.

But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late,  
 Had so enranckled her malitious hart,  
 That she desyrd th' abridgement of her fate,  
 Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.  
 Now when the beast, which by her wicked art  
 Late fourth she sent, she backe retourning spyde  
 Tyde with her golden girdle ; it a part  
 Of Her rich spoyles whom he had earst destroyd  
 She weend, and wondrous gladnes to her hart applyde :

## III.

And, with it ronning hast'ly to her sonne,  
 Thought with that sight him much to have reliv'd ;  
 Who, thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,  
 His former grieffe with furie fresh reviv'd  
 Much more than earst, and would have algates riv'd  
 The hart out of his brest : for sith her dedd  
 He surely dempt, himselfe he thought depriv'd  
 Quite of all hope wherewith he long had fedd  
 His foolish malady, and long time had misledd.

## IV.

With thought whereof exceeding mad he grew,  
 And in his rage his mother would have slaine,  
 Had she not fled into a secret mew,  
 Where she was wont her sprightes to entertaine,  
 The maisters of her art : there was she faine  
 To call them all in order to her ayde,  
 And them conjure, upon eternall paine,  
 To counsell her so carefully dismayd [cayd.  
 How she might heale her sonne whose senses were de-

## V.

By their advice, and her owne wicked wit,  
 She there deviz'd a wondrous worke to frame,  
 Whose like on earth was never framed yit ;  
 That even Nature selfe envide the same,  
 And grudg'd to see the counterfet should shame  
 The thing itselfe : In hand she boldly tooke  
 To make another like the former Dame,  
 Another Florimell, in shape and looke  
 So lively, and so like, that many it mistooke.

## VI.

The substance, whereof she the body made,  
 Was purest snow in massy mould congeald,  
 Which she had gathered in a shady glade  
 Of the Riphœan hils, to her reveald  
 By errant sprights, but from all men conceald :  
 The same she tempred with fine mercury  
 And virgin wax that never yet was seald,  
 And mingled them with perfect vermily ;  
 That like a lively sanguine it seemd to the eye.

## VII.

Instead of eyes two burning lampes she set  
 In silver sockets, shyning like the skyes,  
 And a quicke moving spirit did arret  
 To stirre and roll them like to womens eyes :  
 Instead of yellow Lockes she did devise  
 With golden wyre to weave her curled head :  
 Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thryse  
 As Florimells fayre heare : and, in the stead  
 Of life, she put a spright to rule the carcas dead ;

## VIII.

A wicked spright, yfraught with fawning guyle  
 And fayre resemblance above all the rest,  
 Which with the Prince of Darkenes fell somewhyle  
 From heavens blis and everlasting rest :  
 Him needed not instruct which way were best  
 Himselfe to fashion likest Florimell,  
 Ne how to speake, ne how to use his gest ;  
 For he in counterfesaunce did excell,  
 And all the wyles of wemens wits knew passing well.

## IX.

Him shaped thus she deckt in garments gay,  
 Which Florimell had left behind her late ;  
 That whoso then her saw, would surely say  
 It was herselfe whom it did imitate,  
 Or fayrer then herselfe, if ought algate  
 Might fayrer be. And then she forth her brought  
 Unto her sonne that lay in feeble state ;  
 Who seeing her gan streight upstart, and thought  
 She was the Lady selfe whom he so long had sought.

## X.

Tho, fast her clipping twixt his armës twayne,  
 Extremely ioyed in so happy sight,  
 And soone forgot his former sickely payne :  
 But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,  
 Coyly rebutted his embracement light ;  
 Yet still, with gentle countenaunce, retain'd  
 Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight :  
 Him long she so with shadowes entertain'd,  
 As her creatresse had in charge to her ordain'd :

## XI.

Till on a day, as he disposed was  
 To walke the woodes with that his idole faire,  
 Her to disport and idle time to pas  
 In th' open freshnes of the gentle aire,  
 A Knight that way there chaunced to reaire ;  
 Yet Knight he was not, but a boastfull swaine  
 That deedes of armes had ever in despaire,  
 Proud Braggadocchio, that in vaunting vaine  
 His glory did repose and credit did maintaine.

## XII.

He, seeing with that Chorle so faire a wight  
 Decked with many a costly ornament,  
 Much merveiled thereat, as well he might,  
 And thought that match a fowle disparagement:  
 His bloody speare eftesoones he boldly bent  
 Against the silly Clowne, who dead through feare  
 Fell streight to ground in great astonishment:  
 "Villein," sayd he, "this Lady is my deare;  
 Dy, if thou it gainesay: I will away her beare."

## XIII.

The fearefull Chorle durst not gainesay nor dooe,  
 But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;  
 Who, finding litle leasure her to wooe,  
 On Tromparts steed her mounted without stay,  
 And without reskew led her quite away.  
 Proud man himselfe then Braggadochio deem'd,  
 And next to none, after that happy day,  
 Being possessed of that spoyle, which seem'd  
 The fairest wight on ground and most of men esteem'd.

## XIV.

But, when he saw himselfe free from poursute,  
 He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame  
 With termes of love and lewdnesse dissolute;  
 For he could well his glozing speaches frame  
 To such vaine uses that him best became:  
 But she thereto would lend but light regard,  
 As seeming sory that she ever came  
 Into his powre, that used her so hard  
 To reave her honor which she more then life prefard.

## XV.

Thus as they two of kindnes treated long,  
 There them by chaunce encountred on the way  
 An armed Knight upon a courser strong,  
 Whose trampling feete upon the hollow lay  
 Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray  
 That Capons corage; yet he looked grim,  
 And faynd to cheare his Lady in dismay,  
 Who seemd for feare to quake in every lim,  
 And her to save from outrage meekely prayed him.

## XVI.

Fiercely that Straunger forward came; and, nigh  
 Approching, with bold words and bitter threat  
 Bad that same Boaster, as he mote on high,  
 To leave to him that Lady for excheat,  
 Or bide him batteill without further treat.  
 That challenge did too peremptory seeme,  
 And fild his senses with abashment great;  
 Yet, seeing nigh him ieopardy extreme,  
 He it dissembled well, and light seemd to esteeme;

## XVII.

Saying, "Thou foolish Knight, that weenst with words  
 To steale away that I with blowes have wonne,  
 And brought through points of many périlous swords!  
 But if thee list to see thy courser ronne,  
 Or prove thyselfe; this sad encounter shonne,  
 And seeke els without hazard of thy hedd."  
 At those prowde words that other Knight begonne  
 To wax exceeding wroth, and him aredd  
 To turne his steede about, or sure he should be dedd.

## XVIII.

“Sith then,” said Braggadochio, “needes thou wilt  
 Thy daies abridge, through prooffe of puissaunce;  
 Turne we our steeds; that both in equall tilt  
 May meete againe, and each take happy chaunce.”  
 This said, they both a furlongs mountenaunce  
 Retird their steeds, to ronne in even race:  
 But Braggadochio with his bloody launce  
 Once having turnd, no more returnd his face,  
 But lefte his Love to losse, and fled himselfe apace.

## XIX.

The Knight, him seeing flie, had no regard  
 Him to pursue, but to the Lady rode;  
 And, having her from Trompart lightly reard,  
 Upon his courser sett the lovly lode,  
 And with her fled away without abode:  
 Well weened he, that fairest Florimell  
 It was with whom in company he yode,  
 And so herselfe did alwaies to him tell;  
 So made him thinke himselfe in heven that was in hell.

## XX.

But Florimell herselfe was far away,  
 Driven to great distresse by fortune straunge,  
 And taught the carefull mariner to play,  
 Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to change  
 The land for sea, at randon there to raunge:  
 Yett there that cruell queene avengeresse,  
 Not satisfyde so far her to estraunge  
 From courtly blis and wonted happinesse,  
 Did heape on her new waves of weary wretchednesse.

## XXI.

For, being fled into the fishers bote  
 For refuge from the monsters cruelty,  
 Long so she on the mighty maine did flote,  
 And with the tide drove forward carelesly;  
 For th'ayre was milde and cleared was the skie,  
 And all his windes dan Aeolus did keepe  
 From stirring up their stormy enmity,  
 As pittying to see her waile and weepe;  
 But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe.

## XXII.

At last when droncke with drowsinesse he woke,  
 And saw his drover drive along the streame,  
 He was dismayd; and thrise his brest he stroke,  
 For marveill of that accident extreame:  
 But when he saw that blazing beauties beame,  
 Which with rare light his bote did beautifye,  
 He marveild more, and thought he yet did dreame  
 Not well awakte; or that some extasye,  
 Assotted had his sence, or dazed was his eye.

## XXIII.

But, when her well avizing hee perceiv'd  
 To be no vision nor fantasticke sight,  
 Great comfort of her presence he conceiv'd,  
 And felt in his old corage new delight  
 To gin awake, and stir his frozen spright:  
 Tho rudely askte her, how she thether came?  
 "Ah!" sayd she, "fathër, I note read aright  
 What hard misfortune brought me to this same;  
 Yet am I glad that here I now in safety ame.

## XXIV.

“ But thou, good man, sith far in sea we bee,  
And the great waters gin apace to swell,  
That now no more we can the mayn-land see,  
Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote well,  
Least worse on sea then us on land befell.”  
Thereat th’ old man did nought but fondly grin,  
And saide, his boat the way could wisely tell:  
But his deceitfull eyes did never lin  
To looke on her faire face and marke her snowy skin.

## XXV.

The sight whereof in his congealed flesh  
Infixt such secrete sting of greedy lust,  
That the drie withered stocke it gan refresh,  
And kindled heat, that soone in flame forth brust:  
The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.  
Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hand,  
Where ill became him, rashly would have thrust;  
But she with angry scorne him did withstond,  
And shamefully reprovod for his rudenes fond.

## XXVI.

But he, that never good nor maners knew,  
Her sharpe rebuke full litle did esteeme;  
Hard is to teach an old horse amble trew:  
The inward smoke, that did before but steeme,  
Broke into open fire and rage extreme;  
And now he strength gan adde unto his will,  
Forcyng to doe that did him fowle misseeme:  
Beastly he threwe her downe, ne car’d to spill  
Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all did fill.

## XXVII.

The silly Virgin strove him to withstand  
 All that she might, and him in vaine revild;  
 Shee strugled strongly both with foote and hand  
 To save her honor from that villaine vilde,  
 And cride to heven, from humane help exild.  
 O! ye brave Knights, that boast this Ladies love,  
 Where be ye now, when she is nigh defild  
 Of filthy wretch! well may she you reprove  
 Of falsehood or of slouth, when most it may behove!

## XXVIII.

But if that thou, Sir Satyran, didst weete,  
 Or thou, Sir Peridure, her sory state,  
 How soone would yee assemble many a fleete,  
 To fetch from sea that ye at land lost late!  
 Towres, citties, kingdomes, ye would ruinate  
 In your avengement and despiteous rage,  
 Ne ought your burning fury mote abate:  
 But, if Sir Calidore could it presage,  
 No living creature could his cruelty asswage.

## XXIX.

But, sith that none of all her Knights is nye,  
 See how the heavens, of voluntary grace  
 And soveraine favor towards chastity,  
 Doe succor send to her distressed cace:  
 So much High God doth innocence embrace!  
 It fortun'd, whilst thus she stifly strove,  
 And the wide sea impórtuned long space  
 With shrilling shriekes, Proteus abrode did rove,  
 Along the fomy waves driving his finny drove.

## XXX.

Proteus is shepheard of the seas of yore;  
 And hath the charge of Neptune's mighty heard;  
 An aged sire with head all frowy hore,  
 And sprinckled frost upon his deawy beard:  
 Who when those pittifull outcries he heard  
 Through all the seas so ruefully resownd,  
 His charett swifte in hast he thether steard,  
 Which with a teeme of scaly Phocas bownd  
 Was drawne upon the waves, that fomed him arownd;

## XXXI.

And comming to that fishers wandring bote,  
 That went at will withouten card or sayle,  
 He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which smote  
 Deepe indignation and compassion frayle  
 Into his hart attonce: streight did he hayle  
 The greedy villein from his hoped pray,  
 Of which he now did very little fayle;  
 And with his staffe, that drives his heard astray,  
 Him bett so sore, that life and sence did much dismay.

## XXXII.

The whiles the pitteous lady up did ryse,  
 Ruffled and fowly raid with filthy soyle,  
 And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes;  
 Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,  
 To save herselfe from that outrageous spoyle:  
 But when she looked up, to weet what wight  
 Had her from so infamous fact assoyld,  
 For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,  
 Downe in her lap she hid her facé, and lowdly shrigh.

## XXXIII.

Herselfe not saved yet from daunger dredd  
 She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare:  
 Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fledd  
 From the sharpe hauke which her attached neare,  
 And fals to ground to seeke for succor theare,  
 Whereas the hungry spaniells she does spye  
 With greedy iawes her ready for to teare:  
 In such distresse and sad perplexity  
 Was Florimell, when Proteus she did see her by.

## XXXIV.

But he endeavored with speaches milde  
 Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,  
 Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,  
 Nor doubt himselfe; and who he was her told:  
 Yet all that could not from affright her hold,  
 Ne to recomfort her at all prevayld;  
 For her faint hart was with the frosen cold  
 Benumbd so inly that her wits nigh fayld,  
 And all her sences with abashment quite were quayld.

## XXXV.

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he reard,  
 And with his frory lips full softly kist,  
 Whiles the cold ysickles from his rough beard  
 Dropped adowne upon her yvory breast:  
 Yet he himselfe so busily adrest,  
 That her out of astonishment he wrought;  
 And, out of that same fishers filthy nest  
 Removing her, into his charet brought,  
 And there with many gentle termes her faire besought.

## XXXVI.

But that old leachour, which with bold assault  
 That beautie durst presume to violate,  
 He cast to punish for his hainous fault :  
 Then tooke he him yet trembling sith of late  
 And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate  
 The Virgin whom he had abusde so sore ;  
 So drag'd him through the waves in scornful state,  
 And after cast him up upon the shore ;  
 But Florimell with him unto his bowre he bore.

## XXXVII.

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,  
 Under a mightie rocke gainst which doe rave  
 The roring billowes in their proud disdaine,  
 That with the angry working of the wave  
 Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,  
 That seemes rough masons hand with engines keene  
 Had long while laboured it to engrave :  
 There was his wonne ; ne living wight was seene  
 Save one old nymph, hight Panopè, to keepe it cleane.

## XXXVIII.

Thether he brought the sory Florimell,  
 And entertained her the best he might,  
 (And Panopè her entertaind eke well,)  
 As an immortall mote a mortall wight,  
 To winne her liking unto his delight :  
 With flattering wordes he sweetly wooed her,  
 And offered faire guiftes t' allure her sight ;  
 But she both offers and the offerer  
 Despysde, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

## XXXIX.

Dayly he tempted her with this or that,  
 And never suffred her to be at rest:  
 But evermore she him refused flat,  
 And all his fained kindnes did detest;  
 So firmly she had sealed up her brest.  
 Sometimes he boasted that a god he hight;  
 But she a mortall creature loved best:  
 Then he would make himselfe a mortall wight;  
 But then she said she lov'd none but a Faery Knight.

## XL.

Then like a Faerie Knight himselfe he drest;  
 For every shape on him he could endew:  
 Then like a king he was to her exprest,  
 And offred kingdoms unto her in vew  
 To be his Leman and his Lady trew:  
 But, when all this he nothing saw prevaile,  
 With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,  
 And with sharpe threatates her often did assayle;  
 So thinking for to make her stubborne corage quayle.

## XLI.

To dreadfull shapes he did himselfe transforme:  
 Now like a gyaunt; now like to a feend;  
 Then like a centaure; then like to a storme  
 Raging within the waves: Thereby he weend  
 Her will to win unto his wished eend:  
 But when with feare, nor favour, nor with all  
 He els could doe, he saw himselfe esteemd,  
 Downe in a dongeon deepe he let her fall,  
 And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

## XLII.

Eternall thraldome was to her more lief  
 Then losse of chastitie, or change of love:  
 Dye had she rather in tormenting grieffe  
 Then any should of falsenesse her reprove,  
 Or loosenes, that she lightly did remove.  
 Most vertuous Virgin! glory be thy meed,  
 And crowne of heavenly prayse with saintes above,  
 Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous deed  
 Are still emongst them song, that far my rymes exceed:

## XLIII.

Fit song of angels caroled to bee!  
 But yet whatso my feeble Muse can frame,  
 Shal be t'advance thý goodly chastitee,  
 And to enroll thy memorable name  
 In th' heart of every honourable Dame,  
 That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate,  
 And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.  
 Yt yrkes me leave thee in this wofull state,  
 To tell of Satyrane where I him left of late:

## XLIV.

Who having ended with that Squyre of Dames  
 A long discourse of his adventures vayne,  
 The which himselfe then Ladies more defames,  
 And finding not th' hyena to be slayne,  
 With that same Squyre retourned backe againe  
 To his first way: And, as they forward went,  
 They spyde a Knight fayre pricking on the playne,  
 As if he were on some adventure bent,  
 And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

## XLV.

Sir Satyrane him towards did addresse,  
 To weet what wight he was, and what his quest :  
 And, comming nigh, eftsoones he gan to gesse  
 Both by the burning hart which on his brest  
 He bare, and by the colours in his crest,  
 That Paridell it was : Tho to him yode,  
 And, him saluting as beseemed best,  
 Gan first inquire of tydinges farre abrode ;  
 And afterwardes on what adventure now he rode.

## XLVI.

Who thereto answering said ; “ The tydinges bad,  
 Which now in Faery Court all men doe tell,  
 Which turned hath great mirth to mourning sad,  
 Is the late ruine of proud Marinell,  
 And suddein parture of faire Florimell  
 To find him forth : and after her are gone  
 All the brave Knightes, that doen in armes excell,  
 To savegard her ywandred all alone ;  
 Emongst the rest my lott (unworthy’) is to be one.”

## XLVII.

“ Ah ! gentle Knight,” said then Sir Satyrane,  
 “ Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,  
 That hast a thanklesse service on thee ta’ne,  
 And offrest sacrifice unto the dead :  
 For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread  
 Henceforth for ever Florimell to bee ;  
 That all the noble Knights of Maydenhead,  
 Which her ador’d, may sore repent with mee,  
 And all faire Ladies may for ever sory bee.”

## XLVIII.

Which wordes when Paridell had heard, his hew  
 Gan greatly chaung, and seemd dismaid to bee ;  
 Then sayd ; “ Fayre Sir, how may I weene it trew,  
 That ye doe tell in such uncerteintee?  
 Or speake ye of report, or did ye see  
 Iust cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so sore?  
 For perdie elles how mote it ever bee,  
 That ever hand should dare for to engore  
 Her noble blood ! The hevens such crueltie abhore.”

## XLIX.

“ These eyes did see that they will ever rew  
 T’ have scene,” quoth he, “ whenas a monstrous beast  
 The palfrey whereon she did travell slew,  
 And of his bowels made his bloody feast:  
 Which speaking token sheweth at the least  
 Her certain losse, if not her sure decay:  
 Besides, that more suspicion encreast,  
 I found her golden girdle cast astray,  
 Distaynd with durt and blood, as relique of the pray.”

## L.

“ Ah me !” said Paridell, “ the signes be sadd ;  
 And, but God turne the same to good soothsay,  
 That Ladies safetie is sore to be dradd:  
 Yet will I not forsake my forward way,  
 Till triall doe more certeine truth bewray.”  
 “ Faire Sir,” quoth he, “ well may it you succeed !  
 Ne long shall Satyrane behind you stay ;  
 But to the rest, which in this quest proceed,  
 My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed.”

## LI.

“Ye noble Knights,” said then the Squire of Dames,  
“Well may yee speede in so praiseworthy payne!  
But sith the sunne now ginnes to slake his beames  
In deawy vapours of the westerne mayne,  
And lose the teme out of his weary wayne,  
Mote not mislike you also to abate  
Your zealous hast, till morrow next againe  
Both light of heven and strength of men relate:  
Which if ye please, to yonder Castle turne your gate.”

## LII.

That counsell pleased well ; so all yfere  
Forth marched to a Castle them before ;  
Where soone arriving they restrained were  
Of ready entraunce, which ought evermore  
To errant Knights be commune : Wondrous sore  
Thereat displeasd they were, till that young Squire  
Gan them informe the cause why that same dore  
Was shut to all which lodging did desyre :  
The which to let you weet will further time requyre.

## CANTO IX.

Malbecco will no straunge Knights host,  
 For peevish gealosity:  
 Paridell giusts with Britomart:  
 Both shew their auncestry.

## I.

REDOUBTED Knights, and honorable Dames,  
 To whom I levell all my labours end,  
 Right sore I feare least with unworthy blames  
 This odious argument my rymes should shend,  
 Or ought your goodly patience offend,  
 Whiles of a wanton Lady I doe write,  
 Which with her loose incontinence doth blend  
 The shyning glory of your souveraine light;  
 And knighthood fowle defaced by a faithlesse Knight.

## II.

But never let th' ensample of the bad  
 Offend the good: for good, by paragone  
 Of evill, may more notably be rad;  
 As white seemes fayrer macht with blacke attone:  
 Ne all are shamed by the fault of one:  
 For lo! in heven, whereas all goodnes is  
 Emongst the angels, a whole legione  
 Of wicked sprightes did fall from happy blis;  
 What wonder then if one, of women all, did mis?

## III.

Then listen, Lordings, if ye list to weet  
 The cause why Satyrane and Paridell  
 Mote not be entertaynd, as seemed meet,  
 Into that Castle, as that Squyre does tell.  
 " Therein a cancred crabbed Carle does dwell,  
 That has no skill of court nor courtesie,  
 Ne cares what men say of him ill or well :  
 For all his dayes he drownes in privitie,  
 Yet has full large to live and spend at libertie.

## IV.

" But all his mind is set on mucky pelfe,  
 To hoord up heapes of evill-gotten masse,  
 For which he others wrongs, and wreckes himselfe :  
 Yet is he lincked to a lovely Lasse,  
 Whose beauty doth her bounty far surpasse ;  
 The which to him both far unequall yeares  
 And also far unlike conditions has ;  
 For she does ioy to play emongst her peares,  
 And to be free from hard restraynt and gealous feares.

## V.

" But he is old, and withered like hay,  
 Unfit faire Ladies service to supply ;  
 The privie guilt whereof makes him alway  
 Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy  
 Upon her with his other blinked eye ;  
 Ne suffreth he resort of living wight  
 Approch to her, ne keep her company,  
 But in close bowre her mewes from all mens sight,  
 Depriv'd of kindly ioy and naturall delight.

## VI.

“ Malbecco he, and Hellenore she hight ;  
 Unfitly yokt together in one teeme.  
 That is the cause why never any Knight  
 Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme  
 Such as no doubt of him he need misdeeme.”  
 Thereat Sir Satyrane gan smyle, and say ;  
 “ Extremely mad the man I surely deeme  
 That weenes, with watch and hard restraynt, to stay  
 A womans will which is disposd to go astray.

## VII.

“ In vaine he feares that which he cannot shonne :  
 For who wotes not, that womans subtiltyes  
 Can guylen Argus, when she list misdonne ?  
 It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,  
 Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull spyes,  
 That can withhold her wilfull-wandring feet ;  
 But fast goodwill, with gentle courtesyes,  
 And timely service to her pleasures meet,  
 May her perhaps containe that else would algates fleet.”

## VIII.

“ Then is he not more mad,” sayd Paridell,  
 “ That hath himselfe unto such service sold,  
 In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell ?  
 For sure a foole I doe him firmly hold,  
 That loves his fetters, though they were of gold.  
 But why doe wee devise of others ill,  
 Whyles thus we suffer this same Dotard old  
 To keepe us out in scorne, of his owne will,  
 And rather do not ransack all, and himselfe kill ?”

## IX.

“Nay, let us first,” sayd Satyrane, “entreat  
 The man by gentle meanes, to let us in;  
 And afterwarde affray with cruell threat,  
 Ere that we to efforce it doe begin:  
 Then, if all fayle, we will by force it win,  
 And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,  
 As may be worthy of his haynous sin.”  
 That counsell pleasd: Then Paridell did rise,  
 And to the Castle-gate approcht in quiet wise:

## X.

Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desyrd.  
 The good man selfe, which then the porter playd,  
 Him answered, that all were now retyrd  
 Unto their rest, and all the keyes conuayd  
 Unto their Maister who in bed was layd,  
 That none him durst awake out of his dreame;  
 And therefore them of patience gently prayd.  
 Then Paridell began to change his theme,  
 And threatned him with force and punishment extreme.

## XI.

But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent:  
 And now so long before the wicket fast  
 They wayted, that the night was forward spent,  
 And the faire welkin fowly overcast  
 Gan blowen up a bitter stormy blast,  
 With showre and hayle so horrible and dred,  
 That this faire many were compeld at last  
 To fly for succour to a little shed,  
 The which beside the gate for swyne was ordered.

## XII.

It fortun'd, soone after they were gone,  
 Another Knight, whom tempest thether brought,  
 Came to that Castle, and with earnest mone,  
 Like as the rest, late entrance deare besought;  
 But, like so as the rest, he prayd for nought;  
 For flatly he of entrance was refusd:  
 Sorely thereat he was displeasd, and thought  
 How to avenge himselfe so sore abusd,  
 And evermore the Carle of courtesie accusd.

## XIII.

But, to avoyde th'intollerable stowre,  
 He was compeld to seeke some refuge neare,  
 And to that shed, to shrowd him from the showre,  
 He came, which full of guests he found whyleare,  
 So as he was not let to enter there:  
 Whereat he gan to wex exceeding<sup>r</sup> wroth,  
 And swore that he would lodge with them yfere  
 Or them dislodg, all were they liefe or loth;  
 And so defyde them each, and so defyde them both.

## XIV.

Both were full loth to leave that needfull tent,  
 And both full loth in darkenesse to debate;  
 Yet both full liefe him lodging to have lent,  
 And both full liefe his boasting to abate:  
 But chiefly Paridell his hart did grate  
 To heare him threaten so despightfully,  
 As if he did a dogge in kenell rate  
 That durst not barke; and rather had he dy  
 Then, when he was defyde, in coward corner ly.

## XV.

Tho, hastily remounting to his steed,  
 He forth issew'd ; like as a boystrous winde,  
 Which in th' earthes hollow caves hath long ben hid  
 And shut up fast within her prisons blind,  
 Makes the huge element, against her kinde,  
 To move and tremble as it were aghast,  
 Untill that it an issew forth may finde ;  
 Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast ,  
 Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth overcast.

## XVI.

Their steel-hed speares they strongly coucht, and met  
 Together with impetuous rage and forse,  
 That with the terrour of their fierce affret  
 They rudely drove to ground both man and horse,  
 That each awhile lay like a sencelesse corse.  
 But Paridell sore brused with the blow  
 Could not arise, the counterchaunge to scorse ;  
 Till that young Squyre him reared from below ;  
 Then drew he his bright sword, and gan about him throw.

## XVII.

But Satyrane forth stepping did them stay,  
 And with faire treaty pacifide their yre :  
 Then, when they were accorded from the fray,  
 Against that Castles Lord they gan conspire,  
 To heape on him dew vengeance for his hire.  
 They beene agreed, and to the gates they goe  
 To burn the same with unquenchnable fire,  
 And that uncurteous Carle, their commune foe,  
 To doe fowle death to die, or wrap in grievous woe.

## XVIII.

Malbecco seeing them resolv'd in deed  
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call  
For fire in earnest, ran with fearfull speed,  
And, to them calling from the castle wall,  
Besought them humbly him to beare withall,  
As ignorant of servants bad abuse  
And slacke attendaunce unto straungers call.  
The Knights were willing all things to excuse,  
Though nought belev'd, and entraunce late did not refuse.

## XIX.

They beene ybrought into a comely bowre,  
And serv'd of all things that mote needfull bee;  
Yet secretly their hoste did on them lowre,  
And welcomde more for feare then charitee;  
But they dissembled what they did not see,  
And welcomed themselves. Each gan undight  
Their garments wett, and weary armour free,  
To dry themselves by Vulcanes flaming light,  
And eke their lately bruized parts to bring in plight.

## XX.

And eke that straunger Knight emongst the rest  
Was for like need enforst to disaray:  
Tho, whenas vailed was her lofty crest,  
Her golden locks, that were in tramells gay  
Upbounden, did themselves adowne display  
And raught unto her heeles; like sunny beames,  
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,  
Their vapour vaded, shewe their golden gleames,  
And through the persant aire shoote forth their azure  
streames.

## XXI.

Shee also dofte her heavy haberieon,  
 Which the faire feature of her limbs did hyde ;  
 And her well-plighted frock, which she did won  
 To tucke about her short when she did ryde,  
 Shee low let fall, that flowd from her lanck syde  
 Downe to her foot with carelesse modestee.  
 Then of them all she plainly was espyde  
 To be a woman-wight, unwist to bee,  
 The fairest woman-wight that ever eie did see.

## XXII.

Like as Bellona (being late returnd  
 From slaughter of the giaunts conquered;  
 Where proud Encelade, whose wide nosethrils burnd  
 With breathed flames like to a furnace redd,  
 Transfixed with her speare downe tombled dedd  
 From top of Hemus by him heaped hye ;)  
 Hath loosd her helmet from her lofty hedd,  
 And her Gorgonian shield gins to untye  
 From her lefte arme, to rest in glorious victoriee.

## XXIII.

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were  
 With great amazement of so wondrous sight ;  
 And each on other, and they all on her,  
 Stood gazing ; as if suddein great affright  
 Had them surprizd : At last avising right  
 Her goodly personage and glorious hew,  
 Which they so much mistooke, they tooke delight  
 In their first error, and yett still anew  
 With wonder of her beauty fed their hongry vew :

## XXIV.

Yet n'ote their hongry vew be satisfide,  
But, seeing, still the more desir'd to see,  
And ever firmly fixed did abide  
In contemplation of divinitee:  
But most they mervaild at her chevalree  
And noble prowesse which they had approv'd,  
That much they faynd to know who she mote bee;  
Yet none of all them her thereof amov'd;  
Yet every one her likte, and every one her lov'd.

## XXV.

And Paridell, though partly discontent  
With his late fall and fowle indignity,  
Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,  
Through gracious regard of her faire eye,  
And knightly worth which he too late did try,  
Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight;  
Then they Malbecco prayd of courtesy,  
That of his Lady they might have the sight  
And company at meat, to doe them more delight.

## XXVI.

But he, to shifte their curious request,  
Gan causen why she could not come in place;  
Her crased helth, her late recourse to rest,  
And humid evening ill for sicke folkes cace:  
But none of those excuses could take place;  
Ne would they eate, till she in presence came:  
Shee came in presence with right comely grace,  
And fairely them saluted, as became,  
And shewd herselfe in all a gentle courteous Dame.

## XXVII.

They sate to meat ; and Satyrane his chaunce  
 Was her before, and Paridell beside ;  
 But he himselve sate looking still askaunce  
 Gainst Britomart, and ever closely eide  
 Sir Satyrane, that glaunces might not glide :  
 But his blinde eie, that sided Paridell,  
 All his demeasure from his sight did hide :  
 On her faire face so did he feede his fill,  
 And sent close messages of love to her at will :

## XXVIII.

And ever and anone, when none was ware,  
 With speaking lookes, that close embassage bore,  
 He rov'd at her, and told his secret care ;  
 For all that art he learned had of yore :  
 Ne was she ignoraunt of that leud lore,  
 But in his eye his meaning wisely redd,  
 And with the like him aunswerd evermore :  
 Shee sent at him onè fyrie dart, whose hedd  
 Empoised was with privy lust and gealous dredd.

## XXIX.

He from that deadly throw made no defence,  
 But to the wound his weake heart opened wyde :  
 The wicked engine through false influence  
 Past through his eies, and secretly did glyde  
 Into his heart, which it did sorely gryde.  
 But nothing new to him was that same paine,  
 Ne paine at all ; for he so ofte had tryde  
 The powre thereof, and lov'd so oft in vaine,  
 That thing of course he counted, love to entertaine.

## XXX.

Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate  
 His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne:  
 Now Bacchus fruit out of the silver plate  
 He on the table dasht, as overthrowne,  
 Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne;  
 And by the dauncing bubbles did divine,  
 Or therein write to lett his love be showne;  
 Which well she redd out of the learned line:  
 A sacrament prophane in mistery of wine.

## XXXI.

And, whenso of his hand the pledge she raught,  
 The guilty cup she fained to mistake,  
 And in her lap did shed her idle draught,  
 Shewing desire her inward flame to slake.  
 By such close signes they secret way did make  
 Unto their wils, and one eies watch escape:  
 Two eies him needeth, for to watch and wake,  
 Who lovers will deceive. Thus was the ape,  
 By their faire handling, put into Malbeccoes cape.

## XXXII.

Now, when of meats and drinks they had their fill,  
 Purpose was moved by that gentle Dame  
 Unto those Knights adventurous, to tell  
 Of deeds of armes which unto them became,  
 And every one his Kindred and his Name.  
 Then Paridell, in whom a kindly pride  
 Of gracious speach and skill his words to frame  
 Abounded, being glad of so fitte tide  
 Him to commend to her, thus spake, of al well eide:

## XXXIII.

“ Troy, that art now nought but an idle name,  
 And in thine ashes buried low dost lie,  
 Though whilome far much greater then thy fame,  
 Before that angry Gods and cruell skie  
 Upon thee heapt a direful destinie ;  
 What boots it boast thy glorious descent,  
 And fetch from heven thy great genealogie,  
 Sith all thy worthie prayes being blent  
 Their ofspring hath embaste, and later glory shent !

## XXXIV.

“ Most famous Worthy of the world, by whome  
 That warre was kindled which did Troy inflame,  
 And stately towres of Ilion whilome  
 Brought unto balefull ruine, was by name  
 Sir Paris far renowmd through noble fame ;  
 Who, through great prowess and bold hardinesse,  
 From Lacedaemon fetcht the fayrest Dame  
 That ever Greece did boast, or Knight possesse,  
 Whom Venus to him gave for meed of worthinesse ;

## XXXV.

“ Fayre Helene, flowre of beautie excellent,  
 And girlond of the mighty conquerours,  
 That madest many ladies deare lament  
 The heavie losse of their brave paramours,  
 Which they far off beheld from Trojan toures,  
 And saw the fieldes of faire Scamander strowne  
 With carcases of noble warrioures  
 Whose fruitlesse lives were under furrow sowne,  
 And Xanthus sandy bankes with blood all overflowne !

## XXXVI.

“ From him my linage I derive aright,  
 Who long before the ten yeares siege of Troy,  
 Whiles yet on Ida he a shepeheard hight,  
 On faire Oenone got a lovely boy,  
 Whom, for remembrance of her passed ioy,  
 She, of his father, Parius did name ;  
 Who, after Greekes did Priams realme destroy,  
 Gathred the Trojan reliques sav'd from flame,  
 And, with them sayling thence, to th'isle of Paros came.

## XXXVII.

“ That was by him cald Paros, which before  
 Hight Nausa ; there he many yeares did raine,  
 And built Nausicle by the Pontick shore ;  
 The which he dying lefte next in remaine  
 To Paridas his sonne,  
 From whom I Paridell by kin descend :  
 But, for faire ladies love and glories gaine,  
 My native soile have lefte, my dayes to spend  
 In seewing deeds of armes, my lives and labors end.”

## XXXVIII.

Whenas the noble Britomart heard tell  
 Of Trojan warres and Priams citie sackt,  
 (The ruefull story of Sir Paridell,)  
 She was empassiond at that piteous act,  
 With zelous envy of Greekes cruell fact  
 Against that Nation, from whose race of old  
 She heard that she was lineally extract :  
 For noble Britons sprong from Trojans bold,  
 And Troynovant was built of old Troyes ashes cold.

## XXXIX.

Then, sighing soft awhile, at last she thus :  
 “ O lamentable fall of famous towne,  
 Which raignd so many yeares victorious,  
 And of all Asie bore the soveraine crowne,  
 In one sad night consumd and throwen downe!  
 What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,  
 Is not empierst with deepe compassiowne,  
 And makes ensample of mans wretched state,  
 That floures so fresh at morne, and fades at evening late!

## XL.

“ Behold, Sir, how your pitifull complaint  
 Hath fownd another partner of your payne:  
 For nothing may impresse so deare constraint  
 As countries cause, and commune foes disdayne.  
 But, if it should not grieve you backe agayne  
 To turne your course, I would to heare desyre  
 What to Aeneas fell; sith that men sayne  
 He was not in the cities wofull fyre  
 Consum'd, but did himselfe to safëty retyre.”

## XLI.

“ Anchyses sonne begott of Venus fayre,”  
 Said he, “ out of the flames for safegard fled,  
 And with a remnant did to sea repayre;  
 Where he, through fatall error long was led  
 Full many yeares, and weetlesse wandered  
 From shore to shore emongst the Lybick sandes,  
 Ere rest he fownd: Much there he suffered,  
 And many perilles past in forreine landes,  
 To save his people sad from victours vengefull handes:

## XLII.

“ At last in Latium he did arryve,  
 Where he with cruell warre was entertaind  
 Of th’ inland folke which sought him backe to drive,  
 Till he with old Latinus was constraind  
 To contract wedlock, so the fates ordaind;  
 Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in blood  
 Accomplished; that many deare complaind:  
 The rivall slaine, the victour (through the flood  
 Escaped hardly) hardly praisd his wedlock good.

## XLIII.

“ Yet, after all, he victour did survive,  
 And with Latinus did the kingdom part:  
 But after, when both nations gan to strive  
 Into their names the title to convart,  
 His sonne Iulus did from thence depart  
 With all the warlike youth of Troians bloud,  
 And in Long Alba plast his throne apart;  
 Where faire it florished and long time stoud,  
 Till Romulus, renewing it, to Rome removd.”

## XLIV.

“ There; there,” said Britomart, “ afresh appeard  
 The glory of the later world to spring,  
 And Troy againe out of her dust was reard  
 To sitt in second seat of souveraine king  
 Of all the world, under her governing.  
 But a third kingdom yet is to arise  
 Out of the Troians scattered ofspring,  
 That, in all glory and great enterprise,  
 Both first and second Troy shall dare to equalise.

## XLV.

“ It Troynovant is hight, that with the waves  
 Of wealthy Thamis washed is along,  
 Upon whose stubborne neck (whereat he raves  
 With roring rage, and sore himselfe does throng,  
 That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong,)  
 She fastned hath her foot ; which stands so hy,  
 That it a wonder of the world is song,  
 In forreine landes ; and all, which passen by,  
 Beholding it from farre doe think it threates the skye.

## XLVI.

“ The Troian Brute did first that citie fownd,  
 And Hygate made the meare thereof by West,  
 And Overt-gate by North : that is the bownd  
 Toward the land ; two rivers bownd the rest.  
 So huge a scope at first him seemed best,  
 To be the compasse of his kingdomes seat :  
 So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,  
 Ne in small meares containe his glory great,  
 That Albion had conquered first by warlike feat.”

## XLVII.

“ Ah ! fairest Lady-Knight,” said Paridell,  
 “ Pardon I pray my heedlesse oversight,  
 Who had forgot that whylome I heard tell  
 From aged Mnemon ; for my wits beene light.  
 Indeed he said, if I remember right,  
 That of the antique Trojan stocke there grew  
 Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,  
 And far abroad his mighty braunches threw  
 Into the utmost angle of the world he knew.

## XLVIII.

“ For that same Brute, whom much he did aduance  
 In all his speach, was Sylvius his sonne,  
 Whom having slain through luckles arrowes glaunce,  
 He fled for feare of that he had misdonne,  
 Or els for shame, so fowle reproch to shonne,  
 And with him ledd to sea an youthly trayne;  
 Where wearie wandring they long time did wonne,  
 And many fortunes prov'd in th' ocean mayne,  
 And great adventures found, that now were long to sayne.

## XLIX.

“ At last by fatall course they driven were  
 Into an Island spacious and brode,  
 The furthest North that did to them appeare:  
 Which, after rest, they, seeking farre abrode,  
 Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,  
 Fruitfull of all things fitt for living foode,  
 But wholly waste and void of peoples trode,  
 Save an huge nation of the geaunts broode  
 That fed on living flesh, and dronck mens vitall blood.

## L.

“ Whom he, through wearie wars and labours long,  
 Subdewd with losse of many Britons bold:  
 In which the great Goëmagot of strong  
 Corineus, and Coulin of Debon old,  
 Were overthrowne and laide on th' earth full cold,  
 Which quaked under their so hideous masse:  
 A famous history to bee enrold  
 In everlasting monuments of brasse,  
 That all the ańtique Worthies merits far did passe.

## LI.

“ His worke great Troynovant, his worke is eke  
 Faire Lincolne, both renowned far away;  
 That who from East to West will endlong seeke,  
 Cannot two fairer cities find this day,  
 Except Cleopolis; so heard I say  
 Old Mnemon: Therefore, Sir, I greet you well  
 Your countrey kin; and you entyrelly pray  
 Of pardon for the strife, which late befell  
 Betwixt us both unknowne.” So ended Paridell.

## LII.

But all the while, that he these speeches spent,  
 Upon his lips hong faire Dame Hellenore  
 With vigilant regard and dew attent,  
 Fashioning worldes of fancies evermore  
 In her fraile witt, that now her quite forlore:  
 The whiles unwares away her wondring eye  
 And greedy eares her weake hart from her bore:  
 Which he perceiving, ever privily,  
 In speaking, many false belgardes at her let fly.

## LIII.

So long these Knightes discoursed diversly  
 Of straunge affaires, and noble hardiment,  
 Which they had past with mickle ieopardy,  
 That now the humid night was farforth spent,  
 And hevenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent:  
 Which th' old man seeing wel, who too long thought  
 Every discourse, and every argument,  
 Which by the houres he measured, besought  
 Them go to rest. So all unto their bowres were brought.

## CANTO X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore;  
Malbecco her poursewes;  
Fyndy amongst Satyres, whence with him  
To turne she doth refuse.

## I.

THE morrow next, so soone as Phœbus lamp  
Bewrayed had the world with early light,  
And fresh Aurora had the shady damp  
Out of the goodly heven amoved quight,  
Faire Britomart and that same Faery Knight  
Uprose, forth on their iourney for to wend:  
But Paridell complaynd, that his late fight  
With Britomart so sore did him offend,  
That ryde he could not till his hurts he did amend.

## II.

So fourth they far'd; but he behind them stayd,  
Maulgre his host, who grudged grivously  
To house a guest that would be needes obayd,  
And of his owne him lefte not liberty:  
Might wanting measure moveth surquedry.  
Two things he feared, but the third was death;  
That fiers Youngmans unruly maystery;  
His Money, which he lov'd as living breath;  
And his faire Wife, whom honest long he kept uneath.

## III.

But patience perforce ; he must abide  
 What fortune and his fate on him will lay :  
 Fond is the feare that findes no remedie.  
 Yet warily he watcheth every way,  
 By which he feareth evill happen may ;  
 So th' evill thinkes by watching to prevent :  
 Ne doth he suffer her, nor night nor day,  
 Out of his sight herselfe once to absent :  
 So doth he punish her, and eke himself torment.

## IV.

But Paridell kept better watch then hee,  
 A fit occasion for his turne to finde.  
 False Love ! why do men say thou canst not see,  
 And in their foolish fancy feigne thee blinde,  
 That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doest binde,  
 And to thy will abuse ? Thou walkest free,  
 And seest every secret of the minde ;  
 Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee :  
 All that is by the working of thy deíte.

## V.

So perfect in that art was Paridell,  
 That he Malbeccoes halfen eye did wyle ;  
 His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,  
 And Hellenors both eyes did eke beguyle,  
 Both eyes and hart attonce, during the whyle  
 That he there sojourned his woundes to heale ;  
 That Cupid selfe, it seeing, close did smyle  
 To weet how he her love away did steale,  
 And bad that none their ioyous treason should reveale.

## VI.

The learned Lover lost no time nor tyde  
 That least avantage mote to him afford,  
 Yet bore so faire a sayle, that none espyde  
 His secret drift till he her layd aboard.  
 Whenso in open place and commune bord  
 He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speach  
 He courted her ; yet bayted every word,  
 That his ungentle hoste n'ote him appeach  
 Of vile ungentlenesse or hospitages breach.

## VII.

But when apart (if ever her apart  
 He found) then his false engins fast he plyde,  
 And all the sleights unbosomd in his hart :  
 He sigh'd, he sobd, he swownd, he perdy dyde,  
 And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde :  
 Tho, when againe he him bethought to live,  
 He wept. and wayld, and false laments belyde,  
 Saying, but if she mercie would him give,  
 That he mote algates dye, yet did his death forgive.

## VIII.

And otherwhyles with amorous delights  
 And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine ;  
 Now singing sweetly to surprize her sprights,  
 Now making layes of love and lovers paine,  
 Bransles, ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine ;  
 Oft purposes, oft riddles, he devysd,  
 And thousands like which flowd in his braine,  
 With which he fed her fancy, and entysd  
 To take to his new love, and leave her old despyd.

## IX.

And every where he might and everie while  
 He did her service dewtifull, and sewd  
 At hand with humble pride and pleasing guile;  
 So closely yet, that none but she it vewd,  
 Who well perceived all, and all indewd.  
 Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,  
 With which he many weake harts had subdewd  
 Of yore, and many had ylike misled:  
 What wonder then if she were likewise carried?

## X.

No fort so sensible, no wals so strong,  
 But that continuall battery will rive,  
 Or daily siege, through dispurvayaunce long  
 And lacke of reskewes, will to parley drive;  
 And peece, that unto parley eare will give,  
 Will shortly yield itselfe, and will be made  
 The vassall of the victors will bylive:  
 That stratageme had oftentimes assayd  
 This crafty paramoure, and now it plaine display'd:

## XI.

For through his traines he her intrapped hath,  
 That she her love and hart hath wholly sold  
 To him without regard of gaine, or scath,  
 Or care of credite, or of husband old,  
 Whom she hath vow'd to dub a fayre cucquold.  
 Nought wants but time and place, which shortly shee  
 Devized hath, and to her Lover told.  
 It pleased well: So well they both agree;  
 So readie rype to ill ill wemens counsels bee!

## XII.

Darke was the evening, fit for lovers stealth.  
 When chaunst Malbecco busie be elsewhere,  
 She to his closet went, where all his wealth  
 Lay hid ; thereof she countlesse summes did reare,  
 The which she meant away with her to beare ;  
 The rest she fyr'd, for sport or for despight :  
 As Hellene, when she saw aloft appeare  
 The Troiane flames and reach to hevens hight,  
 Did clap her hands, and ioyed at that doleful sight ;

## XIII.

The second Hellene, fayre Dame Hellenore,  
 The whiles her husband ran with sory haste  
 To quench the flames which she had tyn'd before,  
 Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste,  
 And ran into her Lovers armes right fast ;  
 Where streight embraced she to him did cry  
 And call alowd for helpe, ere helpe were past ;  
 For lo ! that Guest did beare her forcibly,  
 And meant to ravish her, that rather had to dy !

## XIV.

The wretched man hearing her call for ayd,  
 And ready seeing him with her to fly,  
 In his disquiet mind was much dismayd :  
 But when againe he backward cast his eye,  
 And saw the wicked fire so furiously  
 Consume his hart, and scorch his idoles face,  
 He was therewith distressed diversely,  
 Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place :  
 Was never wretched man in such a wofull cace.

## XV.

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,  
 And left the fire ; Love Money overcame :  
 But, when he marked how his money burnd,  
 He left his wife ; Money did Love disclame :  
 Both was he loth to loose his loved dame,  
 And loth to leave his liefest pelfe behinde ;  
 Yet, sith he no'te save both, he sav'd that same  
 Which was the dearest to his dounghill minde,  
 The god of his desire, the ioy of misers blinde.

## XVI.

Thus whilest all things in troublous uprore were,  
 And all men busie to suppress the flame,  
 The loving couple neede no reskew feare,  
 But leasure had and liberty to frame  
 Their purpost flight, free from all mens reclame ;  
 And Night, the patronesse of love-stealth fayre,  
 Gave them safe conduct till to end they came :  
 So beene they gone yfere, a wanton payre  
 Of lovers loosely knit, where list them to repayre.

## XVII.

Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,  
 Malbecco, seeing how his losse did lye,  
 Out of the flames which he had quencht whylere,  
 Into huge waves of grieve and gealosye  
 Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye  
 Twixt inward doole and felonous despight :  
 He rav'd, he wept, he stampt, he lowd did cry ;  
 And all the passions, that in man may light,  
 Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytive spright.

## XVIII.

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward griefe,  
 And did consume his gall with anguish sore :  
 Still when he mused on his late mischíefe,  
 Then still the smart thereof increased more,  
 And seemd more grievous then it was before :  
 At last when sorrow he saw bootéd nought,  
 Ne griefe might not his Love to him restore,  
 He gan devise how her he reskew mought ;  
 Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confused thought.

## XIX.

At last resolving, like a pilgrim pore,  
 To search her forth whereso she might be fond,  
 And bearing with him treasure in close store,  
 The rest he leaves in ground : So takes in hond  
 To seeke her endlong both by sea and lond.  
 Long he her sought, he sought her far and nere,  
 And every where that he mote understand  
 Of Knights and Ladies any meetings were ;  
 And of each one he mett he tidings did inquire.

## XX.

But all in vaine ; his woman was too wise  
 Ever to come into his clouch againe,  
 And hee too simple ever to surprise  
 The iolly Paridell, for all his paine.  
 One day, as he forpassed by the plaine  
 With weary pace, he far away espide  
 A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,  
 Which hoved close under a forest side,  
 As if they lay in wait, or els themselves did hide.

## XXI.

Well weened hee that those the same mote bee ;  
 And, as he better did their shape avize,  
 Him seemed more their maner did agree ;  
 For th' one was armed all in warlike wize,  
 Whom to be Paridell he did devise ;  
 And th' other, al yclad in garments light  
 Discolourd like to womanish disguise,  
 He did resemble to his Lady bright ;  
 And ever his faint hart much earned at the sight :

## XXII.

And ever faine he towards them would goe,  
 But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,  
 But stood aloofe, unweeting what to doe ;  
 Till that prickt forth with loves extremity,  
 That is the father of fowle gealosity,  
 He closely nearer crept the truth to weet :  
 But, as he nigher drew, he easily  
 Might scerne that it was not his sweetest Sweet,  
 Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his sheet :

## XXIII.

But it was scornfull Braggadochio,  
 That with his servant Trompart hovered there,  
 Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe :  
 Whom such whenas Malbecco spyed clere,  
 He turned backe, and would have fled arere ;  
 Till Trompart, ronning hastely, him did stay  
 And bad before his souveraine lord appere :  
 That was him loth, yet durst he not gainesay,  
 And comming him before low louted on the lay.

## XXIV.

The Boaster at him sternely bent his browe,  
 As if he could have kild him with his looke,  
 That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,  
 And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,  
 That every member of his body quooke.  
 Said he, "Thou man of nought! what doest thou here  
 Unfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,  
 Where I expected one with shield and spere  
 To prove some deeds of armes upon an equall pere?"

## XXV.

The wretched man at his imperious speach  
 Was all abasht, and low prostrating said;  
 "Good Sir, let not my rudenes be no breach  
 Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;  
 For I unwares this way by fortune straid,  
 A silly pilgrim driven to distresse,  
 That seeke a Lady"—There he suddein staid,  
 And did the rest with grievous sighes suppressse,  
 While teares stood in his eies, few drops of bitternesse.

## XXVI.

"What Lady?"—"Man," said Trompart, "take good  
 hart,  
 And tell thy griefe, if any hidden lye:  
 Was never better time to shew thy smart  
 Then now that noble succor is thee by,  
 That is the whole worlds commune remedy."  
 That chearful word his weak heart much did cheare,  
 And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,  
 That bold he said; "O most redoubted Pere,  
 Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches cace to heare."

## XXVII.

Then sighing sore, "It is not long," saide hee,  
 "Sith I enioyd the gentlest Dame alive;  
 Of whom a Knight, (no Knight at all perdee,  
 But shame of all that doe for honor strive,)  
 By treacherous deceit did me deprive;  
 Through open outrage he her bore away,  
 And with fowle force unto his will did drive;  
 Which al good Knights, that armes do bear this day,  
 Are bownd for to revenge and punish if they may.

## XXVIII.

"And you, most noble Lord, that can and dare  
 Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,  
 Cannot employ your most victorious speare  
 In better quarrell then defence of right,  
 And for a Lady gainst a faithlesse Knight:  
 So shall your glory be advaunced much,  
 And all faire Ladies magnify your might,  
 And eke myselfe, albee I simple such,  
 Your worthy paine shall wel reward with guerdon rich."

## XXIX.

With that out of his bouget forth he drew  
 Great store of treasure, therewith him to tempt;  
 But he on it lookt scornefully askew,  
 As much disdeigning to be so misdempt,  
 Or a war-monger to be basely nempt;  
 And sayd; "Thy offers base I greatly loth,  
 And eke thy words uncourteous and unkempt:  
 I tread in dust thee and thy money both;  
 That, were it not for shame"—So turned from him wroth.

## XXX.

But Trompart, thát his Maistres humor knew  
 In lofty looks to hide an humble minde,  
 Was inly tickled with that golden vew,  
 And in his eare him rownded close behinde:  
 Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the winde,  
 Waiting advauntage on the pray to sease;  
 Till Trompart, lowly to the grownd inclinde,  
 Besought him his great corage to appease,  
 And pardon simple man that rash did him displease.

## XXXI.

Big looking like a doughty doucëpere,  
 At last he thus; "Thou clod of vilest clay,  
 I pardon yield, and with thy rudenes beare;  
 But weete henceforth, that all that golden pray,  
 And all that els the vaine world vaunten may,  
 I loath as dounge, ne deeme my dew reward:  
 Fame is my meed, and glory vertuous pay:  
 But minds of mortall men are muchell mard  
 And mov'd amisse with massy mucks unmeet regard.

## XXXII.

"And more; I graunt to thy great misery  
 Gracious respect; thy wife shall backe be sent:  
 And that vile Knight, whoever that he bee,  
 Which hath thy Lady reft and knighthood shent,  
 By Sanglamort my sword, whose deadly dent  
 The blood hath of so many thousands shedd,  
 I sweare ere long shall dearely it repent;  
 Ne he twixt heven and earth shall hide his hedd,  
 But soone he shall be fownd, and shortly doen be dedd."

## XXXIII.

The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous blith,  
 As if the word so spoken were halfe donne,  
 And humbly thanked him a thousand sith  
 That had from death to life him newly wonne.  
 Tho forth the Boaster marching brave begonne  
 His stolen steed to thunder furiously,  
 As if he heaven and hell would over-ronne,  
 And all the world confound with cruelty;  
 That much Malbecco ioyed in his iollity.

## XXXIV.

Thus long they three together traveiled,  
 Through many a wood and many an uncouth way,  
 To seeke his wife that was far wandered:  
 But those two sought nought but the present pray,  
 To weete, the treasure which he did bewray,  
 On which their eies and harts were wholly sett,  
 With purpose how they might it best betray;  
 For, sith the howre that first he did them lett  
 The same behold, therewith their keene desires were whett.

## XXXV.

It fortun'd, as they together far'd,  
 They spide where Paridell came pricking fast  
 Upon the plaine, the which himselfe prepar'd  
 To giust with that brave straunger Knight a cast,  
 As on adventure by the way he past:  
 Alone he rode without his paragone;  
 For, having filcht her bells, her up he cast  
 To the wide world, and lett her fly alone;  
 He nould be clogd: So had he served many one.

## XXXVI.

The gentle Lady, loose at randon lefte,  
 The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide  
 At wilde adventure, like a forlorne wefte ;  
 Till on a day the Satyres her espide  
 Straying alone withouten groome or guide :  
 Her up they tooke, and with them home her ledd,  
 With them as housewife ever to abide,  
 To milk their gotes, and make them cheese and bredd ;  
 And every one as commune good her handeled :

## XXXVII.

That shortly she Malbecco has forgott,  
 And eke Sir Paridell all were he deare ;  
 Who from her went to seeke another lott,  
 And now by fortune was arrived here,  
 Where those two guilers with Malbecco were.  
 Soone as the old man saw Sir Paridell,  
 He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,  
 Ne word he had to speake his griefe to tell,  
 But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well ;

## XXXVIII.

And, after, asked him for Hellenore :  
 " I take no keepe of her," sayd Paridell,  
 " She wonneth in the forrest there before."  
 So forth he rode as his adventure fell ;  
 The whiles the Boaster from his loftie sell  
 Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend ;  
 But the fresh Swayne would not his leasure dwell,  
 But went his way ; whom when he passed kend,  
 He up remounted light, and after faind to wend.

## XXXIX.

"Perdy nay," said Malbecco, "shall ye not;  
 But let him passe as lightly as he came:  
 For litle good of him is to be got,  
 And mickle perill to bee put to shame.  
 But let us goe to seeke my dearest Dame,  
 Whom he hath left in yonder forest wyld:  
 For of her safety in great doubt I ame,  
 Least salvage beastes her person have despoild:  
 Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine have toyld!"

## XL.

They all agree, and forward them adrest:  
 "Ah! but," said crafty Trompart, "weete ye well,  
 That yonder in that wastefull wilderness  
 Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;  
 Dragons, and minotaures, and feendes of hell,  
 And many wilde woodmen which robbe and rend  
 All traveilers; therefore advise ye well,  
 Before ye enterprise that way to wend:  
 One may his iourney bring too soone to evill end."

## XLI.

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,  
 And, with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,  
 Their counsell crav'd in daunger imminent.  
 Said Trompart; "You, that are the most opprest  
 With burdein of great treasure, I thinke best  
 Here for to stay in safetie behynd:  
 My Lord and I will search the wide forést."  
 That counsell pleased not Malbeccoes mynd;  
 For he was much afraid himselfe alone to fynd.

## XLII.

“Then is it best,” said he, “that ye doe leave  
 Your treasure here in some security,  
 Either fast closed in some hollow greave,  
 Or buried in the ground from ieopardy,  
 Till we returne againe in safëty:  
 As for us two, least doubt of us ye have,  
 Hence farre away we will blyndfolded ly,  
 Ne privy bee unto your treasures grave.”

It pleased; so he did: Then they march forward brave.

## XLIII.

Now when amid the thickest woodes they were,  
 They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,  
 And shrieking hububs them approching nere,  
 Which all the forest did with horroure fill:  
 That dreadfull sound the Bosters hart did thrill  
 With such amazment, that in hast he fledd,  
 Ne ever looked back for good or ill;  
 And after him eke fearefull Trompart spedd:  
 The old man could not fly, but fell to ground half dedd:

## XLIV.

Yet afterwardes, close creeping as he might,  
 He in a bush did hyde his fearefull hedd.  
 The iolly Satyres full of fresh delight  
 Came dauncing forth, and with them nimble ledd  
 Faire Helenore with girlonds all bespredd,  
 Whom their May-lady they had newly made:  
 She, proude of that new honour which they redd,  
 And of their lovely fellowship full glade,  
 Daunst lively, and her face did with a lawrell shade.

## XLV.

The silly man that in the thickett lay  
 Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore ;  
 Yet durst he not against it doe or say,  
 But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,  
 To see th' unkindnes of his Hellenore.  
 All day they daunced with great lustyhedd,  
 And with their horned feet the greene gras wore ;  
 The whiles their gotes upon the brouzes fedd,  
 Till drouping Phœbus gan to hyde his golden hedd.

## XLVI.

Tho up they gan their mery pypes to trusse,  
 And all their goodly heardes did gather rownd ;  
 But every Satyre first did give a busse  
 To Hellenore ; so busses did abound.  
 Now gan the humid vapour shed the grownd  
 With perly deaw, and th' Earthës gloomy shade  
 Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin rownd,  
 That every bird and beast awarned made [vade.  
 To shrowd themselves, while sleep their sences did in-

## XLVII.

Which when Malbecco saw, out of the bush  
 Upon his handes and feete he crept full light,  
 And like a gote emongst the gotes did rush ;  
 That, through the helpe of his faire hornes on hight,  
 And misty dampe of misconceyving night,  
 And eke through likenesse of his gotish beard,  
 He did the better counterfeite aright :  
 So home he marcht emongst the horned heard,  
 That none of all the Satyres him espyde or heard.

## XLVIII.

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd,  
 Whereas his lovely wife emongst them lay,  
 Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,  
 Who all the night did mind his ioyous play:  
 Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,  
 That all his hart with gealosity did swell;  
 But yet that nights énsample did bewray  
 That not for nought his wife them lovd so well,  
 When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

## XLIX.

So closely as he could he to them crept,  
 When wearie of their sport to sleepe they fell,  
 And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,  
 He whispered in her eare, and did her tell,  
 That it was he which by her side did dwell;  
 And therefore prayd her wake to heare him plaine.  
 As one out of a dreame not waked well  
 She turnd her, and returned backe againe:  
 Yet her for to awake he did the more constraine.

## L.

At last with irkesom trouble she abrayd;  
 And then perceiving, that it was indeed  
 Her old Malbecco, which did her upbrayd  
 With loosenesse of her love and loathly deed,  
 She was astonisht with exceeding dreed,  
 And would have wakt the Satyre by her syde;  
 But he her prayd, for mercy or for meed,  
 To save his life, ne let him be descryde,  
 But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell hyde.

## LI.

Tho gan he her perswade to leave that lewd  
 And loathsom life, of God and man abhord,  
 And home returne, where all should be renewd  
 With perfect peace and bandes of fresh accord,  
 And she receivd againe to bed and bord,  
 As if no trespas ever had beene donne:  
 But she it all refused at one word,  
 And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,  
 But chose emongst the iolly Satyres still to wonne.

## LII.

He wooed her till day-spring he espyde;  
 But all in vaine: and then turnd to the heard,  
 Who butted him with hornes on every syde,  
 And trode downe in the durt, where his hore beard  
 Was fowly dight, and he of death afeard.  
 Early, before the heavens fairest light  
 Out of the ruddy East was fully reard,  
 The heardees out of their foldes were loosed quight,  
 And he emongst the rest crept forth in sory plight.

## LIII.

So soone as he the prison-dore did pas,  
 He ran as fast as both his feet could beare,  
 And never looked who behind him was,  
 Ne scarsely who before: like as a beare,  
 That creeping close amongst the hives to reare  
 An hony-combe, the wakefull dogs espy,  
 And him assayling sore his carkas teare,  
 That hardly he with life away does fly,  
 Ne staves, till safe himselfe he see from ieopardy.

## LIV.

Ne stayd he, till he came unto the place  
 Where late his treasure he entombd had;  
 Where when he found it not, (for Trompart bace  
 Had it purloyned for his Maister bad,)  
 With extreme fury he became quite mad,  
 And ran away; ran with himselfe away:  
 That who so straungely had him scene bestadd,  
 With upstart haire and staring eyes dismay,  
 From Limbo lake him late escaped sure would say.

## LV.

High over hilles and over dales he fledd,  
 As if the wind him on his winges had borne;  
 Ne banck nor bush could stay him, when he spedd  
 His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne:  
 Griefe, and Despight, and Gealosity, and Scorne,  
 Did all the way him follow hard behynd;  
 And he himselfe himselfe loath'd so forlorne,  
 So shamefully forlorne of womankynd:  
 That, as a snake, still lurked in his wounded mynd.

## LVI.

Still fled he forward, looking backward still;  
 Ne stayd his flight nor fearefull agony  
 Till that he came unto a rocky hill  
 Over the sea suspended dreadfully,  
 That living creature it would terrify  
 To looke adowne, or upward to the hight:  
 From thence he threw himselfe dispiteously,  
 All desperate of his fore-damned spright,  
 That seemd no help for him was left in living sight.

## LVII.

But, through long anguish and selfe-murd'ring thought,  
 He was so wasted and forpined quight,  
 That all his substance was consum'd to nought,  
 And nothing left but like an aery spright;  
 That on the rockes he fell so flit and light,  
 That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all;  
 But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light;  
 Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,  
 That at the last he found a cave with entrance small:

## LVIII.

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth there  
 Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion  
 In dreary darkenes and continuall feare  
 Of that rocks fall, which ever and anon  
 Threates with huge ruine him to fall upon,  
 That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye  
 Still ope he keepes for that occasion;  
 Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,  
 The roing billowes beat his bowre so boystrously.

## LIX.

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed  
 But todes and frogs, his pasture poysonous,  
 Which in his cold complexion doe breed  
 A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,  
 Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,  
 That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,  
 Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,  
 Cross-cuts the liver with internall smart,  
 And doth transfixe the soule with deathes eternall dart.

## LX.

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,  
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,  
That death and life attonce unto him gives,  
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.  
There dwels he ever, miserable swaine,  
Hatefull both to himselfe and every wight ;  
Where he, through privy grieffe and horroure vaine,  
Is woxen so deform'd, that he has quight  
Forgot he was a man, and Gelosy is hight.

## CANTO XI.

Britomart chaceth Ollyphant;  
 Findes Scudamour distrest:  
 Assayes the House of Busyrane,  
 Where Loves spoyles are exprest.

## I.

O HATEFULL hellish Snake! what Furie furst  
 Brought thee from balefull house of Proserpine,  
 Where in her bosome she thee long had nurst,  
 And fostred up with bitter milke of tine;  
 Fowle Gealosity! that turnest love divine  
 To ioylesse dread, and mak'st the loving hart  
 With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,  
 And feed itselſe with selfe-consuming smart,  
 Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art!

## II.

O let him far be banished away,  
 And in his stead let Love for ever dwell!  
 Sweete Love, that doth his golden wings embay  
 In blessed nectar and pure Pleasures well,  
 Untroubled of vile feare or bitter fell.  
 And ye, faire Ladies, that your kingdomes make  
 In th' harts of men, them governe wisely well,  
 And of faire Britomart ensample take,  
 That was as trew in love as turtle to her make.

## III.

Who with Sir Satyrane, as earst ye red,  
 Forth ryding from Malbeccoës hostlesse hous,  
 Far off aspyde a young man, the which fled  
 From an huge Geaunt, that with hideous  
 And hatefull outrage long him chaced thus ;  
 It was that Ollyphant, the brother deare  
 Of that Argantè vile and vitious,  
 From whom the S quyre of Dames was reft whylere ;  
 This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were.

## IV.

For as the sister did in feminine  
 And filthy lust exceede all womankinde ;  
 So he surpassed his sex masculine,  
 In beastly use, all that I ever finde :  
 Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde  
 The fearefull Boy so greedily poursew,  
 She was emmoved in her noble minde  
 T' employ her puissaunce to his reskew,  
 And pricked fiercely forward where she did him vew.

## V.

Ne was Sir Satyrane her far behinde,  
 But with like fiercenesse did ensew the chace :  
 Whom when the Gyaunt saw, he soone resinde  
 His former suit, and from them fled apace :  
 They after both, and boldly bad him bace,  
 And each did strive the other to outgoe ;  
 But he them both outran a wondrous space,  
 For he was long, and swift as any roe,  
 And now made better speed t' escape his feared foe.

## VI.

It was not Satyrane, whom he did feare,  
 But Britomart the flowre of chastity;  
 For he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,  
 But alwayes did their dread encounter fly:  
 And now so fast his feet he did apply,  
 That he has gotten to a forrest neare,  
 Where he is shrowded in security.  
 The wood they enter, and search everie where;  
 They searched diversely; so both divided were.

## VII.

Fayre Britomart so long him followed,  
 That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,  
 By which there lay a Knight all wallowed  
 Upon the grassy ground, and by him neare  
 His haberieon, his helmet, and his speare:  
 A little off, his shield was rudely throwne,  
 On which the Winged Boy in colours cleare  
 Depeincted was, full easie to be knowne,  
 And he thereby, wherever it in field was showne.

## VIII.

His face upon the grownd did groveling ly,  
 As if he had beene slombring in the shade;  
 That the brave Mayd would not for courtesy  
 Out of his quiet slomber him abrade,  
 Nor seeme too suddeinly him to invade:  
 Still as she stood, she heard with grievous throb  
 Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,  
 And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,  
 That pitty did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

## IX.

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes  
 He sayd; "O soverayne Lord, that sit'st on hye  
 And raingst in blis emongst thy blessed saintes,  
 How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty  
 So long unwreaked of thine enemy!  
 Or hast thou, Lord, of good mens cause no heed?  
 Or doth thy iustice sleepe and silent ly?  
 What booteth then the good and righteous deed,  
 If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnesse no need!

## X.

"If good find grace, and righteousnes reward,  
 Why then is Amoret in caytive band,  
 Sith that more bounteous creature never far'd  
 On foot upon the face of living land!  
 Or if that heavenly iustice may withstand  
 The wrongfull outrage of unrighteous men,  
 Why then is Busirane with wicked hand  
 Suffred, these seven monethes day, in secret den  
 My Lady and my Love so cruelly to pen!

## XI.

"My Lady and my Love is cruelly pend  
 In dolefull darkenes from the vew of day,  
 Whilest deadly torments doe her chast brest rend,  
 And the sharpe steele doth rive her hart in tway,  
 All for she Scudamore will not deny.  
 Yet thou, vile man, vile Scudamore, art sound,  
 Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;  
 Unworthy wretch to tread upon the ground,  
 For whom so faire a Lady feeles so sore a wound."

## XII.

There an huge heape of singulfes did oppresse  
 His struggling soule, and swelling throbs empeach  
 His foltring tounge with pangs of drerinesse,  
 Choking the remnant of his plaintife speach,  
 As if his dayes were come to their last reach.  
 Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly fit  
 Threatning into his life to make a breach,  
 Both with great ruth and terrour she was smit,  
 Fearing least from her cage the wearie soule would flit.

## XIII.

Tho, stouping downe, she him amoved light;  
 Who, therewith somewhat starting, up gan looke,  
 And seeing him behind a stranger Knight,  
 Whereas no living creature he mistooke,  
 With great indignaunce he that sight forsooke,  
 And, downe againe himselfe disdainefully  
 Abiecting, th' earth with his faire forehead strooke:  
 Which the bold Virgin seeing, gan apply  
 Fit medicine to his grieffe, and spake thus courtesly;

## XIV.

“ Ah! gentle Knight, whose deepe-conceived grieffe  
 Well seemes t' exceede the powre of patience,  
 Yet, if that hevenly grace some good reliefe  
 You send, submit you to High Providence;  
 And ever, in your noble hart, prepense,  
 That all the sorrow in the world is lesse  
 Then vertues might and values confidence:  
 For who nill bide the burden of distresse,  
 Must not here thinke to live; for life is wretchednesse.

## XV.

“Therefore, faire Sir, doe comfort to you take,  
 And freely read what wicked felon so  
 Hath outrag’d you, and thrald your gentle Make.  
 Perhaps this hand may help to ease your woe,  
 And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe;  
 At least it faire endeavour will apply.”

Those feeling words so neare the quicke did goe,  
 That up his head he reared easily;  
 And, leaning on his elbowe, these few words lett fly:

## XVI.

“What boots it plaine that cannot be redrest,  
 And sow vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse eare;  
 Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,  
 Ne worldly price, cannot redeeme my Deare  
 Out of her thraldome and continuall feare!  
 For he, the tyrant, which her hath in ward  
 By strong enchauntments and blacke magicke leare,  
 Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,  
 And many dreadfull feends hath pointed to her gard.

## XVII.

“There he tormenteth her most terribly,  
 And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,  
 Because to yield him love she doth deny,  
 Once to me yold, not to be yolde againe:  
 But yet by torture he would her constraine  
 Love to conceive in her disdainfull brest;  
 Till so she doe, she must in doole remaine,  
 Ne may by living meanes be thence relest:  
 What boots it then to plaine that cannot be redrest!”

## XVIII.

With this sad hersall of his heavy stresse  
 The warlike Damzell was empassiond sore,  
 And sayd; "Sir Knight, your cause is nothing lesse  
 Then is your sorrow certes, if not more;  
 For nothing so much pittie doth implore  
 As gentle Ladyes helplesse misery:  
 But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,  
 I will, with prooffe of last extremity,  
 Deliver her fro thence, or with her for you dy."

## XIX.

"Ah! gentlest Knight alive," sayd Scudamore,  
 "What huge heroicke magnanimity [more,  
 Dwells in thy bounteous brest? what couldst thou  
 If shee were thine, and thou as now am I?  
 O spare thy happy daies, and them apply  
 To better boot; but let me die that ought;  
 More is more losse; one is enough to dy!"  
 "Life is not lost," said she, "for which is bought  
 Endlesse renown; that, more then death, is to be sought."

## XX.

Thus she at length persuaded him to rise,  
 And with her wend to see what new successe  
 Mote him befall upon new enterprise:  
 His armes, which he had vowed to disprofesse,  
 She gathered up and did about him dresse,  
 And his forwandred steed unto him gott:  
 So forth they both yfere make their progresse,  
 And march, not past the mountenaunce of a shott,  
 Till they arriv'd whereás their purpose they did plott.

## XXI.

There they dismounting drew their weapons bold,  
 And stoutly came unto the Castle gate,  
 Whereas no gate they found them to withhold,  
 Nor ward to waite at morne and evening late;  
 But in the porch, that did them sore amate,  
 A flaming fire ymixt with smouldry smoke  
 And stinking sulphure, that with griesly hate  
 And dreadfull horror did all entraunce choke,  
 Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

## XXII.

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd,  
 Ne in that stownd wist how herselfe to beare;  
 For daunger vaine it were to have assayd  
 That cruell element, which all things feare,  
 Ne none can suffer to approachen neare:  
 And, turning backe to Scudamour, thus sayd;  
 "What monstrous enmity provoke we heare?  
 Foolhardy as th' Earthes children, the which made  
 Batteill against the gods, so we a god invade.

## XXIII.

"Daunger without discretion to attempt,  
 Inglorious, beast-like, is: therefore, Sir Knight,  
 Aread what course of you is safest dempt,  
 And how we with our foe may come to fight."  
 "This is," quoth he, "the dolorous despight,  
 Which earst to you I playnd: for neither may  
 This fire be quencht by any witt or might,  
 Ne yet by any meanes remov'd away;  
 So mighty be th'enchautments which the same do stay.

## XXIV.

"What is there ells but cease these fruitlesse paines,  
 And leave me to my former languishing!  
 Faire Amorett must dwell in wicked chaines,  
 And Scudamore here die with sorrowing!"  
 "Perdy not so," saide shee; "for shameful thing  
 Yt were t'abandon noble chevisaunce,  
 For shewe of perill, without venturing:  
 Rather, let try extremities of chaunce  
 Then enterprised praise for dread to disavaunce."

## XXV.

Therewith, resolv'd to prove her utmost might,  
 Her ample shield she threw before her face,  
 And her swords point directing forward right  
 Assayld the flame; the which eftesoones gave place,  
 And did itselke divide with equall space,  
 That through she passed; as a thonder-bolt  
 Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace  
 The soring clouds into sad showres ymolt;  
 So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

## XXVI.

Whom whenas Scudamour saw past the fire  
 Safe and untoucht, he likewise gan assay  
 With greedy will and envious desire,  
 And bad the stubborne flames to yield him way:  
 But cruell Mulciber would not obay  
 His threatfull pride, but did the more augment  
 His mighty rage, and with imperious sway  
 Him forst, maulgre his fercenes, to relent,  
 And backe retire all scorcht and pitifully brent.

## XXVII.

With huge impatience he inly swelt,  
 More for great sorrow that he could not pas  
 Then for the burning torment which he felt;  
 That with fell woodnes he effierced was,  
 And wilfully him throwing on the gras  
 Did beat and bounse his head and brest full sore:  
 The whiles the Championesse now entred has  
 The utmost rowme, and past the foremost dore;  
 The utmost rowme abounding with all precious store:

## XXVIII.

For, round about, the walls yclothed were  
 With goodly arras of great maiesty,  
 Woven with gold and silke so close and nere  
 That the rich metall lurked privily,  
 As faining to be hidd from envious eye;  
 Yet here, and there, and every where, unwares  
 It shewed itselpe and shone unwillingly;  
 Like to' a discolourd snake, whose hidden snares  
 Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht back  
 declares.

## XXIX.

And in those tapets weren fashioned  
 Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate;  
 And all of love, and al of lusty-hed,  
 As seemed by their semblaunt, did entreat:  
 And eke all Cupids warres they did repeate,  
 And cruell batailles, which he whilome fought  
 Gainst all the gods to make his empire great;  
 Besides the huge massácles, which he wrought  
 On mighty kings and kesars into thraldome brought.

## XXX.

Therein was writt how often thondring Love  
 Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,  
 And, leaving heavens kingdome, here did rove  
 In straunge disguise, to slake his scalding smart;  
 Now, like a ram, faire Helle to pervart,  
 Now, like a bull, Europa to withdraw:  
 Ah, how the fearefull Ladies tender hart  
 Did lively seeme to tremble, when she saw  
 The huge seas under her t' obay her servaunts law!

## XXXI.

Soone after that, into a golden showre  
 Himselfe he chaung'd, faire Danaë to vew;  
 And through the roofe of her strong brasen towre  
 Did raine into her lap an hony dew;  
 The whiles her foolish garde, that litle knew  
 Of such decept, kept th' yron dore fast bard,  
 And watcht that none should enter nor issew;  
 Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,  
 Whenas the god to golden hew himselfe transfard.

## XXXII.

Then was he turnd into a snowy swan,  
 To win faire Leda to his lovely trade:  
 O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,  
 That her in daffadillies sleeping made  
 From scorching heat her daintie limbes to shade!  
 Whiles the proud bird, ruffing his fethers wyde  
 And brushing his faire brest, did her invade,  
 She slept; yet twixt her eielids closely spyde  
 How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his pryde.

## XXXIII.

Then shewd it how the Thebane Semélee,  
 Deceivd of gealous Iuno, did require  
 To see him in his soverayne maiestee  
 Armd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,  
 Whens dearely she with death bought her desire.  
 But faire Alcmena better match did make,  
 Ioying his love in likenes more entire:  
 Three nights in one they say that for her sake  
 He then did put, her pleasures-lenger to partake.

## XXXIV.

Twice was he seene in soaring eagles shape,  
 And with wide winges to beat the buxome ayre:  
 Once, when he with Asterie did scape;  
 Againe, whenas the Trojane boy so fayre  
 He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare:  
 Wondrous delight it was there to behould  
 How the rude shepheards after him did stare,  
 Trembling through feare least down he fallen should,  
 And often to him calling to take surer hould.

## XXXV.

In Satyres shape Antiopa he snatcht;  
 And like a fire, when he Aegin' assayd:  
 A shepeheard, when Mnemosyne he catcht;  
 And like a serpent to the Thracian mayd.  
 Whyles thus on earth great Love these pageaunts playd,  
 The Winged Boy did thrust into his throne,  
 And, scoffing, thus unto his mother sayd;  
 "Lo! now the heavens obey to me alone,  
 And take me for their Iove, whiles Iove to earth is gone."

## XXXVI.

And thou, faire Phœbus, in thy colours bright  
 Wast there enwoven, and the sad distresse  
 In which that Boy thee plonged, for despight  
 That thou bewray'dst his mothers wantonnesse,  
 When she with Mars was meynt in ioyfulnesse:  
 Forthy he thrild thee with a leaden dart  
 To love fair Daphne, which thee loved lesse;  
 Lesse she thee lov'd than was thy iust desart,  
 Yet was thy love her death, and her death was thy smart.

## XXXVII.

So lovedst thou the lusty Hyacinct;  
 So lovedst thou the faire Coronis deare:  
 Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct;  
 Yet both in flowres doe live, and love thee beare,  
 The one a paunce, the other a sweete-breare:  
 For grieve whereof, ye mote have lively seene  
 The god himselfe rending his golden heare,  
 And breaking quite his garlond ever greene,  
 With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

## XXXVIII.

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,  
 The sonne of Climene, he did repent;  
 Who, bold to guide the charet of the Sunne,  
 Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,  
 And all the world with flashing fier brent;  
 So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame.  
 Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,  
 Forst him eftsoones to follow other game,  
 And love a shepherds daughter for his dearest dame.

## XXXIX.

He loved Isse for his dearest dame,  
 And for her sake her cattell fedd awhile,  
 And for her sake a cowheard vile became:  
 The servant of Admetus, cowheard vile,  
 Whiles that from heaven he suffered exile.  
 Long were to tell each other lovely fitt;  
 Now, like a lyon hunting after spoile;  
 Now, like a hag; now, like a faulcon flit:  
 All which in that faire arras was most lively writ.

## XL.

Next unto him was Neptune pictured,  
 In his divine resemblance wondrous lyke:  
 His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed  
 Dropped with brackish deaw; his threeforkt pyke  
 He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did stryke  
 The raging billowes, that on every syde  
 They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,  
 That his swift charet might have passage wyde,  
 Which foure great hippodames did draw in teme-wise  
 tyde.

## XLI.

His seahorses did seeme to snort amayne,  
 And from their nosethrilles blow the brynie streame,  
 That made the sparckling waves to smoke agayne  
 And flame with gold; but the white fomy creame  
 Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beame:  
 The god himselve did pensive seeme and sad,  
 And hong adowne his head as he did dreame;  
 For privy love his brest empierced had,  
 Ne ought but deare Bisaltis ay could make him glad.

## XLII.

He loved eke Iphimedia deare,  
 And Aeolus faire daughter, Arnè hight,  
 For whom he turnd himselfe into a steare,  
 And fedd on fodder to beguile her sight.  
 Also, to win Deucalions daughter bright,  
 He turnd himselfe into a dolphin fayre ;  
 And, like a winged horse, he tooke his flight  
 To snaky-locke Medusa to repayre,  
 On whom he got faire Pegasus that flitteth in the ayre.

## XLIII.

Next Saturne was, (but who would ever weene  
 That sullein Saturne ever weend to love ?  
 Yet love is sullein, and Satúrnlke seene,  
 As he did for Erigone it prove,)  
 That to a centaure did himselfe transmove.  
 So proof'd it eke that gracious god of wine,  
 When, for to compasse Philliras hard love,  
 He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,  
 And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.

## XLIV.

Long were to tell the amorous assayes,  
 And gentle pangues, with which he makèd meeke  
 The mightie Mars, to learne his wanton playes ;  
 How oft for Venus, and how often eek  
 For many other nymphes, he sore did shreek ;  
 With womanish teares, and with unwarlike smarts,  
 Privily moystening his horrid cheeke :  
 There was he painted full of burning dartes,  
 And many wide woundes launched through his inner  
 partes.

## XLV.

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elfe)  
 His owne deare mother, (ah! why should he so!)  
 Ne did he spare sometime to pricke himselfe,  
 That he might taste the sweet consuming woe,  
 Which he had wrought to many others moe.  
 But, to declare the mournfull tragedyes  
 And spoiles wherewith he all the ground did strow,  
 More eath to number with how many eyes  
 High heven beholdes sad lovers nightly theeveryes.

## XLVI.

Kings, queenes, lords, ladies, knights, and damsels gent,  
 Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort,  
 And mingled with the raskall rablement,  
 Without respect of person or of port,  
 To shew Dan Cupids powre and great effort:  
 And round about a border was entrayld  
 Of broken bowes and arrowes shivered short;  
 And a long bloody river through them rayld,  
 So lively, and so like, that living sence it fayld.

## XLVII.

And at the upper end of that faire rowme  
 There was an altar built of pretious stone  
 Of passing valew and of great renowme,  
 On which there stood an image all alone  
 Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone;  
 And winges it had with sondry colours dight,  
 More sondry colours then the proud pavone  
 Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,  
 When her discoloured bow she spreads through heven  
 bright.

## XLVIII.

Blyndfold he was ; and in his cruell fist  
 A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,  
 With which he shot at randon when him list,  
 Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold ;  
 (Ah ! man, beware how thou those dartes behold !)  
 A wounded dragon under him did ly,  
 Whose hideous tayle his lefte foot did enfold,  
 And with a shaft was shot through either eye,  
 That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedye.

## XLIX.

And underneath his feet was written thus,  
*Unto the Victor of the gods this bee :*  
 And all the people in that ample hous  
 Did to that image bowe their humble knee,  
 And oft committed fowle idolatree.  
 That wondrous sight faire Britomart amazd,  
 Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,  
 But ever more and more upon it gazd,  
 The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile senses dazd.

## L.

Tho, as she backward cast her busie eye  
 To search each secrete of that goodly sted,  
 Over the dore thus written she did spye,  
*Bee bold :* She oft and oft it over-red,  
 Yet could not find what sence it figured :  
 But whatso were therein or writ or ment,  
 She was no whit thereby discouraged  
 From prosecuting of her first intent,  
 But forward with bold steps into the next roome went.

## LI.

Much fayrer then the former was that roome,  
 And richlier, by many partes, arayd ;  
 For not with arras made in painefull loome,  
 But with pure gold it all was overlayd,  
 Wrought with wilde antickes which their follies playd  
 In the rich metall, as they living were :  
 A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,  
 Such as false Love doth oft upon him weare ;  
 For Love in thousand monstrous formes doth oft appeare.

## LII.

And, all about, the glistring walles were hong  
 With warlike spoiles and with victorious prayes  
 Of mightie conquerours and captaines strong,  
 Which were whilóme captived in their dayes  
 To cruell Love, and wrought their owne decays :  
 Their swerds and speres were broke, and hauberques  
 rent,  
 And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bayes  
 Troden in dust with fury insolent,  
 To shew the Victors might and merciless intent.

## LIII.

The warlike Mayd, beholding earnestly  
 The goodly ordinaunce of this rich place,  
 Did greatly wonder ; ne could satisfy  
 Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space :  
 But more she mervaild that no footings trace  
 Nor wight appeard, but wastefull emptiness  
 And solemne silence over all that place :  
 Straunge thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse  
 So rich purveyaunce, ne them keepe with carefulnesse.

## LIV.

And, as she lookt about, she did behold  
 How over that same dore was likewise writ,  
*Be bolde, Be bolde*, and every where, *Be bold*;  
 That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it  
 By any ridling skill or commune wit.  
 At last she spyde at that rowmes upper end  
 Another yron dore, on which was writ,  
*Be not too bold*; whereto though she did bend  
 Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might intend.

## LV.

Thus she there wayted untill eventyde,  
 Yet living creature none she saw appeare.  
 And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde  
 From mortall vew, and wrap in darkenes dreare;  
 Yet nould she d'off her weary armes, for feare  
 Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse  
 Her heavy eyes with natures burdein deare,  
 But drew herselfe aside in sickernesse,  
 And her welpointed wepons did about her dresse.

## CANTO XII.

The Maske of Cupid, and th'enchanted Chamber are displayd ;  
Whence Britomart redeemes faire Amoret through charmes decayd.

## I.

THO, whenas chearelesse Night ycovered had  
Fayre heaven with an universall clowd,  
That every wight dismayd with darkenes sad  
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shrowd,  
She heard a shrilling trompet sound alowd,  
Signe of nigh battaill, or got victory:  
Nought therewith daunted was her courage prowde,  
But rather stird to cruell enmity,  
Expecting ever when some foe she might descry.

## II.

With that, an hideous storme of winde arose,  
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,  
And an earthquake, as if it streight would lose  
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt:  
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt  
Ensewd, whose noyaunce fild the fearefull sted  
From the fourth howre of night untill the sixt ;  
Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,  
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still persévered.

## III.

All suddeinly a stormy whirlwind blew  
 Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,  
 With which that yron wicket open flew,  
 As it with mighty levers had bene tore;  
 And forth yssewd, as on the readie flore  
 Of some théatre, a grave personage  
 That in his hand a braunch of laurell bore,  
 With comely haveour and count'nance sage,  
 Yclad in costly garments fit for tragicke stage.

## IV.

Proceeding to the midst he stil did stand,  
 As if in minde he somewhat had to say;  
 And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,  
 In signe of silence, as to heare a play,  
 By lively actions he gan bewray  
 Some argument of matter passioned;  
 Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,  
 And, passing by, his name discovered,  
 Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

## V.

The noble Mayd still standing all this vewd,  
 And merveild at his straunge intendment:  
 With that a ioyous fellowship issewd  
 Of minstrales making goodly meriment,  
 With wanton bardes, and rymers impudent;  
 All which together song full chearefully  
 A lay of loves delight with sweet concent:  
 After whom marcht a iolly company,  
 In manner of a Maske, enranged orderly.

## VI.

The whiles a most delicious harmony  
 In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to sound,  
 That the rare sweetnesse of the melody  
 The feeble sences wholly did confound,  
 And the frayle soule in deepe delight nigh drownd:  
 And, when it ceast, shrill trumpets lowd did bray,  
 That their report did far away rebound;  
 And, when they ceast, it gan againe to play,  
 The whiles the Maskers marched forth in trim aray.

## VII.

The first was Fansy, like a lovely boy  
 Of rare aspect and beautie without peare,  
 Matchable either to that ympe of Troy,  
 Whom Love did love and chose his cup to beare;  
 Or that same daintie lad, which was so deare  
 To great Alcides, that, whenas he dyde,  
 He wailed womanlike with many a teare,  
 And every wood and every valley wyde  
 He filld with Hylas name; the nymphes eke Hylas cryde.

## VIII.

His garment neither was of silke nor say,  
 But paynted plumes in goodly order dight,  
 Like as the sunburnt Indians do aray  
 Their tawney bodies in their proudest plight:  
 As those same plumes, so seemd he vaine and light,  
 That by his gate might easily appeare;  
 For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,  
 And in his hand a windy fan did beare,  
 That in the ydle ayre he mov'd still here and there.

## IX.

And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,  
 Who seemd of ryper yeares then th' other swayne,  
 Yet was that other swayne this elders syre,  
 And gave him being, commune to them twayne :  
 His garment was disguysed very vayne,  
 And his embrodered bonet sat awry :  
 Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did strayne,  
 Which still he blew and kindled busily,  
 That soone they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly.

## X.

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad  
 In a discolour'd cote of straunge disguyse,  
 That at his backe a brode capuccio had,  
 And sleeves dependaunt Albanesè-wyse ;  
 He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,  
 And nycely trode, as thornes lay in his way,  
 Or that the flore to shrinke he did avyse ;  
 And on a broken reed he still did stay [lay.  
 His feeble steps, which shrunk when hard thereon he

## XI.

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged weed  
 Made of beares skin, that him more dreadfull made ;  
 Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need  
 Straunge horrour to deforme his griesly shade :  
 A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade  
 In th' other was ; this Mischiefe, that Mishap ;  
 With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,  
 With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap :  
 For whom he could not kill he practizd to entrap.

## XII.

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,  
 Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,  
 But feard each shadow moving to or froe ;  
 And, his owne armes when glittering he did spy  
 Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,  
 As ashes pale of hew, and winged heeld ;  
 And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,  
 Gainst whom he alwayes bent a brasen shield,  
 Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did wield.

## XIII.

With him went Hope in rancke, à handsome mayd,  
 Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold ;  
 In silken samite she was light arayd,  
 And her fayre lockes were woven up in gold :  
 She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold  
 An holy-water-sprinckle, dipt in deowe,  
 With which she sprinckled favours manifold  
 On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,  
 Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.

## XIV.

And after them Dissemblance and Suspect  
 Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequall paire ;  
 For She was gentle and of milde aspect,  
 Courteous to all and seeming debonaire,  
 Goodly adorned and exceeding faire ;  
 Yet was that all but paynted and purloynd,  
 And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed haire ;  
 Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,  
 And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd :

## XV.

But He was fowle, ill favoured, and grim,  
 Under his eiebrowes looking still askaunce;  
 And ever, as Dissemblaunce laught on him,  
 He lowrd on Her with daungerous eye-glauce,  
 Shewing his nature in his countenaunce;  
 His rolling eies did never rest in place,  
 But walkte each where for feare of hid mischaunce,  
 Holding a lattis still before his face,  
 Through which he stil did peep as forward he did pace.

## XVI.

Next him went Griefe and Fury matcht yfere;  
 Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,  
 Downe hanging his dull head with heavy chere,  
 Yet inly being more then seeming sad:  
 A paire of pincers in his hand he had,  
 With which he pinched people to the hart,  
 That from thenceforth a wretched life they ladd,  
 In wilfull languor and consuming smart,  
 Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

## XVII.

But Fury was full ill appareiled  
 In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,  
 With ghastly looks and dreadfull drerihed;  
 And from her backe her garments she did teare,  
 And from her head ofte rente her snarled heare:  
 In her right hand a firebrand shee did tosse  
 About her head, still roaming here and there;  
 As a dismayed deare in chace embost,  
 Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

## XVIII.

After them went Displeasure and Pleasaunce,  
 He looking lompish and full sullein sad,  
 And hanging downe his heavy countenaunce;  
 She chearfull, fresh, and full of ioyauunce glad,  
 As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad;  
 That evill matched paire they seemd to bee:  
 An angry waspe th' one in a viall had,  
 Th' other in hers an hony lady-bee.

Thus marched these six couples forth in faire degree.

## XIX.

After all these there marcht a most faire Dame,  
 Led of two grysie Villeins, th' one Despight,  
 The other cleped Cruelty by name:  
 She dolefull Lady, like a dreary spright  
 Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,  
 Had Deathes own ymage figurd in her face,  
 Full of sad signes, fearfull to living sight;  
 Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,  
 And with her feeble feete did move a comely pace.

## XX.

Her brest all naked, as nett yvory  
 Without adorne of gold or silver bright  
 Wherewith the craftesman wonts it beautify,  
 Of her dew honour was despoyled quight;  
 And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight!)  
 Entrenched deep with knyfe accursed keene,  
 Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,  
 (The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,  
 That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene:

## XXI.

At that wide orifice her trembling hart  
 Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,  
 Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,  
 And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd.  
 And those two Villeins (which her steps upstayd,  
 When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,  
 And fading vitall powres gan to fade,)  
 Her forward still with torture did constraine,  
 And evermore encreased her consuming paine.

## XXII.

Next after her, the Winged God himselve  
 Came riding on a lion ravenous,  
 Taught to obey the menage of that Elfe  
 That man and beast with powre imperious  
 Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous:  
 His blindfold eies he bad awhile unbinde,  
 That his proud spoile of that same dolorous  
 Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kinde;  
 Which seene, he much reioyced in his cruell minde.

## XXIII.

Of which ful prowde, himselve uprearing hye  
 He looked round about with sterne disdayne,  
 And did survay his goodly company;  
 And, marshalling the evill-ordered trayne,  
 With that the darts which his right hand did straine  
 Full dreadfully he shooke, that all did quake,  
 And clapt on hye his coulour'd winges twaine,  
 That all his many it affraide did make:  
 Tho, blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

## XXIV.

Behinde him was Reproch, Repentaunce, Shame ;  
 Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent behinde :  
 Repentaunce feeble, sorrowfull, and lame ;  
 Reproch despightful, carelesse, and unkinde ;  
 Shame most ill-favourd, bestiall, and blinde :  
 Shame lowrd, Repentaunce sighd, Reproch did scould ;  
 Reproch sharpe stings, Repentaunce whips entwinde,  
 Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold :  
 All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

## XXV.

And after them a rude confused rout  
 Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read :  
 Emongst them was sterne Strife ; and Anger stout ;  
 Unquiet Care ; and fond Unthriftyhead ;  
 Lewd Losse of Time ; and Sorrow seeming dead ;  
 Inconstant Change ; and false Disloyalty ;  
 Consuming Riotise ; and guilty Dread  
 Of heavenly vengeaunce ; faint Infirmitie ;  
 Vile Poverty ; and, lastly, Death with infamy.

## XXVI.

There were full many moe like Maladies,  
 Whose names and nature's I note readen well ;  
 So many moe, as there be phantasies  
 In wavering wemens witt, that none can tell,  
 Or paines in love, or punishments in hell :  
 All which disguised marcht in masking-wise  
 About the Chamber by the Damozell ;  
 And then returned, having marched thrise,  
 Into the inner rowme from whence they first did rise.

## XXVII.

So soone as they were in, the dore streightway  
 Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast  
 Which first it opened, and bore all away.  
 Then the brave Maid, which al this while was plast  
 In secret shade, and saw both first and last,  
 Issewed forth and went unto the dore  
 To enter in, but fownd it locked fast:  
 It vaine she thought with rigorous uprore  
 For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

## XXVIII.

Where force might not availe, there sleights and art  
 She cast to use, both fitt for hard emprize:  
 Fortly from that same rowme not to depart  
 Till morrow next shee did herselfe avize,  
 When that same Maske againe should forth arize.  
 The morrowe next appeard with ioyous cheare,  
 Calling men to their daily exercize:  
 Then she, as morrow fresh, herselfe did reare  
 Out of her secret stand that day for to outweare.

## XXIX.

All that day she outwore in wandering  
 And gazing on that Chambers ornament,  
 Till that againe the second Evening  
 Her covered with her sable vestiment,  
 Wherewith the worlds faire beautie she hath blent:  
 Then, when the second watch was almost past,  
 That brasen dore flew open, and in went  
 Bold Britomart, as she had late forecast,  
 Nether of ydle showes nor of false charmes aghast.

## XXX.

So soone as she was entred, rownd about  
Shee cast her eies to see what was become  
Of all those persons which she saw without.  
But lo! they streight were vanisht all and some;  
Ne living wight she saw in all that roome,  
Save that same woefull Lady; both whose hands  
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,  
And her small waste girt rownd with yron bands  
Unto a brasen pillour, by the which she stands.

## XXXI.

And, her before, the vile Enchaunter sate,  
Figuring straunge charácters of his art;  
With living blood he those charácters wrate,  
Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,  
Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart;  
And all perforce to make her him to love.  
Ah! who can love the worker of her smart!  
A thousand charmes he formerly did prove;  
Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast hart remove.

## XXXII.

Soon as that Virgin Knight he saw in place,  
His wicked bookes in hast he overthrew,  
Not caring his long labours to deface;  
And, fiercely running to that Lady trew,  
A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew,  
The which he thought, for villeinous despight,  
In her tormented bodie to embrew:  
But the stout Damzell to him leaping light  
His cursed hand withheld, and maistered his might.

## XXXIII.

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,  
 The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,  
 And, turning to herselfe his fell intent,  
 Unwares it strooke into her snowie chest,  
 That litle drops empurpled her faire brest.  
 Exceeding wroth therewith the Virgin grew,  
 Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,  
 And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,  
 To give him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

## XXXIV.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground  
 He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should have slaine,  
 Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,  
 Dernly unto her called to abstaine  
 From doing him to dy; for else her paine  
 Should be remédillesse; sith none but hee  
 Which wrought it could the same recure againe.  
 Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to bee;  
 For life she him envýde, and long'd revenge to see:

## XXXV.

And to him said; "Thou wicked man, whose meed  
 For so huge mischief and vile villany  
 Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed;  
 Be sure that nought may save thee from to dy  
 But if that thou this Dame do presently  
 Restore unto her health and former state;  
 This doe, and live; els dye undóubtedly."  
 He, glad of life, that lookt for death but late,  
 Did yield himselfe right willing to prolong his date:

## XXXVI.

And rising up gan streight to over-looke  
Those cursed leaves, his charmes back to reverse :  
Full dreadfull thinges out of that balefull booke  
He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,  
That horreur gan the Virgins hart to perse,  
And her faire locks up stared stiffe on end,  
Hearing him those same bloody lynes reherse ;  
And, all the while he red, she did extend  
Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

## XXXVII.

Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,  
And all the dores to rattle round about ;  
Yet all that did not her dismaied make,  
Nor slack her threatfull hand for daungers dout,  
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout  
Abode, to weet what end would come of all :  
At last that mightie chaine, which round about  
Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,  
And that great brasen pillour broke in peeces small.

## XXXVIII.

The cruell steele, which thrild her dying hart,  
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord ;  
And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart  
Her bleeding brest and riven bowels gor'd,  
Was closed up, as it had not beene sor'd ;  
And every part to safëty full sownd,  
As she were never hurt, was soone restord :  
Tho, when she felt herselfe to be unbownd  
And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the grownd ;

## XXXIX.

Before faire Britomart she fell prostrate,  
 Saying; " Ah! noble Knight, what worthy meede  
 Can wretched Lady, quitt from wofull state,  
 Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?  
 Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,  
 Even immortal prayse and glory wyde,  
 Which I your vassall, by your prowesse freed,  
 Shall through the world make to be notifyde,  
 And goodly well advaunce that goodly well was tryde."

## XL.

But Britomart, uprearing her from grownd,  
 Said; " Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene,  
 For many labours more than I have found,  
 This, that in safetie now I have you seene,  
 And meane of your deliverance have beene:  
 Henceforth, faire Lady, comfort to you take,  
 And put away remembrance of late teene;  
 Insted thereof, know that your loving Make  
 Hath no lesse grieve endured for your gentle sake."

## XLI.

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,  
 Whom of all living wightes she loved best.  
 Then laid the noble Championesse strong hond  
 Upon th' Enchaunter which had her distrest  
 So sore, and with foule outrages opprest:  
 With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygoe  
 He bound that pitteous Lady prisoner now relest,  
 Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,  
 And captive with her led to wretchednesse and wo.

## XLII.

Returning back, those goodly rowmes, which erst  
 She saw so rich and royally arayd,  
 Now vanisht utterly and cleane subverst  
 She found, and all their glory quite decayd;  
 That sight of such a chaunge her much dismayd.  
 Thence forth descending to that perlous porch,  
 Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd  
 And quenched quite like a consumed torch,  
 That erst all entrers wont so cruelly to scorch.

## XLIII.

More easie issew now then entrance late  
 She found; for now that fained-dreadfull flame,  
 Which chokt the porch of that enchaunted gate  
 And passage bard to all that thither came,  
 Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,  
 And gave her leave at pleasure forth to passe.  
 Th' Enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did frame  
 To have efforst the love of that faire Lasse,  
 Seeing his worke now wasted, deepe engrieved was.

## XLIV.

But when the Victoressse arrived there  
 Where late she left the pensife Scudamore  
 With her own trusty Squire, both full of feare,  
 Neither of them she found where she them lore:  
 Thereat her noble hart was stonisht sore;  
 But most faire Amoret, whose gentle spright  
 Now gan to feede on hope, which she before  
 Conceived had, to see her own deare Knight,  
 Being thereof beguyld, was fild with new affright.

## XLV.

But he, sad man, when he had long in drede  
Awayted there for Britomarts returne,  
Yet saw her not, nor signe of her good speed,  
His expectation to despaire did turne,  
Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burne ;  
And therefore gan advize with her old Squire,  
Who her deare nourslings losse no lesse did mourne,  
Thence to depart for further aide t' enquire :  
Where let them wend at will, whilst here I doe respire.

THE FOURTH BOOKE OF  
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF CAMBEL AND TRIAMOND, OR OF  
FRIENDSHIP.

I.

**T**HE rugged forehead, that with grave foresight  
Welds kingdomes causes and affaires of state,  
My looser rimes, I wote, doth sharply wite  
For praising love as I have done of late,  
And magnifying lovers deare debate ;  
By which fraile youth is oft to follie led,  
Through false allurement of that pleasing baite,  
That better were in vertues discipled,  
Then with vaine poemes weeds to have their fancies fed.

II.

Such ones ill iudge of love, that cannot love,  
Ne in their frozen hearts feele kindly flame :  
Forthy they ought not thing unknowne reprove,  
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame  
For fault of few that have abusd the same :  
For it of honor and all vertue is  
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,  
That crowne true lovers with immortall blis,  
The meed of them that love, and do not live amisse.

## III.

Which whoso list looke backe to formèr ages,  
 And call to count the things that then were donne,  
 Shall find that all the workes of those wise sages,  
 And brave exploits which great heroës wonne,  
 In love were either ended or begunne :  
 Witnessse the Father of Philosophie,  
 Which to his Critias, shaded oft from sunne,  
 Of love full manie lessons did apply,  
 The which these Stoicke censours cannot well deny.

## IV.

To such therefore I do not sing at all ;  
 But to that sacred Saint my soveraigne Queene,  
 In whose chast brest all bountie naturall  
 And treasures of true love enlocked beene,  
 Bove all her sexe that ever yet was seene ;  
 To her I sing of love, that loveth best,  
 And best is lov'd of all alive I weene ;  
 To her this song most fitly is adrest, [blest.  
 The Queene of love, and Prince of peace from heaven

## V.

Which that she may the better deigne to heare,  
 Do thou, dread Infant, Venus dearling dove,  
 From her high spirit chase imperious feare,  
 And use of awfull maiestie remove :  
 Insted thereof with drops of melting love,  
 Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten  
 From thy sweete-smyling Mother from above,  
 Sprinkle her heart, and haughtie courage soften,  
 That she may hearke to love, and reade this lesson often.

## CANTO I.

Fayre Britomart saves Amoret:  
 Duessa discord breedes  
 Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:  
 Their fight and warlike deedes.

## I.

OF lovers sad calamities of old  
 Full many piteous stories doe remaine,  
 But none more piteous ever was ytold  
 Then that of Amorets hart-binding chaine,  
 And this of Florimels unworthie paine:  
 The deare compassion of whose bitter fit  
 My softned heart so sorely doth constraîne,  
 That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,  
 And oftentimes doe wish it never had bene writ.

## II.

For, from the time that Scudamour her bought  
 In perilous fight, she never ioyed day;  
 A perilous fight! when he with force her brought  
 From twentie Knights that did him all assay;  
 Yet fairely well he did them all dismay,  
 And with great glorie both the Shield of Love  
 And eke the Ladie selfe he brought away;  
 Whom having wedded, as did him behove,  
 A new unknowen mischiefe did from him remove.

## III.

For that same vile Enchauntour Busyran,  
 The very selfe same day that she was wedded,  
 Amidst the bridale feast, whilst every man  
 Surcharg'd with wine were heedlesse and ill-hedded,  
 All bent to mirth before the Bride was bedded,  
 Brought in that Mask of Love which late was shoven ;  
 And there the Ladie ill of friends bestedded,  
 By way of sport, as oft in Maskes is knowen,  
 Conveyed quite away to living wight unknowen.

## IV.

Seven moneths he so her kept in bitter smart,  
 Because his sinfull lust she would not serve,  
 Untill such time as noble Britomart  
 Released her, that else was like to sterve  
 Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerve :  
 And now she is with her upon the way  
 Marching in lovely wise, that could deserve  
 No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay  
 To blot her with dishonor of so faire a pray.

## V.

Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell  
 The diverse usage, and demeanure daint,  
 That each to other made, as oft befell :  
 For Amoret right fearefull was and faint  
 Lest she with blame her honor should attaint,  
 That everie word did tremble as she spake,  
 And everie looke was coy and wondrous quaint,  
 And everie limbe that touched her did quake ;  
 Yet could she not but curteous countenance to her make.

## VI.

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,  
That her live's lord and patrone of her health  
Right well deserved, as his duefull meed,  
Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth:  
All is his iustly that all freely deal'th.  
Nathlesse her honor dearer then her life  
She sought to save, as thing reserv'd from stealth;  
Die had she lever with Enchanters knife  
Then to be false in love, profest a virgine wife.

## VII.

Thereto her feare was made so much the greater  
Through fine abusion of that Briton Mayd;  
Who, for to hide her fained sex the better  
And maske her wounded mind, both did and sayd  
Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,  
That well she wist not what by them to gesse:  
For otherwhiles to her she purpos made  
Of love, and otherwhiles of lustfulnesse,  
That much she feard his mind would grow to some excesse.

## VIII.

His will she feard; for him she surely thought  
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed;  
And much the more, by that he lately wrought,  
When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,  
For which no service she too much esteemed:  
Yet dread of shame and doubt of fowle dishonor  
Made her not yeeld so much as due she deemed.  
Yet Britomart attended duly on her,  
As well became a Knight, and did to her all honor.

## IX.

It so befell one evening that they came  
 Unto a Castell, lodged there to bee,  
 Where many a Knight, and many a lovely Dame,  
 Was then assembled deeds of armes to see:  
 Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,  
 That many of them mov'd to eye her sore.  
 The custome of that place was such, that hee,  
 Which had no Love nor Lemman there in store,  
 Should either winne him'one, or lye without the dore.

## X.

Amongst the rest there was a iolly Knight,  
 Who, being asked for his Love, avow'd  
 That fairest Amoret was his by right,  
 And offred that to iustifie alowd.  
 The warlike Virgine, seeing his so prowde  
 And boastfull challenge, wexed inlie wroth,  
 But for the present did her anger shrowd;  
 And sayd, her Love to lose she was full loth,  
 But either he should neither of them have, or both.

## XI.

So fourth they went, and both together giusted;  
 But that same younker soone was overthrowne,  
 And made repent that he had rashly lusted  
 For thing unlawfull that was not his owne:  
 Yet since he seemed valiant, though unknowne,  
 She, that no lesse was courteous then stout,  
 Cast how to salve, that both the custome showne  
 Were kept, and yet that Knight not locked out;  
 That seem'd full hard t' accord two things so far in dout.

## XII.

The seneschall was cal'd to deeme the right ;  
Whom she requir'd, that first fayre Amoret  
Might be to her allow'd, as to a Knight  
That did her win and free from challenge set :  
Which straight to her was yeilded without let :  
Then, since that strange Knights Love from him was  
quitted,  
She claim'd that to herselfe, as Ladies det,  
He as a Knight might iustly be admitted ;  
So none should be out shut, sith all of Loves were fitted.

## XIII.

With that, her glistring helmet she unlaced ;  
Which doft, her golden lockes, that were upbound  
Still in a knot, unto her heeles downe traced,  
And like a silken veile in compasse round  
About her backe and all her bodie wound :  
Like as the shining skie in summers night,  
What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,  
Is creasted all with lines of firie light,  
That it prodigious seemes in common peoples sight.

## XIV.

Such when those Knights and Ladies all about  
Beheld hér, all were with amazement smit,  
And every one gan grow in secret dout  
Of this and that, according to each wit :  
Some thought that some enchantment faygned it ;  
Some, that Bellona in that warlike wise  
To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit ;  
Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise :  
So diversely each one did sundrie doubts devise.

## XV.

But that young Knight, which through her gentle deed  
 Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,  
 Ten thousand thankes did yeeld her for her meed,  
 And, doubly overcommen, her ador'd:  
 So did they all their former strife accord;  
 And eke fayre Amoret, now freed from feare,  
 More franke affection did to her afford;  
 And to her bed, which she was wont forbear,  
 Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance there:

## XVI.

Where all that night they of their loves did treat,  
 And hard adventures, twixt themselves alone,  
 That each the other gan with passion great  
 And griefull pittie privately bemone.  
 The morow next, so soone as Titan shone,  
 They both uprose and to their waies them dight:  
 Long wandred they, yet never met with none  
 That to their willes could them direct aright,  
 Or to them tydings tell that mote their harts delight.

## XVII.

Lo thus they rode, till at the last they spide  
 Two armed Knights that toward them did pace,  
 And ech of them had ryding by his side  
 A Ladie, seeming in so farre a space;  
 But Ladies none they were, albee in face  
 And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;  
 For under maske of beautie and good grace  
 Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were,  
 That mote to none but to the warie wise appeare.

## XVIII.

The one of them the false Duessa hight,  
 That now had chang'd her former wonted hew;  
 For she could d'on so manie shapes in sight,  
 As ever could cameleon colours new;  
 So could she forge all colours, save the trew:  
 The other no whit better was then shee,  
 But that, such as she was, she plaine did shew;  
 Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,  
 And dayly more offensive unto each degree:

## XIX.

Her name was Atè, mother of debate  
 And all dissention which doth dayly grow  
 Amongst fraile men, that many a publike state  
 And many a private oft doth overthrow.  
 Her false Duessa, who full well did know  
 To be most fit to trouble noble Knights  
 Which hunt for honor, raised from below  
 Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,  
 Where she in darknes wastes her cursed daies and nights.

## XX.

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is;  
 There, whereas all the plagues and harmes abound  
 Which punish wicked men that walke amisse:  
 It is a darksome delve farre under ground,  
 With thornes and barren brakes enviroñd round,  
 That none the same may easily out win;  
 Yet many waies to enter may be found,  
 But none to issue forth when one is in:  
 For discord harder is to end then to begin.

## XXI.

And all within, the riven walls were hung  
 With ragged monuments of times forepast,  
 All which the sad effects of discord sung:  
 There were rent robes and broken scepters plast;  
 Altars defyld, and holy things defast;  
 Disshivered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine;  
 Great cities ransackt, and strong castles rast;  
 Nations captived, and huge armies slaine:  
 Of all which ruines there some relicks did remaine.

## XXII.

There was the signe of antique Babylon;  
 Of fatall Thebes; of Rome that raigned long;  
 Of sacred Salem; and sad Ilion,  
 For memorie of which on high there hong  
 The Golden Apple, cause of all their wrong,  
 For which the three faire goddesses did strive:  
 There also was the name of Nimrod strong;  
 Of Alexander, and his princes five  
 Which shar'd to them the spoiles that he had got alive:

## XXIII.

And there the relicks of the drunken fray,  
 The which amongst the Lapithees befell;  
 And of the bloodie feast, which sent away  
 So many Centaures drunken soules to hell,  
 That under great Alcides furie fell:  
 And of the dreadfull discord, which did drive  
 The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,  
 That each of life sought others to deprive,  
 All mindlesse of the Golden Fleece, which made them  
 strive.

## XXIV.

And eke of private persons many moe,  
That were too long a worke to count them all;  
Some, of sworne friends that did their faith forgoe;  
Some, of borne brethren prov'd unnaturall;  
Some, of deare lovers foes perpetuall:  
Witnesse their broken bandes there to be seene,  
Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all;  
The moniments whereof there byding beene,  
As plaine as at the first when they were fresh and greene.

## XXV.

Such was her House within; but all without,  
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,  
Which she herselfe had sowen all about,  
Now growen great, at first of little seedes,  
The seedes of evill wordes and factious deedes;  
Which, when to ripenesse due they growen arre,  
Bring forth an infinite increase that breeds  
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious iarre,  
The which most often end in bloudshed and in warre.

## XXVI.

And those same cursed seedes doe also serve  
To her for bread, and yeeld her living food:  
For life it is to her, when others sterve  
Through mischievous debate and deadly feod,  
That she may sucke their life and drinke their blood,  
With which she from her childhood had bene fed:  
For she at first was borne of hellish brood,  
And by infernall Furies nourished;  
That by her monstrous shape might easily be red.

## XXVII.

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,  
 With squinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,  
 And loathly mouth, unmeete a mouth to bee,  
 That nought but gall and venim comprehended,  
 And wicked wordes that God and man offended:  
 Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,  
 And both the parts did speake, and both contended;  
 And as her tongue so was her hart discided,  
 That never thoght one thing, but doubly stil was guided.

## XXVIII.

Als as she double spake, so heard she double,  
 With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,  
 Fild with false rumors and seditious trouble,  
 Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,  
 That still are led with every light report:  
 And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,  
 And much unlike; th' one long, the other short,  
 And both misplast; that, when th' one forward yode,  
 The other backe retired and contrarie trode.

## XXIX.

Likewise unequall were her handes twaine;  
 That one did reach, the other pusht away;  
 That one did make, the other mard againe,  
 And sought to bring all things unto decay;  
 Whereby great riches, gathered manie a day,  
 She in short space did often bring to nought,  
 And their possessours often did dismay:  
 For all her studie was and all her thought  
 How she might overthrow the things that Concord  
 wrought.

## XXX.

So much her malice did her might surpas,  
That even th' Almightye selfe she did maligne,  
Because to man so mercifull he was,  
And unto all his creatures so benigne,  
Sith she herselfe was of his grace indigne:  
For all this worlds faire workmanship she tride  
Unto his last confusion to bring,  
And that great golden chaine quite to divide,  
With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

## XXXI.

Such was that Hag, which with Duessa roade;  
And, serving her in her malicious use  
To hurt good Knights, was, as it were, her baude  
To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse:  
For though, like withered tree that wanteth iuyce,  
She old and crooked were, yet now of late  
As fresh and fragrant as the floure-deluce  
She was become, by change of her estate,  
And made full goodly ioyance to her new-found mate:

## XXXII.

Her mate, he was a iollie youthfull Knight  
That bore great sway in armes and chivalrie,  
And was indeed a man of mickle might;  
His name was Blandamour, that did descrie  
His fickle mind full of inconstancie:  
And now himselfe he fitted had right well  
With two companions of like qualitie,  
Faithlesse Duessa, and false Paridell,  
That whether were more false, full hard it is to tell.

## XXXIII.

Now when this gallant with his goodly crew  
 From farre espide the famous Britomart,  
 Like Knight adventurous in outward vew,  
 With his faire paragon, his conquests part,  
 Approching nigh; eftsoones his wanton hart  
 Was tickled with delight, and iesting sayd;  
 "Lo! there, Sir Paridel, for your desart,  
 Good lucke presents you with yond lovely Mayd,  
 For pitie that ye want a fellow for your ayd."

## XXXIV.

By that the lovely paire drew nigh to hond:  
 Whom whenas Páridel more plaine beheld,  
 Albee in heart he like affection fond,  
 Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld  
 That did those armes and that same scutchion weld,  
 He had small lust to buy his Love so deare,  
 But answered; "Sir, him wise I never held,  
 That, having once escaped perill neare,  
 Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evill reare."

## XXXV.

"This Knight too late his manhood and his might  
 I did assay, that me right dearely cost;  
 Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,  
 Ne for light Ladies love, that soone is lost."  
 The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be crost,  
 "Take then to you this Dame of mine," quoth hee,  
 "And I, without your perill or your cost,  
 Will challenge yond same other for my fee."  
 So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could see.

## XXXVI.

The warlike Britonesse her soone adrest,  
And with such uncouth welcome did receive  
Her fayned paramour, her forced guest,  
That, being forst his saddle soone to leave,  
Himselfe he did of his new Love deceave;  
And made himselfe th'ensample of his follie.  
Which done, she passed forth, not taking leave,  
And left him now as sad as whilome iollie,  
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dallie.

## XXXVII.

Which when his other companie beheld,  
They to his succour ran with readie ayd;  
And, finding him unable once to weld,  
They reared him on horse-backe and upstayd,  
Till on his way they had him forth conveyd:  
And all the way, with wondrous grieve of mynd  
And shame, he shewd himselfe to be dismayd  
More for the Love which he had left behynd,  
Then that which he had to Sir Paridel resynd.

## XXXVIII.

Nathlesse he forth did march, well as he might,  
And made good semblance to his companie,  
Dissembling his disease and evill plight;  
Till that ere long they chaunced to espie  
Two other Knights, that towards them did ply  
With speedie course, as bent to charge them new:  
Whom whenas Blandamour approaching nie  
Perceiv'd to be such as they seemd in vew,  
He was full wo, and gan his former grieve renew.

## XXXIX.

For th'one of them be perfectly describe  
 To be Sir Scudamour, (by that he bore  
 The god of Love with wings displayed wide,)  
 Whom mortally he hated evermore,  
 Both for his worth, that all men did adore,  
 And eke because his Love he wonne by right :  
 Which when he thought, it grieved him full sore,  
 That, through the bruises of his former fight,  
 He now unable was to wreake his old despight.

## XL.

Forthy he thus to Paridel bespake ;  
 " Faire Sir, of friendship let me now you pray,  
 That as I late adventured for your sake,  
 The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,  
 Ye will me now with like good turne repay,  
 And iustifie my cause on yonder Knight."  
 " Ah ! Sir," said Paridel, " do not dismay  
 Yourselfe for this ; myselfe will for you fight,  
 As ye have done for me : The left hand rubs the right."

## XLI.

With that he put his spurres unto his steed,  
 With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,  
 Like shaft out of a bow preventing speed.  
 But Scudamour was shortly well aware  
 Of his approuch, and gan himselfe prepare  
 Him to receive with entertainment meete.  
 So furiously they met, that either bare  
 The other downe under their horses feete,  
 That what of them became themselves did scarsly weete.

## XLII.

As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,  
 Forcibly driven with contrarie tydes,  
 Do meete together, each abacke rebowndes  
 With roaring rage; and dashing on all sides,  
 That filleth all the sea with fome, divydes  
 The doubtfull current into divers wayes:  
 So fell those two in spight of both their prydes;  
 But Scudamour himselve did soone uprayse,  
 And, mounting light, his foe for lying long upbrayes:

## XLIII.

Who, rolled on an heape, lay still in swound  
 All carelesse of his taunt and bitter rayle;  
 Till that the rest him seeing lie on ground  
 Ran hastily, to weete what did him ayle:  
 Where finding that the breath gan him to fayle,  
 With busie care they strove him to awake,  
 And doft his helmet, and undid his mayle:  
 So much they did, that at the last they brake  
 His slomber, yet so mazed that he nothing spake.

## XLIV.

Which whenas Blandamour beheld, he sayd;  
 "False faitour Scudamour, that hast by slight  
 And foule advantage this good Knight dismayd,  
 A Knight, much better then thyselfe behight,  
 Well falles it thee that I am not in plight  
 This day, to wreake the dammage by thee donne!  
 Such is thy wont, that still when any Knight  
 Is weakned, then thou doest him overronne:  
 So hast thou to thyselfe false honour often wonne."

## XLV.

He little answer'd, but in manly heart  
 His mightie indignation did forbear ;  
 Which was not yet so secret, but some part  
 Thereof did in his frowning face appeare :  
 Like as a gloomie cloud, the which doth beare  
 An hideous storme, is by the northerne blast  
 Quite overblowne, yet doth not passe so cleare  
 But that it all the skie doth overcast  
 With darknes dred, and threatens all the world to wast.

## XLVI.

“ Ah ! gentle Knight,” then false Duessa sayd,  
 “ Why do ye strive for Ladies love so sore,  
 Whose chiefe desire is love and friendly aid  
 Mongst gentle Knights to nourish evermore !  
 Ne be ye wroth, Sir Scudamour, therefore,  
 That she your Love list love another Knight,  
 Ne do yourselfe dislike a whit the more ;  
 For love is free, and led with selfe-delight,  
 Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or might.”

## XLVII.

So false Duessa : but vile Atè thus ;  
 “ Both foolish Knights, I can but laugh at both,  
 That strive and storme with stirre outrageous  
 For her, that each of you alike doth loth,  
 And loves another, with whom now she go'th  
 In lovely wise, and sleepes, and sports, and playes ;  
 Whilest both you here with many a cursed oth  
 Swear she is yours ; and stirre up bloudie frayes,  
 To win a willow bough, whilest other weares the bayes.

## XLVIII.

“Vile Hag,” sayd Scudamour, “why dost thou lye,  
 And falsly seekst a virtuous wight to shame?” [eye  
 “Fond Knight,” sayd she, “the thing that with this  
 I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?”  
 “Then tell,” quoth Blandamour, “and feare no blame;  
 Tell what thou saw’st, maulgre whoso it heares.”  
 “I saw,” quoth she, “a straunger Knight, whose name  
 I wote not well, but in his shield he beares  
 (That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares;

## XLIX.

“I saw him have your Amoret at will;  
 I saw him kisse; I saw him her embrace;  
 I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill;  
 All, manie nights; and manie by in place  
 That present were to testifie the case.”  
 Which whenas Scudamour did heare, his heart  
 Was thrild with inward grieve: As when in chace  
 The Parthian strikes a stag with shivering dart,  
 The beast astonisht stands in midst of his smart;

## L.

So stood Sir Scudamour when this he heard,  
 Ne word he had to speake for great dismay,  
 But lookt on Glauçè grim, who woxe afeard  
 Of outrage for the words which she heard say,  
 Albee untrue she wist them by assay.  
 But Blandamour, whenas he did espie  
 His change of cheere that anguish did bewray,  
 He woxe full blithe, as he had got thereby,  
 And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

## LI.

"Lo! recreant," sayd he, "the fruitlesse end  
 Of thy vaine boast, and spoile of love misgotten,  
 Whereby the name of knight-hood thou dost shend,  
 And all true lovers with dishonor blotten:  
 All things not rooted well will soone be rotten."  
 "Fy, fy, false Knight," then false Duessa cryde,  
 "Unworthy life, that love with guile hast gotten;  
 Be thou, whereever thou do go or ryde,  
 Loathed of Ladies all, and of all Knights defyde!"

## LII.

But Scudamour, for passing great despight,  
 Staid not to answer; scarcely did refraine  
 But that in all those Knights and Ladies, sight  
 He for revenge had guiltlesse Glaucè slaine:  
 But, being past, he thus began amaine;  
 "False traitour Squire, false Squire of falsest Knight,  
 Why doth mine hand from thine avenge abstaine,  
 Whose lord hath done my love this foule despight!  
 Why do I not it wreake on thee now in my might!"

## LIII.

"Discourteous, disloyall Britomart,  
 Untrue to God, and unto man uniust!  
 What vengeance due can equall thy desart,  
 That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust  
 Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust!  
 Let ugly shame and endlesse infamy  
 Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust!  
 Yet thou, false Squire, his fault shall deare aby,  
 And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply."

## LIV.

The aged dame him seeing so enraged  
Was dead with feare; nathlesse as neede required  
His flaming furie sought to have assuaged  
With sober words, that sufferance desired  
Till time the tryall of her truth expyred;  
And evermore sought Britomart to cleare:  
But he the more with furious rage was fyred,  
And thrise his hand to kill her did upreare,  
And thrise he drew it backe: so did at last forbear.

## CANTO II.

Blandamour winnes false Florimell;  
 Paridell for her strives:  
 They are accorded: Agapè  
 Doth lengthen her Sonnes lives.

## I.

FIREBRAND of hell first tynd in Phlegeton  
 By thousand Furies, and from thence out-thrown  
 Into this world to worke confusion  
 And set it all on fire by force unknowen,  
 Is wicked Discord; whose small sparkes once blown  
 None but a god or godlike man can slake:  
 Such as was Orpheus, that, when strife was grown  
 Amongst those famous ympes of Greece, did take  
 His silver harpe in hand and shortly friends them make:

## II.

Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was,  
 That, when the wicked feend his lord tormented,  
 With heavenly notes, that did all other pas,  
 The outrage of his furious fit relented.  
 Such musicke is wise words with time concented,  
 To moderate stiffe mindes disposd to strive:  
 Such as that prudent Romane well invented;  
 What time his people into partes did rive,  
 Them reconcyld againe, and to their homès did drive.

## III.

Such us'd wise Glauçè to that wrathfull Knight,  
 To calme the tempest of his troubled thought:  
 Yet Blandamour, with termes of foule despight,  
 And Paridell her scornd, and set at nought,  
 As old and crooked and not good for ought.  
 Both they unwise, and warelesse of the evill  
 That by themselves unto themselves is wrought,  
 Through that false Witch, and that foule aged Drevill;  
 The one a feend, the other an incarnate devill.

## IV.

With whom as they thus rode accompanide,  
 They were encountred of a lustie Knight  
 That had a goodly Ladie by his side,  
 To whom he made great dalliance and delight:  
 It was to weet the bold Sir Ferraugh hight,  
 He that from Braggadocchio whilome reft  
 The snowy Florimell, whose beautie bright  
 Made him seeme happie for so glorious theft;  
 Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft.

## V.

Which whenas Blandamour, whose fancie light  
 Was alwaies flitting as the wavering wind  
 After each Beautie that appeard in sight,  
 Beheld; eftsoones it prickt his wanton mind  
 With sting of lust that reasons eye did blind,  
 That to Sir Paridell these words he sent;  
 "Sir Knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,  
 Since so good fortune doth to you present  
 So fayre a spoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?"

## VI.

But Paridell, that had too late a tryall  
 Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,  
 List not to hearke, but made this faire denyall;  
 "Last turne was mine, well proved to my paine;  
 This now be yours; God send you better gaine!"  
 Whose scoffed words he taking halfe in scorne,  
 Fiercely forth prickt his steed as in disdain  
 Against that Knight, ere he him well could torne;  
 By meanes whereof he hath him lightly overborne.

## VII.

Who, with the sudden stroke astonisht sore,  
 Upon the ground awhile in slomber lay;  
 The whiles his Love away the other bore,  
 And, shewing her, did Paridell upbray;  
 "Lo! sluggish Knight, the victors happie pray!  
 So fortune friends the bold." Whom Paridell  
 Seeing so faire indeede, as he did say,  
 His hart with secret envie gan to swell,  
 And inly grudge at him that he had sped so well.

## VIII.

Nathlesse proud man himselfe the other deemed,  
 Having so peerlesse paragon ygot:  
 For sure the fayrest Florimell him seemed  
 To him was fallen for his happie lot,  
 Whose like alive on earth he weened not:  
 Therefore he her did court, did serve, did woove,  
 With humblest suit that he imagine mot,  
 And all things did devise, and all things dooe,  
 That might her love prepare, and liking win theretoo.

## IX.

She, in regard thereof, him recompent  
 With golden words and goodly countenance,  
 And such fond favours sparingly dispenst:  
 Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,  
 And coy lookes tempring with loose dalliance;  
 Sometimes estranging him in sterner wise;  
 That, having cast him in a foolish trance,  
 He seemed brought to bed in Paradise, [wise.  
 And prov'd himselfe most foole in what he seem'd most

## X.

So great a mistresse of her art she was,  
 And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,  
 That though therein himselfe he thought to pas,  
 And by his false allurements wylie draft  
 Had thousand women of their love beraft,  
 Yet now he was surpriz'd: for that false Spright,  
 Which that same Witch had in this forme engraft,  
 Was so expert in every subtile slight,  
 That it could overreach the wisest earthly wight.

## XI.

Yet he to her did dayly service more,  
 And dayly more deceived was thereby;  
 Yet Paridell him envied therefore,  
 As seeming plast in sole felicity:  
 So blind is lust false colours to descry.  
 But Atè soone discovering his desire,  
 And finding now fit opportunity  
 To stirre up strife twixt love and spight and ire,  
 Did privily put coles unto his secret fire.

## XII.

By sundry meanes thereto she prickt him forth ;  
 Now with remembrance of those spightfull speaches,  
 Now with opinion of his owne more worth,  
 Now with recounting of like former breaches  
 Made in their friendship, as that Hag him teaches :  
 And ever, when his passion is allayd,  
 She it revives, and new occasion reaches :  
 That, on a time as they together way'd,  
 He made him open challenge, and thus boldly sayd ;

## XIII.

“ Too boastfull Blandamour ! too long I beare  
 The open wrongs thou doest me day by day :  
 Well know'st thou, when we friendship first did sweare,  
 The covenant was, that every spoyle or pray  
 Should equally be shard betwixt us tway :  
 Where is my part then of this Ladie bright,  
 Whom to thyselfe thou takest quite away ?  
 Render therefore therein to me my right,  
 Or answere for thy wrong as shall fall out in fight.”

## XIV.

Exceeding wroth thereat was Blandamour,  
 And gan this bitter answere to him make ;  
 “ Too foolish Paridell ! that fayrest floure  
 Wouldst gather faine, and yet no paines wouldst take :  
 But not so easie will I her forsake ;  
 This hand her wonne, this hand shall her defend.”  
 With that they gan their shivering speares to shake,  
 And deadly points at eithers breast to bend,  
 Forgetfull each to have bene ever others frend.

## XV.

Their fire steeds with so untamed force  
Did beare them both to fell avenges end,  
That both their speares with pitillesse remorse  
Through shield and mayle and haberieon did wend,  
And in their flesh a griesly passage rend,  
That with the furie of their owne affret  
Each other horse and man to ground did send ;  
Where, lying still awhile, both did forget  
The perilous present stownd in which their lives were set.

## XVI.

As when two warlike brigandines at sea,  
With murdrous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,  
Do meete together on the watry lea,  
They stemme ech other with so fell despight,  
That with the shocke of their owne heedlesse might  
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh asonder ;  
They which from shore behold the dreadfull sight  
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordenance thonder,  
Do greatly stand amaz'd at such unwonted wonder.

## XVII.

At length they both upstarted in amaze,  
As men awaked rashly out of dreme,  
And round about themselves a while did gaze ;  
Till seeing her, that Florimell did seme,  
In doubt to whom she victorie should deeme,  
Therewith their dulled sprights they edgd anew,  
And, drawing both their swords with rage extreme,  
Like two mad mastiffes each on other flew,  
And shields did share, and mailes did rash, and helmes  
did hew.

## XVIII.

So furiously each other did assayle,  
 As if their soules they would attonce have rent  
 Out of their brests, that streames of bloud did rayle  
 Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent;  
 That all the ground with purple bloud was sprent,  
 And all their armours staynd with bloudie gore;  
 Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,  
 So mortall was their malice and so sore  
 Become, of fayned friendship which they vow'd afore.

## XIX.

And that which is for Ladies most besitting,  
 To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,  
 Was from those Dames so farre and so unfitting,  
 As that, instead of praying them surcease,  
 They did much more their cruelty encrease;  
 Bidding them fight for honour of their love,  
 And rather die then Ladies cause release:  
 With which vaine termes so much they did them move,  
 That both resolv'd the last extremities to prove.

## XX.

There they, I weene, would fight untill this day,  
 Had not a Squire, even he the Squire of Dames,  
 By great adventure travelled that way;  
 Who seeing both bent to so bloody games,  
 And both of old well knowing by their names,  
 Drew nigh, to weete the cause of their debate:  
 And first laide on those Ladies thousand blames,  
 That did not seeke t'appease their deadly hate,  
 But gazed on their harmes, not pittying their estate:

## XXI.

And then those Knights he humbly did beseech  
 To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken:  
 Who lookt a little up at that his speech,  
 Yet would not let their battell so be broken,  
 Both greedie fiers on other to be wroken.  
 Yet he to them so earnestly did call,  
 And them coniu'r'd by some well knowen token,  
 That they at last their wrothfull hands let fall,  
 Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

## XXII.

First he desir'd their cause of strife to see:  
 They said, it was for love of Florimell.  
 "Ah! gentle Knights," quoth he, "how may that bee,  
 And she so farre astray, as none can tell?"  
 "Fond Squire," full angry then sayd Paridell,  
 "Seest not the Ladie there before thy face?"  
 He looked backe; and, her avising well,  
 Weend, as he said, by that her outward grace  
 That fayrest Florimell was present there in place.

## XXIII.

Glad man was he to see that ioyous sight,  
 For none alive but ioy'd in Florimell,  
 And lowly to her lowting thus behight;  
 "Fayrest of faire, that fairenesse doest excell,  
 This happie day I have to greeete you well,  
 In which you safe I see, whom thousand late  
 Misdoubted lost through mischiefe that befell;  
 Long may you live in health and happie state!"  
 She litle answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

## XXIV.

Then, turning to those Knights, he gan anew;  
 “ And you, Sir Blandamour, and Paridell,  
 That for this Ladie present in your vew  
 Have rays’d this cruell warre and outrage fell,  
 Certes, me seemes, bene not advised well;  
 But rather ought in friendship for her sake  
 To ioyne your force, their forcès to repell  
 That seeke perforce her from you both to take,  
 And of your gotten spoyle their owne triúmph to make.”

## XXV.

Thereat Sir Blandamour, with countenance sterne  
 All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake;  
 “ Aread, thou Squire, that I the man may learne,  
 That dare fro me thinke Florimell to take!”  
 “ Not one,” quoth he, “ but many doe partake  
 Herein; as thus: It lately so befell,  
 That Satyran a Girdle did uptake  
 Well knowne to appertaine to Florimell,  
 Which for her sake he wore, as him beseemed well.

## XXVI.

“ But, whenas she herselfe was lost and gone,  
 Full many Knights, that loved her like deare,  
 Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone  
 That lost faire Ladies ornament should weare,  
 And gan therefore close spight to him to beare;  
 Which he to shun, and stop vile envies sting,  
 Hath lately caus’d to be proclaim’d each where  
 A solemne feast, with publike turneyng,  
 To which all Knights with them their Ladies are to bring:

## XXVII.

“ And of them all she, that is fayrest found,  
 Shall have that golden Girdle for reward ;  
 And of those Knights, who is most stout on ground,  
 Shall to that fairest Ladie be prefard,  
 Since therefore she herselfe is now your ward,  
 To you that ornament of hers pertaines,  
 Against all those that challenge it, to gard,  
 And save her honour with your ventrous paines ;  
 That shall you win more glory than ye here find gaines.”

## XXVIII.

When they the reason of his words had hard,  
 They gan abate the rancour of their rage,  
 And with their honours and their loves regard  
 The furious flames of malice to asswage.  
 Tho each to other did his faith engage,  
 Like faithfull friends thenceforth to ioyne in one  
 With all their force, and battell strong to wage  
 Gainst all those Knights, as their professed fone,  
 That challeng'd ought in Florimell, save they alone.

## XXIX.

So, well accorded, forth they rode together  
 In friendly sort, that lasted but a while ;  
 And of all old dislikes they made faire weather :  
 Yet all was forg'd and spred with golden foyle,  
 That under it hidde hate and hollow guyle.  
 Ne certes can that friendship long endure,  
 However gay and goodly be the style,  
 That doth ill cause or evill end enure :  
 For vertue is the band that bindeth harts most sure.

## XXX.

Thus as they marched all in close disguise  
 Of fayned love, they chaunst to overtake  
 Two Knights that lincked rode in lovely wise,  
 As if they secret counsels did partake;  
 And each not farrè behinde him had his Make,  
 To weete, two Ladies of most goodly hew,  
 That twixt themselves did gentle purpose make,  
 Unmindfull both of that discordfull crew,  
 The which with speedie pace did after them pursew.

## XXXI.

Who, as they now approached nigh at hand,  
 Deeming them doughtie as they did appeare,  
 They sent that Squire afore, to understand  
 What mote they be: who, viewing them more neare,  
 Returned readie newes, that those same weare  
 Two of the prowest Knights in Faery Lond;  
 And those two Ladies their two lovers deare;  
 Couragious Cambell, and stout Triamond,  
 With Canacee and Cambine linckt in lovely bond.

## XXXII.

Whylome, as antique stories tellen us,  
 Those two were foes the fellonest on ground,  
 And battell made the dreddest daungerous  
 That ever shrilling trumpet did resound;  
 Though now their acts be no where to be found,  
 As that renowned Poet them compyled  
 With warlike numbers and heroicke sound,  
 Dan Chaucer, Well of English undefyled,  
 On Fames eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.

## XXXIII.

But wicked Time that all good thoughts doth waste,  
 And workes of noblest wits to nought outweare,  
 That famous moniment hath quite defaste,  
 And robd the world of threasure endlesse deare,  
 The which mote have enriched all us heare.  
 O cursed Eld, the canker-worme of writs !  
 How may these rimes, so rude as doth appeare,  
 Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits  
 Are quite devourd, and brought to nought by little bits!

## XXXIV.

Then pardon, O most sacred happie Spirit,  
 That I thy labours lost may thus revive,  
 And steale from thee the meede of thy due merit,  
 That none durst ever whilest thou wast alive,  
 And, being dead, in vaine yet many strive:  
 Ne dare I like ; but, through infusion sweete  
 Of thine owne spirit which doth in me survive,  
 I follow here the footing of thy feete,  
 That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete.

## XXXV.

Cambelloes sister was fayre Canacee,  
 That was the learnedst Ladie in her dayes,  
 Well seene in everie science that mote bee,  
 And every 'secret worke of Nature's wayes ;  
 In wittie riddles ; and in wise soothsayes ;  
 In power of herbes ; and tunes of beasts and burds ;  
 And, that augmented all her other prayse,  
 She modest was in all her deedes and words,  
 And wondrous chast of life, yet lov'd of Knights and Lords.

## XXXVI.

Full many Lords and many Knights her loved,  
 Yet she to none of them her liking lent,  
 Ne ever was with fond affection moved,  
 But rul'd her thoughts with goodly governement,  
 For dread of blame and honours blemishment;  
 And eke unto her lookes a law she made,  
 That none of them once out of order went,  
 But, like to warie centonels well stayd,  
 Still watcht on every side, of secret foes afraid.

## XXXVII.

So much the more as she refusd to love,  
 So much the more she loved was and sought,  
 That oftentimes unquiet strife did move  
 Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels wrought;  
 That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought.  
 Which whenas Cambell, that was stout and wise,  
 Perceiv'd would breede great mischiefe, he bethought  
 How to prevent the perill that mote rise,  
 And turne both him and her to honour in this wise.

## XXXVIII.

One day, when all that troupe of warlike wooers  
 Assembled were, to weet whose she should bee,  
 All mightie men and dreadfull derring doers,  
 (The harder it to make them well agree,  
 Amongst them all this end he did decree;  
 That, of them all which love to her did make,  
 They by consent should chose the stoutest three  
 That with himselfe should combat for her sake,  
 And of them all the victour should his Sister take.

## XXXIX.

Bold was the chalenge, as himselfe was bold,  
And courage full of haughtie hardiment,  
Approved oft in perils manifold,  
Which he atchiev'd to his great ornament:  
But yet his Sisters skill unto him lent  
Most confidence and hope of happie speed,  
Conceived by a Ring which she him sent,  
That, mongst the manie vertues which we reed,  
Had power to staunch al wounds that mortally did bleed.

## XL.

Well was that Rings great vertue knowen to all;  
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might,  
Did all that youthly rout so much appall,  
That none of them durst undertake the fight:  
More wise they weend to make of love delight  
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke;  
And yet uncertaine by such outward sight,  
Though for her sake they all that perill tooke,  
Whether she would them love, or in her liking brooke.

## XLI.

Amongst those Knights there were three Brethren bold,  
Three bolder brethren never were yborne,  
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,  
Borne at one burden in one happie morne;  
Thrise happie mother, and thrise happie morne,  
That bore three such, three such not to be fond!  
Her name was Agapè, whose children werne  
All three as one; the first hight Priamond,  
The second Dyamond, the youngest Triamond.

## XLII.

Stout Priamond, but not so strong to strike;  
 Strong Diamond, but not so stout a Knight;  
 But Triamond was stout and strong alike:  
 On horsebacke used Triamond to fight,  
 And Priamond on foote had more delight;  
 But horse and foote knew Diamond to wield:  
 With curtaxe used Diamond to smite,  
 And Triamond to handle speare and shield,  
 But speare and curtaxe both usd Priamond in field.

## XLIII.

These three did love each other dearely well,  
 And with so firme affection were allyde,  
 As if but one soule in them all did dwell,  
 Which did her powre into three parts divyde;  
 Like three faire branches budding farre and wide,  
 That from one roote deriv'd their vitall sap:  
 And, like that roote that doth her life divide,  
 Their mother was; and had full blessed hap  
 These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

## XLIV.

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill  
 Of secret things, and all the powres of nature,  
 Which she by art could use unto her will,  
 And to her service bind each living creature,  
 Through secret understanding of their feature.  
 Thereto she was right faire, whenso her face  
 She list discover, and of goodly stature;  
 But she, as Fayes are wont, in privie place  
 Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld to space.

## XLV.

There on a day a noble youthly Knight,  
 Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,  
 Did by great fortune get of her the sight,  
 As she sate carelesse by a cristall flood  
 Combing her golden lockes, as seemd her good ;  
 And unawares upon her laying hold,  
 That strove in vaine him long to have withstood,  
 Oppressed her, and there (as it is told) [pions bold:  
 Got these three lovely babes, that prov'd three cham-

## XLVI.

Which she with her long fostred in that wood,  
 Till that to ripenesse of mans state they grew :  
 Then, shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,  
 They loved armes, and knighthood did ensew,  
 Seeking adventures where they anie knew.  
 Which when their mother saw, she gan to dout  
 Their safetie ; least by searching daungers new,  
 And rash provoking perils all about,  
 Their days mote be abridged through their corage stout.

## XLVII.

Therefore desirous th' end of all their dayes  
 To know, and them t' enlarge with long extent,  
 By wondrous skill and many hidden wayes  
 To the Three Fatall Sisters House she went.  
 Farre under ground from tract of living went,  
 Downe in the bottome of the deepe Abyссе,  
 Where Demogorgon in dull darknesse pent  
 Farre from the view of gods and heavens bliss  
 The hideous Chaos keeps, their dreadfull dwelling is.

## XLVIII.

There she them found all sitting round about  
 The direfull Distaffe standing in the mid,  
 And with unwearied fingers drawing out  
 The lines of life, from living knowledge hid.  
 Sad Clotho held the rocke, the whiles the thrid  
 By griesly Lachesis was spun with paine,  
 That cruell Atropos eftsoones undid,  
 With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine:  
 Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on thrids so  
 vaine!

## XLIX.

She, them saluting there, by them sate still  
 Beholding how the thrids of life they span:  
 And when at last she had beheld her fill,  
 Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,  
 Her cause of comming she to tell began.  
 To whom fierce Atropos; "Bold Fay, that durst  
 Come see the secret of the life of man,  
 Well worthie thou to be of Iove accurst,  
 And eke thy childrens thrids to be asunder burst!"

## L.

Whereat she sore affrayd yet her besought  
 To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,  
 That she might see her childrens thrids forth brought,  
 And know the measure of their utmost date  
 To them ordained by eternall Fate:  
 Which Clotho graunting shewed her the same.  
 That when she saw, it did her much amate  
 To see their thrids so thin, as spiders frame,  
 And eke so short, that seemd their ends out shortly came.

## LI.

She then began them humbly to intreate  
 To draw them longer out, and better twine,  
 That so their lives might be prolonged late:  
 But Lachesis thereat gan to repine,  
 And sayd; "Fond-dame! that deem'st of things diuine  
 As of humane, that they may altred bee,  
 And chaung'd at pleasure for those impes of thine:  
 Not so; for what the Fates do once decree,  
 Not all the gods can change, nor Ioue himself can  
 free!"

## LII.

"Then since," quoth she, "the terme of each mans life  
 For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee;  
 Graunt this; that when ye shred with fatall knife  
 His line, which is the eldest of the three,  
 Which is of them the shortest, as I see,  
 Eftsoones his life may passe into the next;  
 And, when the next shall likewise ended bee;  
 That both their lives may likewise be annext  
 Unto the third, that his may be so trebly wext."

## LIII.

They graunted it; and then that carefull Fay  
 Departed thence with full contented mynd;  
 And, comming home, in warlike fresh aray  
 Them found all three according to their kynd;  
 But unto them what destinie was assynd,  
 Or how their lives were eekt, she did not tell;  
 But evermore, when she fit time could fynd,  
 She warned them to tend their safeties well,  
 And love each other deare, whatever them befell.

## LIV.

So did they surely during all their dayes,  
And never discord did amongst them fall;  
Which much augmented all their other praise:  
And now, t' increase affection naturall,  
In love of Canacee they ioyned all:  
Upon which ground this same great Battell grew,  
(Great matter growing of beginning small,)  
The which, for length, I will not here pursew,  
But rather will reserve it for a Canto new.

END OF VOL. II.

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